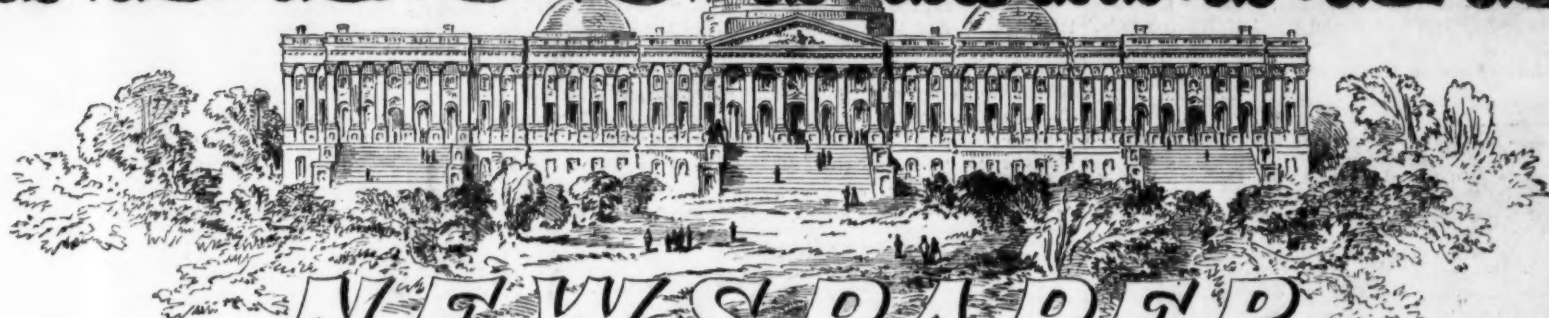


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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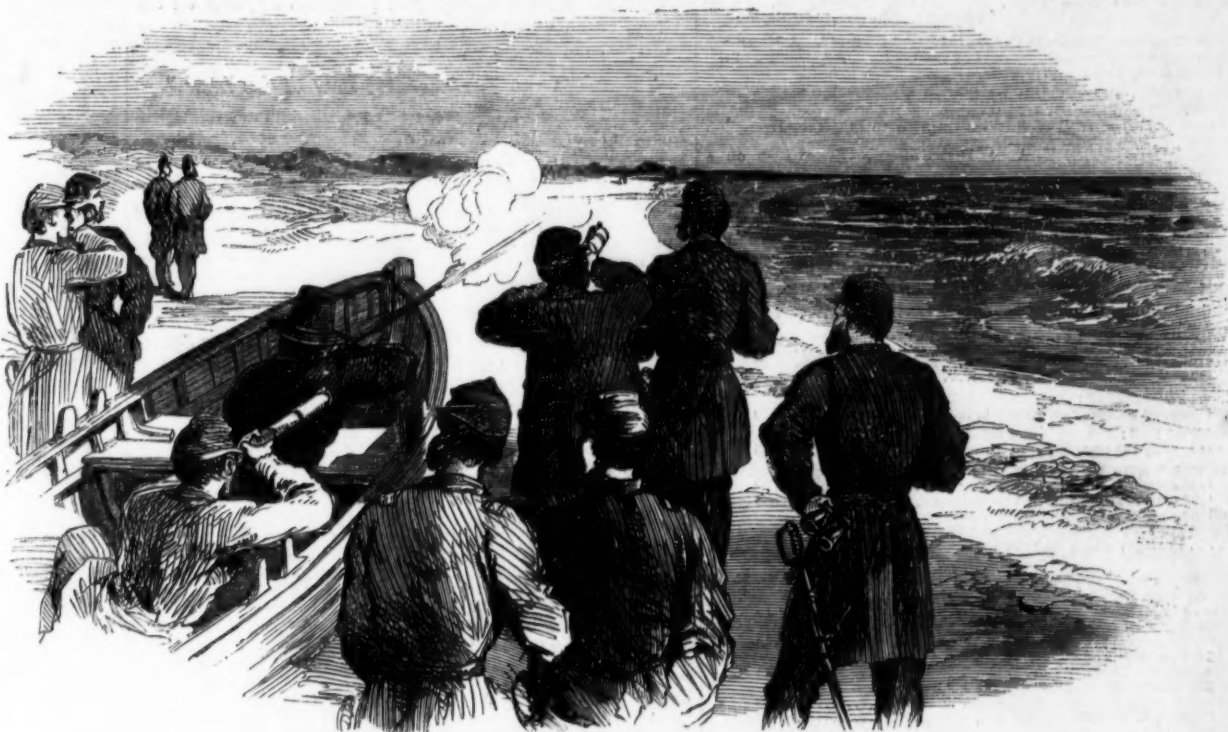
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NEW YORK, JULY 5, 1862.

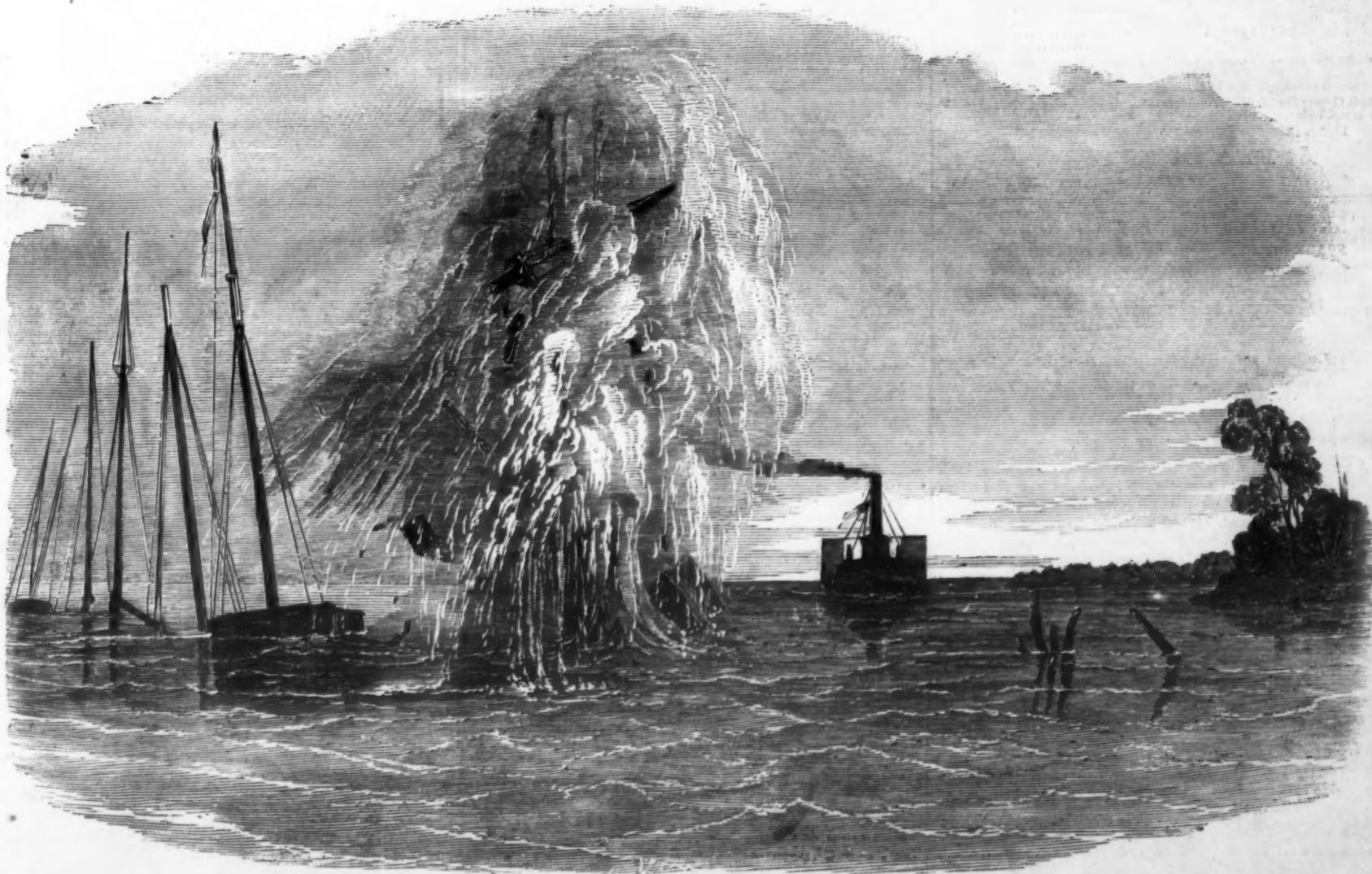
[PRICE 12 CENTS.]

Cutting the Comb of the Gallic Cock.

THE defeat of "the victors of Magenta and Solferino" by the "miserable Mexicans" will, we hope, have a wholesale effect on those insufferable braggarts, the French soldiers. In the recent fight before Puebla, they were numerically superior to the Mexicans and infinitely better armed, yet they were disgracefully defeated and driven back, with a loss far greater proportionally than they sustained at Magenta or Solferino, or in any other battle in which they had been engaged in modern times. Man to man, the Mexican has proved himself superior to the Frenchman. With a force little superior in numbers to the French, Gen. Scott marched triumphantly from Vera Cruz to Mexico, fighting many battles against armies three and four times greater than his own, and lost not a single action. Yet, Lorencez, with his "Zouaves," "Chasseurs d'Afrique" and "de Vincennes," with all his splendid rifled artillery, the pet invention of the Emperor himself, was routed in his very first encounter. His loss seems to have been not far from 20 per cent. or one-fifth of his force engaged, while the French and Italian loss, in the Italian campaign, was little over eight per cent. If, after this lesson, Louis Napoleon is fool enough to think he can conquer Mexico, he is not the rational, cool, calcu-



GENERAL BURNSIDE AND STAFF PRACTISING RIFLE TARGET SHOOTING, NEAR NEWBERNE, N. C.—SEE SUPPLEMENT.



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—REMOVING SUNKEN SCHOONERS FROM COAL SHOAL (PLACED BY THE REBELS TO OBSTRUCT THE PASSAGE OF THE FEDERAL GUNBOATS), UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF CAPT. HAYDEN, OF THE NEW YORK SUBMARINE ENGINEERING COMPANY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. M. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 213.

to desire the re-establishment of monarchy, which it never knew, and which nobody nor anything has taught it to desire or respect.

"It will be easy for your Majesty to conduct Prince Maximilian to the capital and crown him King; but this King will find in the country no other support than that of those conservative leaders who, when in power, never thought of establishing a monarchy, but contemplate it now that they are beaten, scattered and in exile."

The General further cautions the Emperor that a foreign monarch must fall from a Mexican throne "the day that the imperial mantle of France ceases to shield him," and frankly declares that the spirit of the nation will rebel against a radical change in its institutions.

WOODEN CANNON AND STUFFED SENTINELS.—The Corinth correspondent of the New York Post writes: "Major Taylor, chief of artillery, has discovered a number of wooden cannon and also a number of cotton-stuffed sentinels on our left, with which the enemy there adorned his breastworks. They are much better at this kind of thing than at fighting."

FUGITIVE GOVERNORS.—Five rebel Governors are now absent from their posts, wandering up and down the country in search of employment.—Rector, of Arkansas, Milton, of Florida, Moore, of Louisiana, Jackson, of Missouri, and Harris, of Tennessee. It is supposed they are in search of the "last ditch."

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR: Descriptive, Statistical and Documentary. Edited by Hon. E. G. Squier. Published by Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square.—Commencing with the attack on Fort Sumter, this pictorial has been issued semi-monthly, in a large folio size, and printed on beautiful paper. As a book of reference for statistical and documentary evidence, it will be invaluable; as a book of study for an accurate knowledge of localities, the scenes of battles on land and sea, and of amusement, it is one of the most complete works yet published. No expense has been spared in the effort to make the illustrations and maps accurate and intelligible. It should be in the household of every one who may desire to have a complete historical and illustrated work combined of the present war.—New York Observer.

"TIT FOR TAT."—The French correspondents attending the London Exhibition are reciprocating some of the pleasant little sarcasms which English letter-writers are accustomed to indulge in at the expense of the Gauls. A certain M. Malot gives special attention to domestic economy; his description of the English cuisine, so far as hotel life is concerned, will be recognized as truthful by every American traveller:

"English cookery," he observes, "is very plain, consisting of roast beef or mutton; that is, boiled in an oven, in an ocean of gravy. The fish, which is generally splendid, is decorated in the same way. To vary these substantial dishes, you have *farces*, the chief ingredient of which is rhubarb; the crust is heavy and sticky, like a piece of soap. These dishes are served without any seasoning. A crust frame is put before each guest, containing the most violent spices and condiments known in the world. Oil is alone omitted, as too *fade* for English palates. Salad, or rather a kind of grass decorated with the name, is served with a seasoning of white sauce, which strongly resembles vinegar."

THE REBEL AGENTS IN EUROPE.—The intercepted correspondence of T. Butler King, published here some weeks since, has found its way to England, and is made the subject of comment by the London press. The Times says that the letters of the rebel agents abroad give "a dismal picture of wasted energy and of a long course of deceptive agitation gone through to no purpose;" and then raps the rebels over the knuckles in this fashion:

"Thus have fared the Secession agents in their own chosen field of action—European agitation. Their adversity is entirely unconnected with the fortunes of war. Their manoeuvres began at least half a year before any State seceded; and this correspondence bears earlier dates than that of any Confederate reverse in the war. They are a set of ignorant, narrow-minded, conceited slaveholders, and agents of slaveholders, inferior in judgment and reckless about truth, as slaveholders get to be in all countries and all times. They despised the strength of the Free States, not understanding the causes of that strength; and they partly blinded themselves, in the desire to blind others, to the weakness of their own enterprise. Though their defeats in the field had not begun, they must have been more or less discouraged by their own failure to obtain support in Europe, even by such reckless promises and such delusive representations as they did not scruple to offer; and now the exposure of their correspondence through the press must crown their mortification."

THE GROWTH OF MISSOURI.—B. Gratz Brown, of St. Louis, in a letter favoring the emancipation cause in Missouri, says: "It is a startling fact, that whereas the increase of population in Missouri during the last ten years has been about 70 per cent., and more than half of that a German immigration, which came in the faith that Missouri would soon discard slavery; on the other hand, the increase of Wisconsin has been 154 per cent., that of Iowa 251 per cent., that of Minnesota 2,730 per cent., and that of Kansas, peopled amid the desolations of a border war, has been 7,870 per cent."

DEPOSITION OF JEFF. DAVIS.—The reaction of the people of the South against their leaders has set in, and, if we may credit the Southern press, a scheme finds favor for deposing Jeff. Davis, the President of the so-called Confederacy. The Charleston Courier tells us:

"We have been reliably informed that men of high official position among us—men of good intentions, but of mistaken and misguided patriotism—are sowing the seeds of discord broadcast in our midst by preaching a crusade against President Davis, and calling for a General Convention of the Confederate States, to depose him and create a military dictator in his place."

The Charleston Mercury holds the following language:

"That President Davis is an incubus on our cause we do not doubt. Although carefully covered over with the mantle of secrecy by Congress, enough has been disclosed by stern realities to show his total incompetency to govern the affairs of the Confederacy. He has lost the confidence of both the army and the people; and, if an election to-morrow was to come off for the Presidency, we do not believe that he would get the vote of a single State in the Confederacy."

THE VIEWS OF A STATESMAN.—Somebody asked Gen. Cass, the other day, in Detroit, "General, what may we do to save the Union?" "Anything," "May we abolish slavery?" "Abolish anything on the surface of the earth to save the nation."

The old saw setting forth that "it is a long lane which has no turning," has received a singular illustration at Charlestown, Va., the scene of the execution of "old John Brown." A correspondent of the Boston Courier writes that a sermon was preached there, by an army chaplain, on a Sunday in April, on a text enjoining "the mission of proclaiming liberty;" and that the hymn given out and sung was,

"John Brown's body hangs dangling in the air,
Sing glory, glory, hallelujah!"

COMMENTS IN CANADA.—The Canadian press, which lately talked so grandly, and was calculating the time it would take for a Canadian army to march from Montreal to New York, has modified its tone slightly since the 1st of February. The Montreal Herald, which has been most unscrupulous in its misrepresentations of our affairs, now ridicules the false prophets of London, and says:

"For our own part, we have never seen the advantage of allowing ourselves to be deceived, or of deceiving others, as to the course of events. We never doubted that the North would re-establish the rule of law throughout the Union; and we suspect that the time within which that will be accomplished is now rapidly approaching its completion."

The St. John's (New Brunswick) Freeman concludes an article on the civil war with the subjoined paragraph:

"The battle of the Monitor and Merrimac was a startling lesson to Europe. The capture of New Orleans is a lesson not less important and alarming. If on the Mississippi, a few vessels, bound with iron chains and enveloped in trusses of wet hay, run past strong batteries in safety, and then reduce a large city to submission with threats of a bombardment, what is the safety of St. Petersburg, or of London—what the value of Cronstadt, Chatham, Woolwich, Cherbourg, Toulon, or the batteries on the Dardanelles? This American war is indeed in many senses a revolutionary war."

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—A success has been achieved in making and laying telegraph cables, from Cherrystone to Back river,

across Chesapeake Bay, which may have an important bearing on the whole question of submarine telegraphs. The innovations, and it is claimed improvements, consist in the construction of the cable, and the mode of paying it out. The cable under notice is 25 miles in length, is heavily armored with 16 stout iron wires, arranged longitudinally, like the staves of a barrel, around the insulating coat and conductor, and protecting them from all strains, by any force, short of what would be required to break the covering wires, the aggregate strength of which equals that of a ship's chain cable. The longitudinal wires are hooped by a still heavier wire wound spirally round them, which binds them together, so that they form a strong but flexible tube of iron that effectually protects the conductor and the insulating coat. This is deemed a great improvement over the English system of spiral wire armor which was used in the Atlantic cable, and tended so strongly and incorrigibly to twist and kink. At the time of laying the first temporary cable there was no heavy cable in this country or machinery for its expeditious manufacture. The experiment was made with such cable as could be extemporized at the moment, and which was constructed, like the English cable, 370 miles in length, laid in the Black Sea, between Varna and Balaklava, during the Crimean war. The temporary cable worked successfully, and most opportunely to relieve the public mind on the memorable Sunday of the fight between the Monitor and Merrimac; but in a few days was dragged away by anchors, or otherwise broken—an accident not likely to happen to a cable of such immense strength as the new one. The present cable was manufactured in New York, under the orders of Col. Anson Stager, Military Superintendent of United States Telegraphs, and was laid in four hours, under the supervision of Mr. William Heise, who also superintended its manufacture. A break of novel construction was used to govern the paying out of the cable, and worked so admirably that it is thought it will overcome one of the greatest difficulties experienced in laying the Atlantic cable.

OPINION IN "HINGLAND."—The London correspondence of the Times tells us how our affairs are regarded in Cockneydom, as follows:

"I met John Bull in the Strand, with beaming face. 'Ave you heard the news?' says he. 'The Emperor is certain to open the blockade.' 'And if you want the blockade opened,' I say, 'why don't you do it yourself? It is more your affair than the Emperor's.' 'But we can't do it, you know; it's against all our principles,' says John. 'But the Emperor, ye see, it's quite his way. He's always interfering somewhere—in Syria, in Italy, and just now in Mexico. The French are fond of that sort of thing, you know; but we English—It's against our policy, heartily. You see, if you don't hush it up to it, and begin game in that front affair, we could have done it, because we had a good cause of action, don't you see?'

"I saw very clearly, I see still, that all England, with her boasted morality, wants to-day is a decent pretext; that she is ready to throw over Palmerston and Russell for tying her up with their declarations like a starved donkey tied to a post, and that England would rejoice to-morrow, either at a change in the policy of her own Government, or at intervention on the part of a Power less scrupulous."

INTERVENTION.—The only motive or reason for intervention in our affairs alleged in Europe is the want of cotton. We have cotton in this country, Europe wants it, and talks of going to war to get it. A daily contemporary hits off this freebooting logic in this wise:

"There has been a short crop in Ireland, and starvation impends. People have died of hunger. But there is corn in America. Is not the duty of England to declare war against America perfectly clear? There is corn in Chicago—why not make a Britannico-Leonine dash at Chicago? There is codfish in Boston—why not bombard Boston? Is it to be tolerated that Bull should want anything and not have it, when it is to be had for fighting? Don't we all live, and move, and have our being, and don't we all sow, and reap, and gather into barns, and don't we all spin and hammer, and build and mine, in order that England may be comfortable? Isn't it a British principle to take care first of the British belly, and then to give heed to the lighter matters of the law? Ever since the rebels began their bad and bloody work in this country—the work of conspirators, thieves and assassins—it has been a question whether Christian England, feeling the want of cotton, hasn't a clear right by all the law in all the folios of Puffendorf, to send a fleet to the United States, and to help herself? There has been no diplomacy of which this has not been the essence. Read all the speeches in Parliament, all the leaders in the Times newspaper, all the letters of the Secretaries—and isn't the gist of them all just this—that, right or wrong, England wanting cotton, must have cotton. The exceptions have strengthened the rule. Now, if cotton, why not corn and codfish? If raw material must be had for the looms of Lancashire, why not bread for the inhabitants of Ireland? We cannot perceive that the necessity is stronger in one case than in the other."

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.—The Armstrong gun, which Great Britain adopted in a fit of enthusiasm a few years ago, as the best and most efficient ever invented, in introducing which she has spent \$15,000,000, besides making its inventor a Baronet and Knight of the Bath—this "unapproachable weapon" is now a confessed failure. Mr. Osborne, in the British House of Commons, recently said of it:

"It is a somewhat singular fact in the history of naval warfare that, notwithstanding £3,000,000 of money have been spent on these Armstrong guns, the best gun you have at the present moment is your old smooth-bore. I ask the Chairman of the Iron-plate Committee, and other honorable gentlemen who are well-informed on the subject, whether what I have stated is not the fact? Is not your 68-pounder the gun with which every seaman would wish to go to sea?"

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—The June number of this most elegant periodical is upon our table. Its leading feature is a full length steel engraved likeness of Mrs. President Lincoln. We know of no literary periodical which we could as cheerfully recommend as an elegant, entertaining and really valuable work as this of Leslie's. It is light without being flashy and trashy, and is most generously sprinkled with brief biographical sketches, current events and sound articles upon all the various topics of the day. The Fashion Department is full and complete, and at once caters in its favor the ladies. Subscription price, \$3 per annum. Published by Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.—Jacksonian, Pontiac, Mich.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—The Evening Post, in an article on Charleston, that hotbed of Secession, treason and rebellion, concludes as follows:

"When the place is taken—as taken it assuredly will be—we hope Gen. Anderson will be placed once more in command of Fort Sumter—that he will be the man chosen to run up the American ensign on the very spot where it was lowered a year ago—and that the same flag which he brought away will be the one that is waved in triumph in its old place. It is enough to conquer the rebels of other States who have been forced or seduced into the rebellion, but to the conquest of the very beginners of it should be added some degree of moral humiliation."

THE RAM FLOTILLA.—This new arm (or beak) of the navy, which rendered such signal service in the decisive action near Memphis, consists of eight vessels. They are mostly steamers razed and altered by covering their sides with two thicknesses of live-oak timber, each being about eight inches thick. The prows are iron-plated and quite sharp. They have powerful engines, as is shown from their crashing effect when they struck the rebel vessels. Instead of heavy guns they carried numbers of sharpshooters, whose firing among the rebel gunners was very effective. Two of the rebel vessels appear to have been sunk outright by the shock of the rams.

RECAPITULATION.—The former editor of the Shelbyville (Tenn.) Expositor, a strong Secession newspaper, publishes a card in which he frankly acknowledges that he has been mistaken, and that the best thing for all Tennesseans to do is to render the Federal Union allegiance, not only from the lips, but from the heart. He says:

"Like hundreds and thousands of others residing in Tennessee, I was led to believe the calling out of the troops by Mr. Lincoln was an evidence of his determination to overthrow the institution of Slavery. And thus thinking, I thought it my duty as a Tennessean, as a man born here, as a man whose interests were all identified with the Southern people, to resist him. In this I now see that I was mistaken. I see also that the attempt to form a Southern Confederacy has proved a complete failure. And for these reasons I regard it as the duty of every man residing in Tennessee to hasten back to his allegiance, and claim the protection represented by the Stars and Stripes of the American Union."

A "FRIEND TO THE UNION" is understood, in some quarters, to mean now, a person who is astonished, horrified and beaten out of breath at reading a proclamation issued for the purpose of restrain-

ing impudence and indecency in New Orleans. The same "friend" has no tears to shed, no words of anguish or indignation to utter at the barbarous and murderous conduct of the rebel soldiers. There can be no misunderstanding as to which side the proclivities of these "friends" incline.

MEMPHIS.—Excepting Charleston, Memphis has been the most "cantankerous" of all the rebel towns. But it takes kindly to conquest. Its people looked on with interest and curiosity, but without much feeling, when the rebel flotilla was smashed up before them. They haven't either burned the town or the cotton, as it was said they would. On the contrary, applications for shipping 6,000 bales Northward have already been made. "Confederate money" is "respectfully declined," without suggestion from the Yankee military commander. The newspapers refuse to receive it in payment for the Argus, lately the most ferocious of the rebel newspapers, "because they won't take it at the office." In fact, it seems that Memphis retains all its best inhabitants, and that it is only the "wagabonds" who have gone. At least we infer so, from the answer of the *Avant-courier* to the question, "Who lives in Memphis?" It says:

"Who lives in Memphis?" Its civilians. We use the word in contradistinction to politician as to soldier. The men with whom the duties and inclinations of domesticity have rendered business, home and pursuits of literature or art, paramount to the more boisterous attraction of military distinction—men, civilians in taste as in occupation, form now the population of Memphis. Not only in Memphis extra civilian in its population now, but also in its possessions. All arms, all munitions of war, the very sinews of war (the banks), all down to the last pound of commissary bacon, and the last pint of commissary flour have been removed."

ADVOCATING ASSASSINATION.—The brutalizing effect of the rebellion on its apostles and upholders is strongly evinced in open advocacy of poisoning and assassination. The Jacksonville *Mississippi*, the State paper of Davis's own State, advocates the raising of a purse of \$10,000 for the head of Gen. Butler, whom it characterizes as a "brutal, beastly and sanguinary savage," whose life "should be taken by any means whatever." The Charleston *Mercury* goes on in the same strain. "Let no quarter to Butler be the sworn resolve of every Southern man." It adds, "If he venture not upon the field of battle, let poison or the knife do its secret but deadly work." And these are the people who ask to be admitted into the brotherhood of civilized nations!

NEW ORLEANS.—The improvement in New Orleans under Gen. Butler's rule has been magical. The *Delta*, of June 1st, tells us: "The Union soldiers were met as the citizens of Rome might have met the Huns. In a brief month the streets are filled with smiling faces, business attracts with open doors, Thugs have left, property is secure, and Abraham Lincoln, by the grace of God and the vote of the people, President of the United States of America, might walk unarmed and unaccompanied at any time through these streets in full security, and to the joy and delight of numbers who have heretofore been accustomed to link his name with curses and execrations."

A CANADIAN COMPLIMENT.—Our John Bull neighbors, after leaving a long time to Southern aristocracy, are beginning to open their eyes to the facts of the case, and a Montreal paper, speaking of the United States, justly says:

"The people that can raise and equip such armies in a year, build an impregnable vessel of war without a model in a hundred days, and win 20 or 30 victories in the same time, can take care of themselves and preserve their national life, their national domain, and their national reputation and prosperity beyond a doubt."

PRESS-ED INTO THE SERVICE.—There is no end to the wonders evoked by this war. The discoveries and adaptations of means to practical uses is astonishing. Amongst the latest and most novel, we notice that Com. Goldsborough has a complete printing press and apparatus on board his flagship, by means of which he strikes off copies of all his orders, letters and dispatches for the 70 vessels of his fleet, thereby economizing time and labor, as well as avoiding errors.

OUR LOSS DURING THE WAR.—We are apt, from our glances at the papers and our own fears too, to estimate far beyond the reality the number of killed and wounded. We have before us an official aggregate with the separate details of each battle, excepting the late engagement near Richmond:

	Killed.	Wounded.
Bull Run.....	481	1,911
Davis's Creek, Mo.....	224	721
Lexington, Mo.....	39	120
Bull's Bluff.....	223	266
Belmont.....	84	238
Mill Spring, Ky.....	39	207
Fort Henry.....	17	31
Roscoe Island.....	39	222
Fort Donelson.....	446	1,735
Fort Craig, New Mexico.....	62	140
Pea Ridge.....	204	972
Attack of the Merrimac.....	201	108
Newberne.....	91	446
Winchester.....	132	540
Pittsburg Landing.....	1,735	7,882
Yorktown.....	35	120
Fort Jackson and St. Philip.....	59	119
Williamsburg.....	423	1,411
West Point.....	44	100
McDowell.....	37	223
Near Corinth.....	21	149
Banks's retreat, estimated.....	100	300
Manover Court House.....	53	296
Skirmishes.....	600	1,740
Total.....	5,791	29,309

DIXIE'S LAND.—A very popular song with the Northern troops was, "I wish I was in Dixie." It has hitherto been the opinion that Dixie was situated somewhere on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, but the Charleston *Courier* attempts to explode this fallacy, and endeavors to show that the Island of Manhattan is the place originally pointed at by the author of the melody. The said paper avers that Dixie is an indigenous Northern refrain, which was quite common in the streets of New York 80 years ago. When slavery was in New York one Dixy owned a large tract on Manhattan Island and a large number of slaves. The negroes increasing very fast, together with the increase of the abolition sentiment (so says the Southern journal) caused an emigration to greater slave sections, and the negroes who were thus sent off (many being born there) naturally looked back to their own homes, where they had lived in clover, with feelings of regret, as they could not imagine any place like Dixie's. In those days negro singing and minstrelsy were in their infancy, and any subject that could be wrought into a ballad was eagerly picked up. This, says the Charleston paper, was the origin of Dixie: "It originated in New York, and assumed the proportions of a song there. In its travels it has been enlarged and 'gathered moss;' it has picked up a note here and there, a chorus has been added to it, and from an indistinct chant of two or three notes it has become an elaborate melody." Such is the Southern version of the famous song, "I wish I was in Dixie." Whether it has any pretence to truth we leave to the discrimination of the ballad-loving community.

A NEW GENERAL.—Beauregard, who has been heretofore the idol of the Confederate army, from his success at Sumter and Bull Run, has it seems lowered his plume to a late rival in the ranks. His name is General Despondency. We understand that General Disappointment is still in Dixie.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The Louisville (Ky.) *Democrat* ridicules the pretensions of the Gulf States to control the Mississippi river, and adds:

"We can assure Missouri, Louisiana, Arkansas, etc., that all their region belongs to us who live in the great valley. If any people down that way are not satisfied with their landlords, they can pull up stakes and leave, but all the land and franchises of that region are ours. They can't take away a single right we have on a foot of that soil. As long as they behave themselves they can live there and enjoy the blessings of a better Government than they can make. If they will not behave themselves we shall be compelled to make them do so—that is all."

IMPORTANT IN PIANOS.

DRIGGS'S

Patent String-Clamp.

WHEN the cry of "new lamps for old lamps" was heard in the streets of that ancient Eastern city, the people naturally believed the vendor to be a madman, and were by no means eager to make the exchange. So in the present day, in our own good city, when the people were told if they sent to Driggs & Tooker their old worn-out pianos, that they would be returned to them *new* in all that makes a piano desirable, they were very slow to believe, and only gave credence to the fact when the proof was rendered incontestable by practical demonstration.

The simply-natural is the great element in most of our successful modern inventions and improvements, and the string-clamp illustrates this fact, for while it revolutionizes one important branch of piano manufacture, correcting an acknowledged evil and replacing it with a new and true principle, and thereby improving and adding to its power, it is at the same time the simplest and most natural means to gain an end in the whole history of mechanics. We are very desirous that our readers may thoroughly understand the full scope and importance of this new invention, because it will probably save some of them many hundreds of dollars, which perhaps they could ill spare, as by the renovation of their old pianos the necessity of new ones will, for some time at least, be done away with. The



DRIGGS AND TOOKER'S REPAIRING-ROOM—PUTTING ON THE STRING-CLAMP—TURNING OLD PIANOS INTO NEW ONES.

being easily and inexpensively applied to worn-out and condemned instruments, giving them thus a new lease of toneful life."

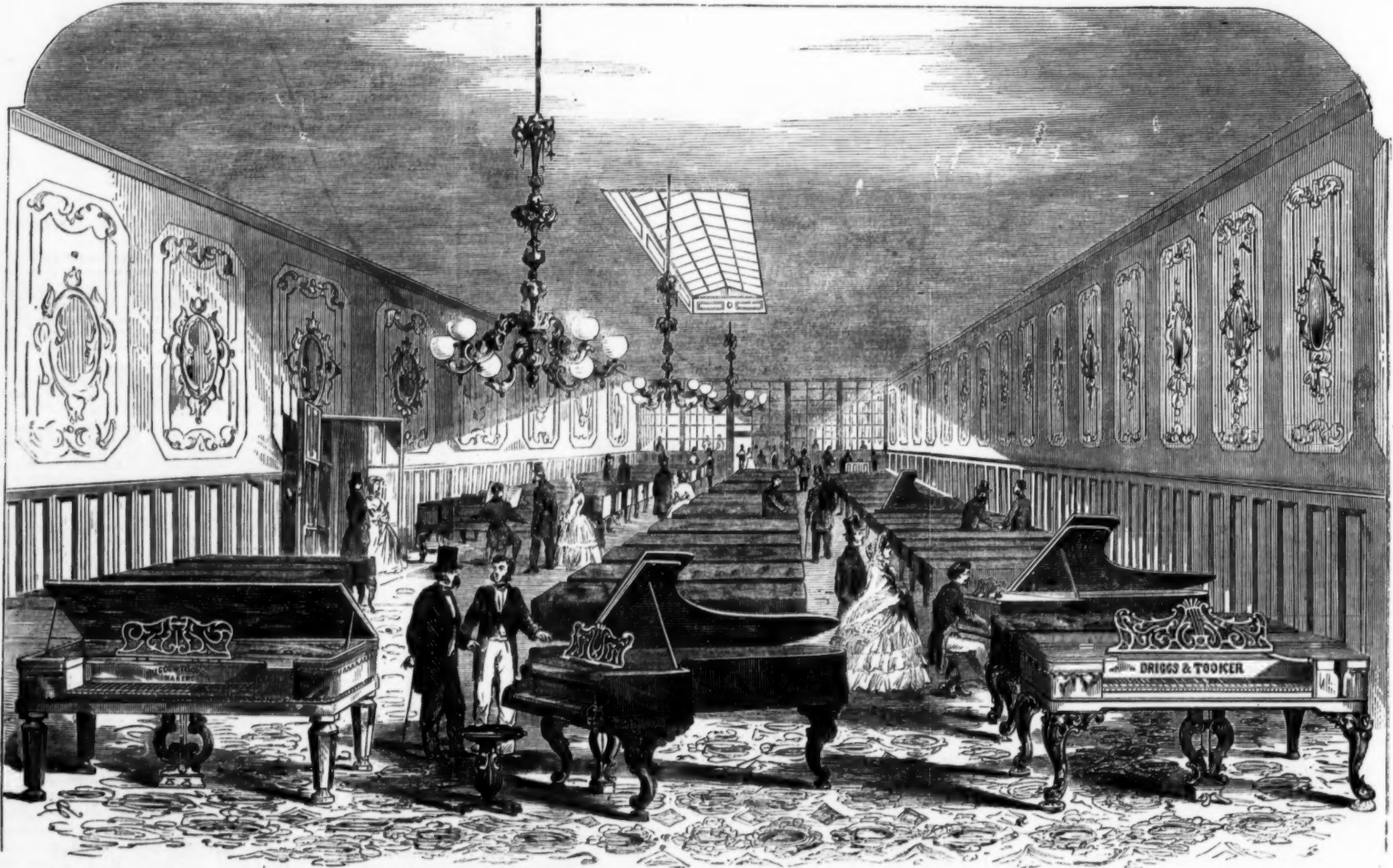
This description and opinion, from so reliable and recognised an authority, should be sufficient to convince the most incredulous as to the value of the string-clamp. Mr. Fry does not, however, stand alone in his approval of the invention; he is supported by other competent authorities.

The New York Herald pronounces the string-clamp as calculated "not only to prevent the instrument from jarring, but to increase its tone immensely, and preserve its tune for a great length of time."

The New York Express says: "It increases the tone nearly double, on account of the freedom in the vibration, and the instrument cannot easily get out of tune. It can be applied to all pianos, thus restoring such as have grown 'tin-pan-no,' as it is usually termed."

The New York Musical Review and World says: "The most noticeable features that first strike the player upon trying this improvement are the free, open tone—the absence of unpleasant harmonies, in testing the 'singing' qualities—the proper pitch sound remaining, the normal sound to the last vanishing—an individuality and distinctness of tone in each note, and a grandeur and power of tone that cannot be overcome by the most powerful playing."

The New York Times says: "The tone is unquestionably improved, and the instrument cannot apparently be overpowered by heavy playing, the volume of

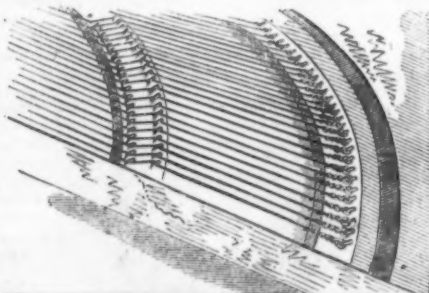


DRIGGS & TOOKER'S STRING-CLAMP PIANOFORTE ESTABLISHMENT, 538 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

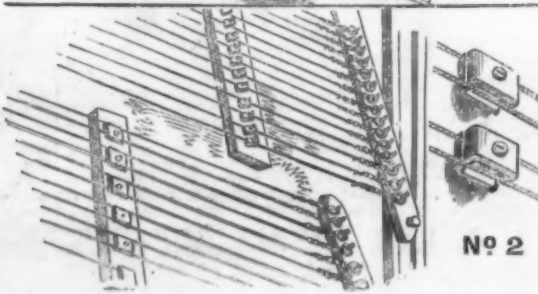
following paragraph will clearly explain the means and the end of this new invention of Mr. Driggs.

"The invention," says the learned and accomplished musical critic of the New York Tribune, "consists in the mode of fastening the strings. The strain on the wood from the combined action of the strings is several thousand pounds. This causes the deterioration of pianos, which, unlike violins, grow worse with age."

"The ordinary way of attaching or connecting the strings of a piano to the bridge is by placing each string under oblique pins, behind and in front, on top of the bridge, and about one inch apart, giving the strings a zigzag form, which is necessary to prevent jarring upon the flat surface of the bridge, where they rest; but with the open pedal it does not require the most powerful playing to cause a jar sufficient to destroy the purity of tone, when the instrument is overpowered. The twisting strain upon the bridge and board, caused by placing and holding the strings so out of line, is immense—not less than 6,000 pounds on an ordinary piano, tuned to concert pitch. The string-clamp of Mr. Driggs is a simple and practical remedy for this. The clamp is formed with two straight parallel jaws, set at right angles with the strings, and the screw that causes the jaws to bite and hold the strings also secures the clamp firmly to the bridge or bearing-point, and with positive certainty secures every vibration which the strings can make beyond the possibility of a jar; and whether the strings may—as they not unfrequently do, from the peculiar spring of the hammer, shank or key—assume a lateral, a longitudinal, a perpendicular or a circular vibration, they are all equally secured in every direction by the clamp, and there is no possibility of change by time and use as ordinarily constructed. Every string is kept in perfect line from the hitch-pin to the tuning-block, and there is no strain or weight whatever on the screw, bridge or sounding-board, leaving them free to develop tone in its purity. By this simple arrangement it is claimed the piano will remain much longer in tune; and as a plain philosophical fact and necessity, it must, like other vibrating instruments, where the board is not overpowered by strain, improve by age and use, and be absolutely more valuable after 25 years proper use than when new. It is capable of



No 1



No 2

1. OLD SYSTEM OF STRINGING—THE "SIDE BEARING"—FALSE PRINCIPLE. 2. NEW SYSTEM—DIRECT BEARING—THE STRING-CLAMP.

sound being in proportion to the strength of the blow, and all jarring of the strings being out of the question. Mr. Driggs has certainly proved that a piano strung with his patent clamp is most sensitive to vibration, and gives a freer and more sympathetic response than one that has been strung on the old plan. It is certainly a great and popular recommendation of the clamp that it can be applied to the oldest instrument, and restore it from a state of chronic wheeziness to one of renewed vigor, at a very trifling and insignificant cost."

Such unanimity of opinion in the leading journals of the day is of rare occurrence, and is, from its rarity, the best evidence of the transparent merits of the invention.

Critics and musicians were, however, fully prepared to give immediate attention to any new invention emanating from Mr. Spencer B. Driggs, because of the many sterling and startling improvements which he had previously suggested, carried out and patented in the structure of the pianoforte. Mr. Driggs is thoroughly educated as an engineer in combined mechanics, and has devoted ten years of his life to the study of the construction of the pianoforte. His experiments have been innumerable and costly, and have been carried on at the sacrifice of a large private fortune; but the results of these experiments will be the regeneration of the instrument, and the production of a piano which shall be mechanically perfect in all its parts, even to the overcoming that huge bear to tuners, the so-called "wolf," or mode of temperament. Mr. Driggs is eminently the leading thinking mind of the present day in all that relates to the development of the powers of the pianoforte. By his able and scientific writings he has directed the attention of practical men to the errors in arrangement and construction of the instrument, and it is needless to say that his "innovations," which were at first universally condemned by the trade, have since been extensively adopted without credit. The principles which he developed in his celebrated so-called "violin piano" are beyond a doubt substantially correct, for they approximate the structure of the piano the nearest to that of the most perfect vibrating instrument known—the violin. The scientific attainments of Mr. Driggs, the direction which his re-



"THE BEST TIME ON RECORD."—MR. BONNER'S CELEBRATED TEAM, LADY PALMER AND FLATBUSH MAID.—SEE PAGE 222.

searches have taken, and the acknowledged value of the results of his experiments, give importance to every suggestion that presents in relation to the pianoforte, and we feel satisfied that the principle of the string-clamp is a great advance in the right direction, if, indeed, it has not settled for ever the manner of stringing the instrument.

No better proof can be adduced of the value of the string-clamp, than the fact that within the last three months twenty-three patents for clamps have been applied for by other makers, in the hope of securing the principle and evading Mr. Driggs's invention.

Our readers must understand that the string-clamp is as important to a new piano as to an old one; that it is calculated to improve the tone, increase the power and retain the pitch in one as well as the other, and that new pianos strung after that method are desirable for the increased excellence it insures.

With regard to the effects of the string-clamps on old, worn-out instruments, we can speak from personal observation. We saw an old upright English piano, which had been in the possession of one family for over 40 years, and which was sent to Driggs & Tooker to cure. The poor thing was rickety and voiceless—in short, it was only a piano in form. Two or three weeks after we heard the same instrument, after the string-clamps had been applied, and we can confidently state that the tone was better than when it was first made—for we well remember the tone of upright pianos of 30 years ago. We thought the case a hopeless one, and we were proportionably astonished at the result. We have witnessed the same result where the string-clamps were applied to used-up instruments of our first-class makers, where the workmanship was all thoroughly good. In every instance the tone was not only renewed, but made superior to what it was originally.

The public has become thoroughly awakened to the importance of this invention, and invalid pianos are pouring in upon Messrs. Driggs & Tooker, at their store, 538 Broadway, near Tiffany's, not only from this city and its surroundings, but from all parts of the country, north, east and west. The business has increased to an extent immeasurably beyond their most sanguine expectations, but they have made arrangements to meet the demand and fill all orders.

All patients are received, tenderly disembowled and returned, as the Dutchman says, "better as new!"

A few words more in support of the testimony previously adduced in favor of the string-clamp, and we have done. The following certificate from eminent musicians is to the purpose:

The undersigned, after a thorough and critical examination of Mr. S. B. Driggs's newly patented method for stringing pianofortes, cheerfully bear testimony to its great superiority over the ordinary mode now in use. It relieves the bridge and sounding-board from all strain or pressure in any direction, thereby eminently increasing the tone and vibratory power of the instrument. It is exceedingly simple in construction, and cannot easily get out of order. It is likewise of great utility by reason of its ready application to all pianos, old as well as new. The effect of this improvement is an increase of tone to a great degree, at the same time rendering it perfectly pure, distinct and musical. We have examined old pianos restrung after this method, each exhibiting in a marked manner all the peculiarities above stated. We have reason to believe that pianos strung in this way will improve and not deteriorate in tone by age; and take great pleasure in recommending to all manufacturers

and the public generally, so important and useful an improvement as this, known as "Driggs's Patent String-Clamp."

GEO. W. MORGAN
WM. BERGE,
GEO. F. BRISTOW
CHAS. FRADEL,
H. W. A. BEALE, etc., etc., etc.

We close with the following correspondence, which speaks for itself:

NEW YORK, April 23, 1862.

GENTLEMEN—We received an order from your Board early last fall to repair three pianos belonging to Public School No. 42, 10th Ward, by the application of "Driggs's Patent String-Clamp." We applied the clamp and returned the instruments soon after. Will you oblige us by stating whether the instruments were satisfactorily improved, and how they stand as to tone and time at this time?

Very respectfully, etc.,
DRIGGS & TOOKER, 538 Broadway.
To Messrs. D. Miller, J. Hayward, Z. F. Barnes and others, School Officers of 10th Ward.

NEW YORK, April 29, 1862.

MESSRS. DRIGGS & TOOKER, 538 BROADWAY, GENTS—In reply to your letter of the 23d inst., referring to the pianos in Public School No. 42, we take pleasure in stating that, on examination, and after consultation with the Principal and Teachers in that school, we find the pianos containing "Driggs's Patent String-Clamp" to be in perfect tune and order; having been tuned but once—and then during the holiday vacation—since you returned them. We have no hesitation in saying that these instruments, notwithstanding they were considered wholly unfit for use and worthless when sent to you, are now better than they were when new. In short, they appear faultless, and seem to improve by use.

Respectfully, etc.,
Z. F. BARNES, Inspector.
CHAS. E. KUGLER,
JOHN HAYWARD,
JOHN KIEFOTH,
DANIEL SLOTE,
DAVID MILLER, } Trustees.
Commissioners.

BLOWING UP SUNKEN SCHOONERS IN CORE SOUND, N. C.

The perverse ingenuity which the rebels have shown in obstructing the channels which lead to their strongholds, has only been exceeded by the persistent ingenuity with which the Federal officers have removed them. The rebels had obstructed the channel of Core Sound by sinking schooners, but under the superintendence of Captain Hayden, of the New York Submarine Engineering Company, they were removed by blasting. Mr. Schell was so much impressed by the curious effect of one of these submarine artificial volcanoes, that we have engraved a sketch he sent. The shock was perceptibly felt a considerable distance, and it was some time before the water resumed its usual appearance.

An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

THE Charleston Mercury states that a Beauregard hat is all the rage in that city. At the close of the war is progressing the same General will furnish a model for a hat that will yet be extensively used at the South.

We guess that, after the next naval battle near Fort Wright, the rebel flotilla will float "illy."

A VENERABLE clergyman of Providence is accustomed to pray very specifically. Lately asking the total overthrow of the rebels, he said: "We acknowledge the weakness of our faith when we ask for their repentance."

THERE are no salt-sellers in the South now. There is, in fact, no salt!



MAJOR W. P. M. ARMY, U. S. INDIAN AGENT FOR THE TERRITORIES, SUCCESSOR TO THE FAMOUS KIT CARSON—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 222.

NEW ORLEANS WON BACK.

BY ROBERT LOWELL.

God made three youths to walk unscathed
In the furnace seven times hot;
And when smoky flames our squadron bathed,
Amid horrors of shell and shot,
Then, too, it was God that brought them through
That death-crowded thoroughfare;
So now, at six bells, the church peals flow,
And the crews went all to prayer.
Thank God! Thank God! our men won the fight,
Against forts and fleet and flame;
Thank God! they have given our flag its right
In a town that brought it shame.
Oh, up in the morning, up in the morning,
Up in the morning early!
Our flag hung there, in the fresh still air,
With smoke floating soft and early.

Ten days for the deep ships at the bar;
Six days for the mortar fleet,
That battered the great forts from afar;
And then to that deadly street!
A flash! Our strong ships snapped the beam,
To the fire-rafts and the forts,
To crash and crash, and flash and gloom,
And iron hooks fumbling their ports,
From the dark came the raft in flame and smoke;
In the dark came the iron beam;
But our sailors' hearts were stouter than oak,
And the false foe's iron weak.
Oh, up in the morning, up in the morning,
Up in the morning early!
Before they knew they had burst safe through,
And left the forts grim and burly.

Though it be brute's work, not man's, to tear
Live limbs like shivered wood;
Yet to dare, and to stand, and to take death for share
Are as much as the angels could.
Our men towed the blazing rafts ashore;
They battered the great rams down;
Scarce a week floated where was a fleet before,
When our ships came up to the town,
There were miles of batteries yet to be dared,
But they quenched these all, as in play;
Then, with their yards squared, their guns mouths bared,
They held the great town at bay.
Oh, up in the morning, up in the morning,
Up in the morning early!
Our stout ships came through shell, shot and flame,
But the town will not always be surly;

For this Crescent City takes to its breast
The Father of Water's tide;
And here shall the wealth of our world in the West
Meet wealth of the world beside;
Here the date-palm and the olive find
A near and equal sun;
And a hundred broad, deep rivers wind
To the summer-sea in one;
Here the Fall steals all old Winter's ice,
And the Spring steals all his snow;
While he but smokes at their artifices,
And like his own nature goes.
Oh, up in the morning, up in the morning,
Up in the morning early!
May that flag float here till the earth's last year,
With the lake mists, fair and pearly.

The Prodigal Son.

CHAPTER XI.—A GALLERY OF PICTURES.

In this country the infant mind at an early stage of its development is made acquainted with two important propositions; one being that idleness is the root of all evil; the other that the English are naturally an industrious people. These are impressed upon the youthful student by that system of iteration which seems to be the great secret of education. He duly writes the one in his copy-book, and reads the other from his Guy's Geography, until he is generally supposed to be impregnated with them, and as a result to believe in both most fully and potently. It should be rather said, however, not so much that he accepts as that he does not refuse these axioms, or at most that he receives them with that intellectual lethargy and languid unquestioning, that suspension of mental activity which forms a large part of faith and conviction, or what passes for such, all over the world. For it appears to be held that men have a vital belief, and they are so credited, provided they have not already debilitated themselves with a lively proclaimed Pyrrhonism.

A consequence of this state of things is that there are no recognized drones in Great Britain's hive. Though all are not equally industrious, all affect to be equally busy, and so the respectability of the thing is apparently well maintained. If you are determined to be lazy, you must be so behind a screen. Be idle if you will, only don't profess idleness. The nation does not object to compromise the matter. Indeed, as a rule the popular notion of virtue in general is that it is a fair subject for compromise. Like legal gin, virtue is not required by society to be above, while there is no limitation as to how much it may be under, a certain proof. A little adulteration is rather desirable; in its integrity the article might almost be recommended by a shopkeeper as "well adapted for mixing purposes." Few take it "neat;" it so unfits them for the business of life; and some are satisfied with a very considerable dilution. Be idle, but have an excuse. Eat your dinners and call yourself a barrister, or enter the army for some two months, or engage a studio and pretend you follow the fine arts; or, if you live in the country, become a J. P., and maintain your respectability by twice a year damning a peasant as a poacher. Wear a mask; you need not mind how thin it is; hide your head in the sand like the ostrich, and the world, more obliging than the bird's foes, will concede that your whole body is admirably concealed. Shams are now and then abused, but they are dearly loved for all that; and they are indispensable to civilization. Look at a prince affecting to be a bricklayer, and laying a first stone; how he messes about with the silver trowel, and how the public applauds him—how it glories in the scene! Certainly shams are great institutions! Are all great institutions shams?

But it is not only in the higher circles that people pretend to be busy as an excuse for doing nothing. Royalty plays at soldiering and sailing; our nobility follow the pursuit of legislation—there are certainly some very unbusiness-like senators; gentlemen of fortune bob their heads for one day in the law courts, and are burdened with a wig box and the title of barrister for the remainder of their natural lives (what would some of these do—how angry they would be—supposing anybody were to send them a brief!)—very superior creatures have entered the army for the express purpose of retiring from it; there have been even clergymen who don't preach, and can't cure souls; perhaps doctors who heal for love and not for fees. And it is the same through all the strata of society. The analogy fits to every rundle of the ladder. There are plenty of persons, for instance, who keep shops by way of becomingly doing nothing. I have heard of crossing-sweepers whose avocation was a mere pretence—men of fortune, they held the broom from no regard for halfpence; simply because it behooved them to assume the semblance of industry; because they had heard the statements that idleness was the root of all evil, and that the English were an industrious people, and knew that as citizens they must act accordingly.

It cannot be supposed that all the shops in London are remunerative. Of course not. Many of them are tradesmen's follies in disguise, excuses for idleness; sometimes even expensive hobbies. As he cannot do nothing as a non-practising advocate or parson, or a retired soldier, the shopkeeper with a taste for idleness does nothing as a shopkeeper. I am about to introduce the reader to a shop and shopkeeper of this kind.

Soho Square had not been wholly handed over to trade, and many neighboring streets had been only partially disfigured by shops. But the neighborhood was steadily on the decline. Private houses were emptying—were in decided decadence. As a symbol of fall there

were here and there tablets affixed between the parlor windows, inscribed with trade announcements: it was as though the houses had been marked out for destruction. By-and-bye parlor windows were abolished; the front was taken off the lower part of the house; for a day or two it remained like that—a ghastly object with an open wound; then came the inevitable, unmistakable shop window. Gentility was gone for ever: Commerce reigned in its stead.

On a door of one of the houses in Freer street, on the right hand side going from Soho Square, was the name of "J. Phillimore." No mention of a trade followed this name, nor had the ground floor windows been blanded into a shop front. Yet it was evident that some kind of business was supposed to be carried on in the house; decidedly some such impression was intended to be conveyed. For in one of the windows was a very black oil painting, of small size and without a frame, that looked as though it had been steeped in treacle. In the other window stood a carved frame, black with age, but without a picture; and it was not large enough for the picture in the window first mentioned. There was a background of green baize to these properties. What trade was carried on by Mr. Phillimore? If you had asked his neighbors they would have informed you that Mr. Phillimore was a picture dealer, and they would have considered that such an answer afforded you ample instruction on the subject.

It hardly did that. Mr. Phillimore kept a shop for the express purpose of doing nothing in it. He had not dealt in pictures for very many years; he never intended to deal in pictures again. He no more contemplated selling the picture and the frame in his windows, symbolising his supposititious trade, than a gold-beater reckons upon an offer to purchase the gilded arm and hammer projecting from his first floor. There were one or two more pictures in the front room, which was not fitted up in the least like a shop; these also were rather treacly in hue, and quite French polished in surface, but were no more for sale than the ordinary fittings of the parlor of a private family. Mr. Phillimore lived on the premises. He was rich enough to retire from business, perhaps, but not rich enough to retire from his shop. So he resided in Freer street, doing nothing but in compliance with social requirements previously alluded to: affecting to be a tradesman—pretending to deal in pictures.

It was a comfortable room, with a turkey carpet, a red flock paper, a bronze chandelier, antique chairs, and a mirror set in carved oak over the fireplace. The room at the back was its counterpart, only that it was smaller. Mr. Phillimore occupied the back room as a matter of preference. It was less cheerful than the other. It looked on to a water-butt and had a fine prospect of slated roofs and out-buildings and kitchen chimneys. But perhaps he had never been able to divest himself altogether of the notion that the front room was after all, strictly speaking, a shop; while no such impeachment could in any way attach to the back parlor. And he became the room, did Mr. Phillimore; for he too was comfortable-looking—a prosperous man, leading a easy, methodical, enjoyable life; a bachelor, without the slightest intention of ever changing his condition. A bald-headed man, with yet a half-chaplet of rather long gray hair, and sometimes a jaunty velvet cap to hide his baldness, for he considered and cultivated his appearance. Round rosy features, a twinkling black eye, dark eyebrows, a portly figure, carefully dressed. He always wore black, a complete suit, with a dress coat, a stiff, white neckerchief, a frilled shirt adorned with a large brooch. A man came regularly to shave him early in the morning, after which he breakfasted in a superb broadened dressing-gown; then he read the paper scrupulously; at midday he assumed the whitest cravat, and thrust his neat feet into the brightest boots that could be seen for miles round. He was then dressed for the day. He took most delicious snuff from a grand gold box; he smoked occasionally very fragrant tobacco from a gorgeous pipe, silver mounted and with a china bowl, exquisitely painted. He had in his cellar some of the nicest port wine (in flats) that ever was tasted. Mr. Phillimore led altogether a very snug, sybaritic life in the back parlor behind his counterfeit shop.

He was walking up and down the front room in a reflective sort of way, to the music of his massive watch key and seals rattling before him, and the money jingling in his pockets. He hummed an air of an operatic character now and then for his own amusement. He had a prosperous abandon about him altogether that was indeed charming.

A knock at the street door.
Mr. Phillimore peeped furtively over the green baize screen, the background of the picture in the window.

"I thought as much," he said. And he went out into the passage. "Never mind, Sally," he cried, over the kitchen stair; "I'll open the door."

"Good morning, sir," he said, in a frank, cordial way, to a gentleman who stood on the doorstep. "Pray walk in. He's not come home yet, but I expect him every minute. Step in," and Mr. Phillimore led the way into his front room. The gentleman, tall, handsome, with a pleasant smile, evidently amused, followed him.

"Do you know, sir," Mr. Phillimore began. "Do you know, sir—Mr. Martin, I think?"

"Yes, Martin."

"Do you know, Mr. Martin, that you are singularly like a Lawrence?"

"Indeed," said Mr. Martin, with a puzzled expression.
"Yes. I've seen a great many of Sir Thomas's heads that were very much less in his own manner, and very much less worthy of him than yours is. Quite the Lawrence eye—bright and piercing, and the Lawrence lips, beautifully drawn, with a dimple at each end of them. Yes, you're undoubtedly a very fine example of Sir Thomas, in very nice preservation. My remarks astonish you, perhaps?"

"Well, they strike me as a little unusual."

"But they're not rude, believe me, and they are distinctly true—they have that merit. You see, in the course of a career of some length as a picture-dealer, a great number of works have passed through my hands; in fact, I think I have almost seen as many painted resemblances of fellow-creatures as I've seen real human beings, and I cannot resist classifying them. My trade instinct gets the better of me, and I refer them all to their proper schools. For myself, now"—and Mr. Phillimore inspected his plump face in the glass over the fireplace—"I am Dutch, decidedly—quite in the Flemish manner. I might be a Von Tilberg, or an Ostade, or a Brauer. Portrait of a Burgomaster. I should look very well like that in a catalogue; a little change of dress, a velvet cloak with a fur collar, a gold chain or so, and I should be perfect. And Sally! You've seen our servant Sally here. Well, old Sally is a perfect Rembrandt—a delicious example—she ought never to be touched, much less cleaned; just a little dusting now and then with a silk handkerchief, that would be quite sufficient. They've taken to spoiling her up-stairs under the notion of smartening her up. They mean well, but it's a great mistake. She's worth any money as she is. She's got the right snuffy sort of shadow under her nose, and all her wrinkles are in the most superb *impasto* you ever set eyes on. And our friend up-stairs, mind you, is a very respectable Velasquez, very respectable indeed, fit for any gallery, or," and Mr. Phillimore mused a little, "he might almost be Zurbaran. With a peculiar kind of glazing, he'd even be taken for a Spagnoletto, and by so means a bad specimen of the master."

"And the lady?"

"Ah! the lady's charming; Raphaellesque, isn't she? beautiful, I call her. If she's not a genuine Raphael—there are very few genuine Raphaels—she's a fine production of the school of Raphael. She's the lovely brow and liquid gray eyes, with the beautiful high light in them. Not raw paint, mind; but the most tender demi-tint—exquisite! She was too much for me—quite too much for me. I gave in at once. You see, you don't often have a real Raphael—even an approach to one—knocking at your street door. What could I do? My lodgers had all been single men before. I thought I preferred single men. I thought my Rembrandt in the kitchen preferred single men; but when she wanted to take the apartments, what could I do but let them to her? I never thought to have had so splendid a specimen of the Italian school so near me. And that's two years ago—and she's as good as ever, the color hasn't gone down a bit. That's the thing with the old masters—they're so sound—no mistake about them—last beautiful for ever! Almost improve with keeping, like good wine. You wouldn't care to take port before your dinner, or I think I could give you a nice glass. None of your tawny, dry, thin stuff, but old, with a grand body and a heavenly bouquet. That's the port wine I like. We must have a bottle together some day, I know you'll like it. You don't get such wine as that every day. No one does. Yes," and Mr. Phillimore resumed the thread of his discourse, "I feel with these people in my house that my collection is almost unique. I don't really know where it could possibly be matched. And then,

last year, they had a friend to stop with them, a friend from the country, a young lady—"

"A sister?"
"A sister of Raphael's Madonna, I believe she was, Madge they called her. Exceedingly charming. I had great difficulty in classing her. Sometimes I thought she was a Lancret, and there were moments when I even regarded her as a Greuze. The woman is very beautiful who carries into womanhood the beauty of infancy. You see that often in Greuze, though he often spoils it with his Frenchness; he will sometimes make his child-woman conscious—a cruel mistake. She was very delightful was the sister of Raphael's Madonna."

Mr. Martin bowed his acquiescence. He was amused and yet puzzled with the picture-dealer. He found it difficult to conceive that it was only for this he had been drawn into the ground-floor room. But he entered thoroughly into the spirit of his new friend's humor.

"And the baby?" he asked, with a smile.

"Well, the baby." And Mr. Phillimore paused as though the baby were a very serious subject indeed. "Who'd have thought of a baby being born in this house! I wonder the authorities didn't refuse to register the birth. By Jove! they'd have been almost justified; upon a *prima facie* view the thing might well seem impossible. But when you once break through a rule, when you once give up a sworn determination to have only single men lodgers, you must be prepared to take the consequences, even though they should assume the form of babies! And do you know a baby isn't, after all, so black as it's painted; the idea is, after all, frequently worse than the actuality. I am a bachelor—I intend to remain so—there's no fear of my altering my mind in that respect—don't mistake me. I have brought myself up in the bachelor creed that a baby was a bore, a nuisance, a horror; and that its cries were distressing, agonising, maddening. There's been exaggeration in the matter. I don't mind the baby up-stairs, bless you! not a bit. I don't like it's crying, I confess; but I don't mind it. It's nothing to what I thought it would be; and then its chuckle and crowing are certainly pleasant. I don't think infancy has ever had credit sufficient given to it in those respects. To think of the Rembrandt down stairs taking to the baby as she has! It's wonderful. Somehow women seem to me to get intoxicated with babies, just as if they were so much grog. They pretend they don't care for them at first, and would rather not, and then they begin to sip; and, finally, go regularly mad about them. You should hear my Rembrandt talking nonsense to the baby for hours together, and dancing it about, and rocking it till she must be tired to death; but she'd rather go on till she dropped, than give way to anybody else, bless you! It's extraordinary what an influence a baby has in a house; rules it, quite. Why, do you know, that one day when the baby was ill, or they thought it was (I think, myself, that babies often pretend to be ill just to assert themselves and test their authority), well, they thought the child had a croop-cough, or something of that sort; and I could not get Sally to clean my boots; no, not for any money, I couldn't. She was too busy with the baby; and what's more, I submitted to it. I did, upon my word. I wore dirty boots all that day, for the first time in my life."

"Ah! Mr. Phillimore, you ought to have been a married man, and a father," said Mr. Martin, laughing.

"Do you think so?" and the picture-dealer mused over the observation. "Somehow it never occurred to me to be so."

"But the baby considered as a work of art—"

"Flemish, at present. Oh! very Flemish. Between you and me" (Mr. Phillimore lowered his voice), "it isn't very pretty just now; though I wouldn't for the world hint such a thing, up-stairs. It isn't nice in point of color; the flesh tones are particularly hot and overdone; it's wanting in expression, too, and repose; and I'm not at all sure that it's quite the right thing in point of drawing. But it's not to be looked upon as a finished work at present, it's a mere sketch; and it's in very good hands, and I've no doubt they'll make something of it. Perhaps a Flemish model for Rubens; or, if it should ultimately develop into a study of a Child by Sir Joshua! a companion to Infancy—say—what a prize it would be, what a glorious thing! God bless me! only to think of it!" and the dealer grew so warm with his enthusiasm that he had to rub his bald head with a large red and green silk handkerchief, quite laboriously.

"I thought the baby very pretty; but, perhaps, that was because I was grandfather," remarked Mr. Martin.

"Well, I'm bound to say it looks remarkably well from certain points of view. Very much depends upon the *pose*. But in a particular *pose* everybody's good-looking almost. Sometimes the baby is a very nice object indeed. Only the other day, I was going up-stairs, past the front drawing-room; it was partly open, I couldn't help peeping in, just a very little. I was not noticed, and my curiosity harmed no one. But, near the fireplace, there was one of the loveliest compositions I think I ever beheld. It would have fetched any money at a sale. A perfect *riposa*. The father, in shadow, was by no means a bad St. Joseph, while the Madonna and child were of course delicious, worthy of the best days of Italian art. I never felt so proud of my lodgers before."

"There was a knock at the door."

"That's St. Joseph," said the dealer. "I know his knock. Don't go away. The Rembrandt will open the door. Dear me, how I've been wasting time! I had something I particularly desired to say to you, but here have I been carried away by my foolish fancies about the Fine Arts and my old picture-dealing habits. But look here. How shall I begin? Bless my soul how stupid I am!"

He walked up and down the room hurriedly, with an evidently embarrassed air. Then he stopped suddenly.

"They tell me," he said, with some solemnity, "that St. Joseph on the first floor is what's called an author—a writer—a literary gentleman. Is that so?"

"Yes. Mr. Willford is the author of one or two books of some fame."

"Is he indeed, now? Well, so I was informed. Dear me! to think of that." Then, after a pause, he asked abruptly, "Is he poor?"

"Poor?"

"There—there. You're astonished, you're offended. I've said what I oughtn't to; and it's all no business of mine, and so on, and so on. But my motive is not impertinent—it's all right and proper. I do assure you it is."

"Doesn't he pay his rent?" asked Mr. Martin, laughing.

"Yes, yes, he pays his rent—regularly—to the day. I've not a word of complaint to make on that or any other score. I may be doing wrong, though I don't mean it. I'm only a tradesman, and I don't know much out of my own line of business, perhaps; if you come to press me on that point. But I once knew a writer—a literary man if you prefer it—who wasn't rich, not by any means, who on the contrary, if I may say so, was drenched poor—uncomfortable, infernally. He lived in a garret not far from here, and was a good deal in debt, and wasn't often flush of money, and didn't dress very well—and in fact was about as shabby a looking beggar as you ever set eyes on, and wasn't over clean, and not often sober—I never knew a fellow take so kindly to gin as he did. Well, they found him one day almost starving in his back attic, and I and some others helped to put him on his legs again; and you don't know how comfortable it made me feel doing that, for he was a clever fellow, no doubt of it—he wrote all the poetry for the big blacking establishment in the Strand, and I have heard say that he sometimes did verses for Catnach! A wonderfully clever fellow, and very good company when he was sober. In fact, I may say, while I am on the subject, that I know him now, and that he comes to see me now and then, just to say how d'ye do, and borrow half a crown or so, and see if there is anything to drink anywhere about the premises. His name is Loafe, one of the Loafes of Cow Cross, I believe. However, that's neither here nor there. What I want to come to is this. I heard that my lodger, St. Joseph, was a writer, and then the thought came to me whether, for all his punctuality about his rent—for he is indeed proud, I know that—whether, for all that, he mightn't be poor—not so bad as the other chap I was telling you about—Loafe—but still poor, hard up, you know, sometimes. And I wanted to say that if he'd rather wait as to paying his rent, or if he'd rather not pay it at all, or if he'd like me ever to lend him some money, or—by George—if he'd like me to give it him, he should have it, as much as he liked, as long as he liked, or for ever, if he chose."

"I am sure, Mr. Phillimore, this is most kind—really generous, but—"

"Now don't be in a hurry. Though I live here I'm well off—as well off as many tradesmen that have left their shops for good and all, and gone to villas at Brixton. My wants are not many, and in fact I don't spend my income. A nice glass of port—not every day, mind you, or I shouldn't value it so much—first-rate washing for my neckties, and the best blacking for my boots. Those are my only ex-

travagances; all the rest are simply necessities, and cost a mere trifle. I go half price to the play now and then, but what's that? If my lodgers want help, or anything that money can buy, they shall have it—by Jove they shall—or my name isn't Isaac Phillimore."

"But, my dear sir, they want nothing. Mr. Wilford is a steadily rising man; he's doing well—very well indeed. I should say he was making money fast. Authors are not what they were. Authors are not all like—like the gentleman—Mr. Loafe, I think you said—your friend, who composed the blacking aerostics in the back attic. Now-a-days literary gentlemen eat and drink of the best—in moderation—and ride in carriages, and don't wear shabby clothes, nor write verses for Catnach—at least not all of us. For I must tell you, Mr. Phillimore—I, also, am an author."

"You an author? You, Mr. Martin? A superb Sir Thomas Lawrence! Can such things be? Say no more, I am convinced. Authors are changed indeed. An author a Sir Thomas Lawrence! I pictured him a tatterdemalion by Callot! Pray forgive me. And not a word to St. Joseph—I wouldn't offend him for the world. And it's all arisen from my love for my lodgers. I won't detain you a moment longer. I dare say the dinner up-stairs is waiting for you."

The Sir Thomas Lawrence, his smile stretching to a hearty laugh, made his way to the drawing-room.

He was heartily greeted by Mr. Phillimore's lodgers.

"Hullo! here's George at last. We thought you'd forgotten us. How are you?" cried Wilford.

"How are you, Wil?—how do you do, Mrs. Wilford?"—how's baby?"

"Now, Vi, let's have dinner. I think Martin's hungry, and I know I am."

Wilford and his wife were residing on Mr. Phillimore's first floor. They were called Mr. and Mrs. Wilford.

"What a mistake," quoth the picture-dealer. "What injustice I've done the *ripasa*. I feel the Raphael would be very angry if she knew, and the Velasquez would turn to a Spagnoletto in expression. I should like to be of use to them. They're a charming group. But I've made a wrong start. I think I must put on another cravat, my emotion has crumpled this; and perhaps go half price to the play, to amuse myself, for there'll be a tremendous reaction after all this excitement!"

CHAPTER XII.—MR. PHILLIMORE'S FIRST FLOOR.

NEARLY two years have passed since Mr. Fuller's daughter Violet left Grilling Abbots church the wife of Wilford Hadfield. Time has very little changed her. If possible, her beauty has been enhanced by her new position. A wife and a mother, she now possesses claims for admiration even more remarkable than those of pretty Miss Fuller of Grilling Abbots. And Mr. Phillimore's judgment was perfectly correct, and one to which it is believed the reader would give unqualified assent, provided the same opportunities for arriving at an opinion were available—the young mother bending over her baby son formed a very charming composition indeed, in every way Raphaellesque and beautiful. Wilford, the St. Joseph of the group according to the picture-dealer, is still pale and gaunt-looking, but his dejected manner has gone; the gray has made no further advance in his locks and beard; his eyes are brighter; he may be said, altogether, to look younger than when, two years back, he was recovering slowly from his nervous illness. He is alert, active, industrious, for his life has now color, and object, and worth. He is a hard-working man of letters, who has achieved respectable literary fame; he toils earnestly for the support of his wife and child, for he has been true to his old resolutions. He has declined all aid from his brother, or to receive any share in the Hadfield property. He has permitted to be carried out in their strict integrity the terms of his father's will. Still the brothers are good friends, and correspond occasionally. But the letter-writing is conducted as a rule with greater punctuality by the ladies of the two families. To Violet, Gertrude addresses very long narratives concerning her children, the doings at the Grange, and the latest Grilling Abbots news; while Violet returns equally interesting dispatches, written closely on several sheets of note paper—and the writing crossed as only women cross writing—containing full particulars of her little boy, especially in regard to the color of his eyes and hair, with certain digressions as to teething and gums, and other infant distresses, and information also as to Wilford's health and doings, and literary progress.

Stephen has been once or twice in town, when he has visited his brother and sister-in-law residing on Mr. Phillimore's first floor, and been cordially received. Wilford, in spite of much fervid invitation and solicitation, has steadily refused to revisit the Grange—at all events, for the present, for so he has qualified his refusals, whether with any idea of availing himself of that qualification must remain a secret known only to himself. So it may be noted that Violet and Gertrude have, between themselves, two or three little grievances, upon which they occasionally harp and comment and interchange opinions in their correspondence. Amongst these subjects of regret and complaint should be stated Wilford's steady renunciation of the name of Hadfield (his first book—a collection of essays, very fairly successful—was published under the name of George Wilford, by which, indeed, he is generally known to the world); and further in his declining to return for ever so little to Grilling Abbots, in his hesitation to be acknowledged as the uncle of his brother's children, and worse than all in the slight offered to Gertrude's last baby by his refusal to stand as sponsor, or to give his name to the child. (N. B.—This is the second baby since the one referred to in Violet's letter, set out in a former chapter, and about which a similar cause of offence had arisen. Gertrude had been persistent in her endeavors to draw her brother-in-law as closely as possible to the family at the Grange; it says much for her and her efforts in this respect that she had even forgiven these uncomplimentary proceedings in regard to her offspring.)

George Martin, of Plowden Buildings, frequently visited Mr. Phillimore's first-floor lodgers. In the first place, he had been known as an old friend of Wilford's in days gone by; he was now his literary ally, they had been collaborators on various employments, they had many sympathies, entertained many opinions in common, and were greatly attached to each other. But their pursuits were rather approximate than identical. Martin's literary achievements were mostly of a critical nature—he was allied as a reviewer to more than one journal of importance. Wilford had of late ventured more into the realms of imaginative literature; he began to be recognized as a writer of fiction, and he had a novel of full length on the eve of publication.

Violet had at once perceived that Martin was in every way worthy of being her husband's friend, and always welcomed him with pleasure to their home. George Martin not slowly won the appreciation of Mrs. Wilford. His regard for her husband would have been almost sufficient recommendation, but it must be added to this that Martin was, in the language of the picture-dealer, "a very fine specimen of Sir Thomas Lawrence"—that is to say, a man of refined and agreeable mien, handsome, intellectual, and with singularly attractive manners. And this to Mr. Phillimore's amazement—notwithstanding that he gained his living by literary occupation.

George Martin was therefore often a guest at the table of the Wilfords. No very special arrangements were made on his account. The dinner was always sufficient yet simple. He was not converted into an excuse for unusual stateliness or pretensions discomfort. He was paid the compliment of being supposed willing to be contented with the ordinary habits of the family. Violet was too good a housewife ever to provide ill-conditioned meals. Dinner parties were not given by the Wilfords; nevertheless George Martin was always sure of good cheer and a pleasant evening, when invited to the first floor in Freer street. The dining together of three people who are intimate friends is really a very pleasant thing.

The Rembrandt rendered inefficient service at the dinner-table—but three diners can generally manage with very little attendance. The cloth removed, a bottle was produced which, if it did not reach the choiceness of quality of Mr. Phillimore's port (in pints), was nevertheless pronounced, by all interested, to be of a highly creditable vintage.

George Martin took great pleasure in these little dinners in Freer street. A hard-working Temple bachelor, he seldom "went into society," as the phrase is. He could not often devote time sufficient to such a proceeding, and gradually he had confined himself more and more to the retirement of his rooms, content to lead a life, quiet if sombre, which permitted to him the full enjoyment of his literary tastes, and made no calls upon his leisure for the accomplishment of inconvenient etiquette. For society is exacting. You are required incessantly to render homage and swear fealty, and acknowledge your vassalage, or you are accounted contumacious and unworthy,

and your privileges are denied to you. Your time and your smiles and your best *mots*; your white neckcloth, varnished boots, and gloves of exquisite fabric, must always be ready, producible at the very shortest notice; hesitate, and like a martinet officer, society pounces upon you, and dismisses you from her ranks. It was not from the churlishness which often chains men to dull, dismal lives in obscure dwellings and by-paths of the world, that George Martin shrunk from social intercourse with his contemporaries. He was in every way fitted to shine where culture and cleverness and polished manners were esteemed. And he would probably have liked to have earned distinction in this way; but somehow he had turned his life into different channels. Indolence and industry had combined to effect this. He could not sufficiently apply himself to the wooing of society's smiles and caresses; he followed with too great an avidity centenary pursuits. But in the society of his friends in Freer street he found considerations for his tastes in both directions. There was an elegance and refinement and repose about Violet it would have been hard anywhere to match. He felt that to earn her regard was a fair exercise of all his powers of pleasing. While her husband was his valued fellow-workman, whose presence was a warrant for his adherence to professional considerations.

"Don't you think, Mr. Martin, that Wilford is looking very much too pale and thin?" Violet asked.

"This is Violet's constant crotchet, you must know, Martin. I believe we are all said to be slightly insane on certain topics. This is Violet's weak point—my state of health, my paleness and thinness. I really ought to be a skeleton by this time, considering the shocking way in which I've been going on, or going off, I should rather say, during the last two years, according to Vi's account."

"Yes, you always try to laugh off the question," said Violet; "but I shall still ask Mr. Martin to give me his opinion."

"Well, say Martin; do I look very pale and thin?" asked Wilford.

"Yes, I think you do. I've been thinking so for some time past," answered his friend.

"I was sure Mr. Martin would agree with me," exclaimed Violet.

"Yes, Vi; but it's only to agree with you that he says so."

"No; my opinion is perfectly unprejudiced. You ought really to take a holiday. I am sure you have earned one; you have been working very hard indeed of late."

"No holiday for me just at present. I must see my book safely through the press first; then we can, perhaps, begin to think about holiday-making. Do you know, Martin, it's rather cruel, and tiring, and depending work, correcting one's proofs. They come dropping in, day after day, a sheet at a time. One gets to have at last such a minced notion of one's book—at least so I find it. I grow so giddy over the fragments I can't put them together at last, and fail to have any idea as to what the thing is really like and worth as a whole."

"I see you've been torturing yourself dreadfully. You really ought to have a change, or you'll get much worse if you've taken to thinking in this way. Let me prescribe for you," said Martin. "Go to Paris for a week."

"Thank you, Mr. Martin," said Violet, gaily, "that is precisely my advice. He needs change very much, and I am sure a week at Paris would be a great benefit to him."

"No, no," said her husband, rather seriously, "that would never do; besides," he added, "I hate Paris."

"You hate Paris! You heretic!" cried Martin, laughing. "But I forget, every one does not think as I do, though that is not a reason why I should be wrong. But I am not an imaginative writer, I don't deal in fiction—I criticize, I don't create; and it seems to me there are only two places worth living in—London and Paris. I would divide my time equally between them if I could; but I am obliged to remain in London the greater part of the year. When I do get a holiday, I go to Paris; the holiday over, I return to London."

"You do not care, then, for the country, nor the seaside?" Violet asked.

"I prefer people to places. I would sooner have crowds of faces round me than be alone in the midst of magnificent scenery. A mountain is very superb, but can one look at it honestly more than five minutes? Is it not exhausted and done with at the end of that time, especially if one is neither a poet nor a painter? And the sea is very grand, and I enjoy it immensely for a quarter of an hour; I watch it bend down and turn summersaults and tumble into foam; I watch the repetition of this feat again and again, till at last I think I know all about it. I begin to yawn a little, I grow decidedly weary; I think I know all the sea can do; disrespectfully I throw a stone at it, and turn from the beach to see about the Paris or the London trains. A dreadful confession, is it not, Mrs. Wilford?"

"Yes; and I can only half believe it. But the country—do you not find it a great relief after hard work in town?"

"It's too great a relief. The violent change upsets me. The absence of noise, for instance; the awful quiet of the country makes me feel somehow not that there is no noise, but that I am suddenly deaf and can't hear it—not a comfortable sensation. And country fare is too good for me, it makes me ill—I miss my metropolitan adulterations—and then I so miss the crowd; I want the streets and shops and houses, the swarms of men and women."

"But the scenery?"

"Very wonderful and charming, but it never keeps my attention long. I have nothing in common with it, so it seems to me. There is a want of human interest in it. Do you care for reading poetry that is all landscape and color, flowers, and water, and sky, and hasn't one fellow-creature breathing through it? I confess it tires me dreadfully. I am frightfully practical. I have lived so long in towns that I have lost my taste, perhaps, for the country, just as captives become so accustomed to their prisons that they quit them with regret. And there is no real solitude and retirement in the country; where there are so very few people every one becomes as it were the public property of the rest. For real isolation and quiet, London, after all, is the only place."

"And especially a top room in the Temple, London."

"Yes. One is there snug and uncared-for—alone and private—and yet only a few steps to reach a struggling crowd, all new faces which one will never see again. There is a fine field for contemplation! There is variety! It is more comfortable to be one of a million than one of a dozen. And I don't like country people over much; they are friendly but bumptious, kind but conceited, and they hold little Peddington to be the garden of the world."

"I am quite shocked at your opinions," said Violet; "and the way in which you talk of the country and of country people I account as a personal affront. I only wish Madge could have heard you."

"I shouldn't have dared to speak so openly had your sister been present."

"Madge would have gone exploding about the room like a firework," said Wilford, laughing.

"And you call this assisting me, Mr. Martin, to persuade Wilford to go out of town! Thanks for your aid! You are a most dangerous ally—you overpower those you profess to help. I shall leave you now to persuade Wilford by yourself. Perhaps you want to enjoy exclusively the credit of bringing him round to my opinion. I must go, for I think I hear baby calling."

Violet quitted the room. The two friends drew their chairs more nearly together.

"Jesting apart," said Martin, "I agree with Mrs. Wilford. You are really not looking very well, and a little change would do you a great deal of good."

"You are right," said Wilford, after a slight pause. "I am not well, but I would not confess so much to Violet; it would only occasion her uneasiness and alarm. Let me push forward with my book, for that must be attended to now, and I'll take a holiday—a good one—and recruit thoroughly. Yet I hardly know why I should be ill."

"You have worked very hard of late. Does your head pain you?" "At times. But my sleep is very broken, and I dream terribly when I do sleep. I am nervous somehow. Small things distract me—the sudden opening of a door, a slight noise in the street, anything happening unexpectedly, sets my heart beating quite painfully. I tease myself with all sorts of anxieties about my book and career. I have all sorts of presentiments about Violet and my child. I look forward to the future with a sort of dread of I know not what. Even while I speak of these things I am seized with a nervous trembling. I am totally unable to control. Have you ever felt like this?"

"Once or twice. Something like it."

"And what have you done?" "I have brought myself to believe thoroughly in the realities of life. I have gone by the express train to Paris and dined sumptuously at the Trois Frères. I have left off work and enjoyed myself, and I have found my nervous system to recover rapidly under such a course of treatment. Try it in your case."

"I think that mine rather more serious remedies. But

something I must do shortly, for the thing grows upon me. I seem to have a difficulty in severing what is fact from what is mere matter of fancy and foreboding."

He stopped for a few minutes, and then asked, in an agitated tone,

"Did you ever feel as though you were followed in the street—continually followed by some one whom you did not know, could not see, go where you would? Tell me, Martin?"

"Never. But do you imagine that you have been so followed?"

"It seems to me so, and I am not sure that it is simply an imagination."

"You think you have been really followed?"

"Sometimes I feel quite sure of it."

"But the fact can easily be ascertained."

"Not so easily. Go where I will I hear footsteps behind me; I run when I will to discover who follows me, and I can see no one. May one not grow nervous in such a case?"

"Bah! Wilford, the nervousness occasions this fancy—is not occasioned by it. I have heard of some literary men being frequently followed," said Martin, laughing, "but it was for debt. That is not your case, I know. Besides, the sheriff's officer is not a phantom, he can be seen and felt—on the shoulder, especially."

"Hush! Not a word more of this, Violet returns."

A cup of tea, one or two of Violet's favorite songs—Wilford's favorites, too—from the Mozart book; the voice of the singer has lost nothing of its old exquisite beauty and music, and George Martin, delighted with the melody, and though it is yet early, rises to depart.

"Indeed I must go," he says, pressing the hand of Mr. Wilford, "I have an hour or two's work to-night that may not be postponed. What am I to say to the printer when he comes to-morrow for copy if I stay longer now? Good-night."

"One moment, Martin. I'll walk part of your way. I've hardly been out all day."

They were in the hall putting on their hats.

"A letter, sir," cried the Rembrandt from the kitchen stairs.

"You're so abrupt, Sally, you quite frighten one," said Wilford.

"It's a bill, Wilford; the precursor of the bailiff," and Martin laughed.

"It was left by a boy, sir, just at this moment," Sally stated.

A gentleman in the front parlor overheard this conversation. It seemed that he had not gone half-price to the play.

"A boy!" said Mr. Phillimore to himself, "yes, but a very bad specimen—not at all a nice head. I saw him. There are faces like his in some of Hogarth's works, especially in the 'Idle Apprentice' and the 'Progress of Cruelty'."

"Take care of the letter till I come back, Sally; or—stay, you may be gone to bed—I'll put it in my pocket."

And the two friends went out. They passed down Freer street on their way towards the Temple. They had failed to perceive that a boy, of small stature, leaning against a lamp-post on the opposite side of the way, had watched their departure from Mr. Phillimore's, and was now stealthily following them, though at some distance. A boy thin and active, with long, thick, dark, straight hair, cut sharply and forming a sort of rectangular block at the back of his head. His cap was of the kepi pattern in use at certain French schools, but there were no pretensions of a military or at least a uniform character about the rest of his dress, which was ordinary enough. He had a yellow-complexioned brazen face, with a cunning expression, and small, restless green eyes. For some streets the boy succeeded in following Wilford and George Martin. Suddenly his progress was arrested, a large hand pressed heavily upon his shoulder. He started, recoiled himself, stooped down, twisted himself, and would have escaped, but that the hand moved to his collar and held him with a firm grip it was hopeless to struggle against.

"*Arrêtez donc, cher enfant!*" said a calm but rather grating voice.

"You let me go! You let me go! You hurt me! What have I done?" whined the boy in English, but with a strong French accent.

"You follow gentlemen in the street, is it not so, you little fox? I have seen you. You know me?"

"No, I don't know you—I don't know you! Let me go! You let me go!"

"Be quiet, will you," said the voice, and the hand released the boy's collar and grasped his over-large ear. "Silence, *petit taya-gour!* You know me?"

"No," answered the boy, sulkily.

"*Regardez donc!*"—and the boy felt his ear pulled round so that he was compelled to look into the face of a tall man in a glossy hat, with a dainty white neckerchief and gold spectacles. He had jet-black eyebrows and short scraps of black whiskers on his cheeks. He was otherwise scrupulously shaven. His appearance gave one rather the idea of a foreigner trying to look like an Englishman.

"You know me now—is it not so?"

"I have seen you before."

"I think so. Ah! little thief, would you dare?"

The boy had stealthily drawn a small knife from his pocket and unclasped it. The action was perceived at once, an iron grip round his wrist, perhaps, too, the painful pressure of a hard knuckle upon the back of his hand made him open his fingers and drop the knife with a gasp of pain.

"Take care what you do," and his ear was pulled sharply. "I have had my eye upon you for some days—upon you and your estimable family, and the excellent Mère Pichot. You will go straight home, if you please, little one. We will have no more following of English gentlemen in the streets. You will present to Madame Pichot the assurance of my high consideration. Make to her my compliments. Do you understand, my charming boy? and let her know that I am on a visit to London."

"What shall I tell her? What name am I to say?"

The gentleman laughed heartily at this.

"Tell her that Monsieur Chose is staying in town. I think she will know who is meant."

He changed his tone to one of fierceness.

"And let her take care—let her take care; I am not a fool. I will not permit everything. The law has been kind to her as yet, but the times may change; and you, little one, take you care, worthy child of Père Dominique. Do you wish to follow the steps of your admirable and amiable father? He is well, but he is not happy. He complains of confinement, and that he cannot see his friends; and he will not see them, not for twenty years. Where do you live?"

"Over the Bridge Waterloo," answered the boy, instantly.

"Little liar! You are too quick. You are promising; if it was not that you are really much older than you look. I know where you live; I know where to find you. Go, then, and above all, take care! You are no match for Monsieur Chose—remember that—nor is Mère Pichot, neither. Good-night, Monsieur Alexis."

He released the boy's ear. The boy stooped as though to avoid a parting blow; but Monsieur Chose had, it seems, no further offensive intentions in regard to him. The boy recovered his knife and darted off quickly, but in a different direction to that taken by Wilford and his friend.

"Little devil!" said Monsieur Chose, dusting his strong white fingers as though to dismiss an unpleasant subject. He then lighted a cigar, drew his coat closely round him, took off his hat to bid a courteous good-night to a passing policeman, and went his way with an elastic step, humming a favorite air from the opera of "La Dame Blanche."

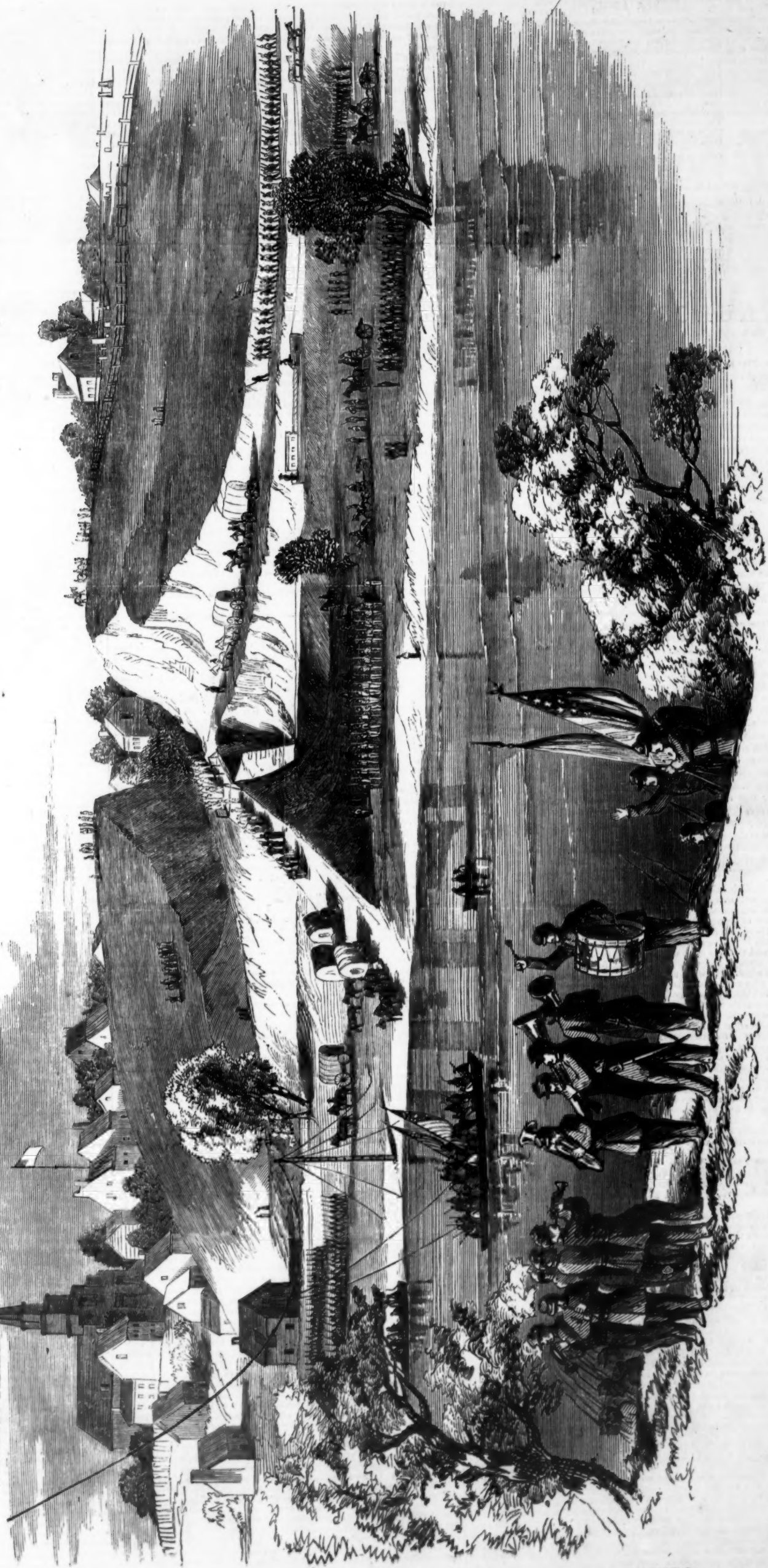
(To be continued.)

THE PITTSBURG FIGHT.—A chaplain of one of the regiments engaged at Pittsburg Landing writes to the *Western Advocate*:

"On Monday afternoon, when the firing slackened on our right, I went upon the battle-ground to look after the wounded, many of whom had laid there without care during the previous night. Under an oak-tree I found two wounded brothers, lying on the leaves, sharing with each other the rich legacy of a brother's love in such a lonely hour. At the foot of a tree was a dead man in a sitting posture, with a miniature dropped from his hand. Upon his face there was a seeming smile of recognition as of some dear one—a wife or a sister, perhaps—now recreated in the cold and unmoving marble. By another was a New Testament, the gift of his pastor, its leaves stained with the blood of the departed soldier. Upon a blank leaf was inscribed, *Memento mori*. Near a little stream was a wounded young man, whom the writer sought to remove to a more comfortable place, as the ambulances could not carry him off the field that night. 'Oh no, sir, I thank you,' he said, adding, 'the ground is warm under me, and I have been so cold since I was wounded.' Near by I found another young man who, in answer to an inquiry as to his hope in Christ, replied: 'Oh, yes; and for this hope, humble as it is, I would not take worlds. It is my all now.' Tuesday morning the wounded were all removed, and the dead buried; in one instance 178 of our enemies in one long grave."



WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—FRONT ROYAL. MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD—BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE—THE FEDERAL ARMY ENTERING THE TOWN.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE



WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL ARMY UNDER GEN. BANKS RE-CROSSING THE POTOMAC FROM WILLIAMSPORT, MARYLAND, TO ATTACK THE REBEL ARMY UNDER GEN. JACKSON.—THE BAND OF THE 40TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS PLAYING THE NATIONAL AIRS ON THE VIRGINIA SHORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 225

SEA LORE.

Up stole, creeping on the shore,
Rolling, cresting, o'er and o'er,
The tide waves, whispering evermore
To rocks and sands the ocean lore.

Lore of many a mile-deep sea,
Blue, rising, sinking endlessly
O'er depths once mountain, plain and tree,
Now merged and sunk eternally.

Lore of earthquake, storm and flood,
That swallowed, scorched and bathed in blood;
Or whelmed in boiling depths of mud,
Hill, forest, beast, bird, flower and bud.

Lore of diamonds, pearls and gold,
Wealth of cities vast and old,
And peoples, over whom has rolled
Ocean for age on age untold.

Waves whispering of ancient lore,
Ere, ever bounded by the shore,
The ocean lashed, with timeless roar,
Sand, land and rocks for evermore.

Lore of wrecks untold and dread;
Millions asleep on ocean's bed;
Bones, shell-crested, heaped and spread,
Till the great deep gives up its dead.

AURORA FLOYD

CHAPTER XI.—AT THE CHATEAU D'ARQUES.

JOHN MELLISH made himself entirely at home in the little Leamington circle after this interview with Mr. Floyd. No one could have been more tender in his manner, more respectful, untiring and devoted, than was this rough Yorkshireman to the broken old man. Archibald must have been less than human had he not in some way returned this devotion, and it is therefore scarcely to be wondered that he became very warmly attached to his daughter's adorer. Had John Mellish been the most designing disciple of Machiavelli, instead of the most transparent and candid of living creatures, I scarcely think he could have adopted a truer means of making for himself a claim upon the gratitude of Aurora Floyd than by the affection he evinced for her father. And this affection was as genuine as all else in that simple nature. How could he do otherwise than love Aurora's father? He was her father. He had a sublime claim upon the devotion of the man who loved her; who loved her as John loved—unreservedly, undoubtingly, childishly; with such blind, unquestioning love as an infant feels for its mother. There may be better women than that mother, perhaps; but who shall make the child believe so?

John Mellish could not argue with himself upon his passion, as Talbot Bulstrode had done. He could not separate himself from his love, and reason with the wild madness. How could he divide himself from that which was himself; more than himself; a diviner self? He asked no questions about the past life of the woman he loved. He never sought to know the secret of Talbot's departure from Falden. He saw her, beautiful, fascinating, perfect, and he accepted her as a great and wonderful fact, like the moon and the stars shining down on the rustic flower-beds and espaliered garden-walks in the balmy June nights.

So the tranquil days glided slowly and monotonously past that quiet circle. Aurora bore her silent burden; bore her trouble with a grand courage, peculiar to such rich organizations as her own, and none knew whether the serpent had been rooted from her breast, or had made for himself a permanent home in her heart. The banker's most watchful care could not fathom the womanly mystery; and there were times when Archibald Floyd ventured to hope that his daughter was at peace, and Talbot Bulstrode well-nigh forgotten. In any case, it was wise to keep her away from Falden Woods; so Mr. Floyd proposed a tour through Normandy to his daughter and Mrs. Powell.

Aurora consented, with a tender smile and gentle pressure of her father's hand. She divined the old man's motive, and recognised the all-watchful love which sought to carry her from the scene of her trouble.

John Mellish, who was not invited to join the party, burst forth into such raptures at the proposal, that it would have required considerable hardness of heart to have refused his escort. He knew every inch of Normandy, he said, and promised to be of infinite use to Mr. Floyd and his daughter; which, seeing that his knowledge of Normandy had been acquired in his attendance at the Dieppe steeple-chases, and that his acquaintance with the French language was very limited, seemed rather doubtful. But for all this he contrived to keep his word. He went up to town and hired an all-accomplished courier, who conducted the little party from town to village, from church to ruin, and who could always find relays of Normandy horses for the banker's roomy travelling carriage.

The little party travelled from place to place until pale gleams of color returned in transient flushes to Aurora's cheeks. Grief is terribly selfish. I fear that Miss Floyd never took into consideration the havoc that might be going on in the great honest heart of John Mellish. I dare say that if ever she had considered the matter, she would have thought that a broad-shouldered Yorkshireman of six feet two could never suffer seriously from such a passion as love. She grew accustomed to his society; accustomed to have his strong arm handy for her to lean upon when she grew tired; accustomed to his carrying her sketchbook and shawls and campstools; accustomed to be waited upon by him all day, and served faithfully by him at every turn; taking this homage as a thing of course, but making him superlatively and dangerously happy by her tacit acceptance of it.

September was half gone when they bent their way homeward, lingering for a few days at Dieppe, where the bathers were splashing about in semi-theatrical costume, and the Etablissement des Bains was all afloat with colored lanterns and noisy with nightly concert.

The early autumnal days were glorious in their balmy beauty. The best part of a year had gone by since Talbot Bulstrode had bade Aurora that adieu which, in one sense at least, was to be eternal. They two, Aurora and Talbot, might meet again, it is true. They might meet, ay, and even be cordial and friendly together, and do each other good service in some dim time to come; but the two lovers who had parted in the little bay-windowed room at Falden Woods could never meet again. Between them there was death and the grave.

Perhaps some such thoughts as these had their place in the breast of Aurora Floyd as she sat with John Mellish at her side, looking down upon the varied landscape from the height upon which the ruined walls of the Chateau d'Arques still rear the proud memorials of a day that is dead. I don't suppose that the banker's daughter troubled herself much about Henry IV. or any other dead-and-gone celebrity who may have left the impress of his name upon that spot. She felt a tranquil sense of the exquisite purity and softness of the air, the deep blue of the cloudless sky, the spreading woods and grassy plains, the orchards, where the trees were rosy with their plenteous burden, the tiny streamlets, the white villa-like cottages and straggling gardens, outspread in a fair panorama beneath her. Carried out of her sorrow by the sensuous rapture we derive from Nature, and for the first time discarding in herself a vague sense of happiness, she began to wonder how it was she had outlived her grief by so many months.

She had never during those weary months heard of Talbot Bulstrode. Any change might have come to him without her knowledge. He might have married; might have chosen a prouder and worthier bride to share his lofty name. She might meet him on her return to England with that happier woman leaning upon his arm. Would some good-natured friend tell the bride how Talbot had loved and wooed the banker's daughter? Aurora found herself pitying this happy woman, who would, after all, win but the second love of that proud heart; the pale reflection of a sun that has set; the feeble glow of expiring embers when the great blaze has died out. They had

made her a couch with shawls and carriage-seats, outspread upon a rustic seat, for she was still far from strong; and she lay in the bright September sunshine, looking down at the fair landscape and listening to the hum of beetles and the chirp of grasshoppers upon the smooth turf.

Her father had walked to some distance with Mrs. Powell, who explored every crevice and cranny of the ruins with the dutiful perseverance peculiar to commonplace people; but faithful John Mellish never stirred from her side. He was watching her musing face, trying to read its meaning—trying to gather a gleam of hope from some chance expression floating across it. Neither he nor she knew how long he had watched her thus, when, turning to speak to him about the landscape at her feet, she found him on his knees imploring her to have pity upon him, and to love him, or to let him love her, which was much the same.

"I don't expect you to love me, Aurora," he said, passionately; "how should you? What is there in a big clumsy fellow like me to win your love? I don't ask that. I only ask you to let me love you, to let me worship you, as the people we see kneeling in the churches here worship their saints. You won't drive me away from you, will you, Aurora, because I presume to forget what you said to me that cruel day at Brighton? You would never have suffered me to stay with you so long, and to be so happy, if you had meant to drive me away at the last! You never could have been so cruel!"

Miss Floyd looked at him with a sudden terror in her face. What was this? What had she done? More wrong, more mischief! Was her life to be one of perpetual wrongdoing? Was she to be forever bringing sorrow upon good people? Was this John Mellish to be another sufferer by her folly?

"Oh, forgive me!" she cried, "forgive me! I never thought—" "You never thought that every day spent by your side must make the anguish of parting from you more cruelly bitter. Oh, Aurora, women should think of such things! Send me away from you, and what shall I be for the rest of my life?—a broken man, fit for nothing better than the racecourse and the betting-rooms; a reckless man, ready to go to the bad by any road that can take me there; worthless alike to myself and to others. You must have seen such men, Aurora, men whose unblemished youth promised an honorable manhood, but who break up all of a sudden, and go to ruin in a few years of mad dissipation. Nine times out of ten a woman is the cause of that sudden change. I lay my life at your feet, Aurora—I offer you more than my heart—I offer you my destiny. Do with it as you will."

He rose in his agitation and walked a few paces away from her. The grassgrown battlements sloped away from his feet, outer and inner most lay below him at the bottom of a steep declivity. What a convenient place for suicide, if Aurora should refuse to take pity upon him! The reader must allow that he had availed himself of considerable artifice in addressing Miss Floyd. His appeal had taken the form of an accusation rather than a prayer, and he had duly impressed upon this poor girl the responsibility she would incur in refusing him. And this, I take it, is a meanness of which men are often guilty in their dealings with the weaker sex.

Miss Floyd looked at her lover with a quiet, half-mournful smile. "Sit down there, Mr. Mellish," she said, pointing to a campstool at her side.

John took the indicated seat very much with the air of a prisoner in a criminal dock about to answer for his life.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" asked Aurora, looking compassionately at his pale face.

"A secret?"

"Yes; the secret of my parting with Talbot Bulstrode. It was not I who dismissed him from Falden; it was he who refused to fulfil his engagement with me."

She spoke slowly, in a low voice, as if it were painful to her to say the words which told of so much humiliation.

"He did!" cried John Mellish, rising, red and furious, from his seat, eager to run to look for Talbot Bulstrode then and there, in order to inflict chastisement upon him.

"He did, John Mellish, and he was justified in doing so," answered Aurora gravely. "You would have done the same."

"Oh, Aurora, Aurora!"

"You would. You are as good a man as he, and why should your sense of honor be less strong than his? A barrier rose between Talbot Bulstrode and me, and separated us for ever. That barrier was a secret."

She told him of the missing year in her young life; how Talbot had called upon her for an explanation, and how she had refused to give it. John listened to her with a thoughtful face, which broke out into sunshine as she turned to him and said,

"How would you have acted in such a case, Mr. Mellish?"

"How should I have acted, Aurora? I should have trusted you. But I can give you a better answer to your question, Aurora. I can answer it by a renewal of the prayer I made you five minutes ago. Be my wife."

"In spite of this secret?"

"In spite of a hundred secrets. I could not love you as I do, Aurora, if I did not believe you to be all that is best and purest in woman. I cannot believe this one moment and doubt you the next. I give you my life and honor into your hands. I would not confide them to the woman whom I could insult by a doubt."

His handsome Saxon face was radiant with love and trustfulness as he spoke. All his patient devotion, so long unheeded or accepted as a thing of course, recurred to Aurora's mind. Did he not deserve some reward, some requital, for all this? But there was one who was nearer and dearer to her, dearer than even Talbot Bulstrode had ever been; and that one was the white-haired old man pottering about amongst the ruins on the other side of the grassy platform.

"Does my father know of this, Mr. Mellish?" she asked.

"He does, Aurora. He has promised to accept me as his son; and Heaven knows I will try and deserve that name. Do not let me distress you, Aurora. The murder is out now. You know that I still love you, still hope. Let time do the rest."

She held out both her hands to him with a tearful smile. He took those little hands in his own broad palms, and, bending down, kissed them reverently.

"You are right," she said; "let time do the rest. You are worthy of the love of a better woman than me, John Mellish; but, with the help of Heaven, I will never give you cause to regret having trusted me."

CHAPTER XII.—STEEVE HARGRAVES, THE "SOFTY."

EARLY in October Aurora Floyd returned to Falden Woods, once more "engaged." The county families opened their eyes when the report reached them that the banker's daughter was going to be married, not to Talbot Bulstrode, but to Mr. John Mellish, of Mellish Park, near Doncaster. The unmarried ladies—rather hanging on hand about Beckenham and West Wickham—did not approve of this chopping and changing. They recognised the taint of the Prodder blood in this fickleness. The spangles and sawdust were breaking out, and Aurora was, as they had always said, her mother's own daughter. She was a very lucky young woman, they remarked, in being able, after jilting one rich man, to pick up another, but of course a young person whose father could give her £50,000 on her wedding-day might be permitted to play fast and loose with the male sex, while wretched Marianas moped in their moated granges till gray hairs showed themselves in glistening bandeaux, and cruel crows' feet gathered about the corners of bright eyes. It is well to be merry and wise, and honest and true, and to be off with the old love, etc.; but it is better to be Miss Floyd, of the senior branch of Floyd, Floyd & Floyd, for then you need be none of these things. At least to such effect was the talk about Beckenham when Archibald brought his daughter back to Falden Woods; and a crowd of dress-makers and milliners set to work at the marriage garments as busily as if Miss Floyd had never had any clothes in her life before.

Mrs. Alexander and Lucy came back to Falden, to assist in the preparations for the wedding. Lucy had improved very much in appearance since the preceding winter; there was a happier light in her soft blue eyes, and a healthier hue in her cheeks; but she blushed crimson when she first met Aurora, and hung back a little from Miss Floyd's caresses.

The wedding was to take place at the end of November. The bride and bridegroom were to spend the winter in Paris, where Archibald Floyd was to join them, and return to England "in time for the Craven Meeting," as John Mellish said, for I am sorry to say that, having been so happily successful in his love affair, this young man's thoughts returned into their accustomed channels; and the creature he held dearest on earth next to Miss Floyd and those belonging to her, was a bay filly called Aurora, and entered for the Oaks and Leger of a future year.

Ought I to apologise for my heroine because she has forgotten Talbot Bulstrode, and that she entertains a grateful affection for this adoring John Mellish? She ought, no doubt, to have died of shame and sorrow after Talbot's cruel desertion; and Heaven knows that only her youth and vitality carried her through a very severe battle with the grim rider of the pale horse; but having once passed through that dread encounter, she was, however feeble, in a fair way to recover. These passionate griefs, to kill at all, must kill suddenly. The lovers who die for love in our tragedies die in such a vast hurry that there is generally some mistake or misapprehension about the business, and the tragedy might have been a comedy if the hero or heroine had only waited for a quarter of an hour. If Othello had but lingered a little before smothering his wife, Mistress Emilia might have come in and sworn and protested; and Cassio, with the handkerchief about his leg, might have been in time to set the mind of the valiant Moor at rest, and put the Venetian dog to confusion. How happily Mr. and Mrs. Romeo Montague might have lived and died, thanks to the dear good friar, if the foolish bridegroom had not been in such a hurry to swallow the vile stuff from the apothecary's; and as people are, I hope and believe, a little wiser in real life than they appear to be upon the stage, the worms very rarely get an honest meal off men and women who have died for love. So Aurora walked through the rooms at Falden in which Talbot Bulstrode had so often walked by her side; and if there was any regret at her heart, it was a quiet sorrow, such as we feel for the dead—a sorrow not unmingled with pity, for she thought that the proud son of Sir John Raleigh Bulstrode might have been a happier man if he had been as generous and trusting as John Mellish. Perhaps the healthiest sign of the state of her health was that she could speak of Talbot freely, cheerfully, and without a blush. She asked Lucy if she had met Captain Bulstrode that year; and the little hypocrite told her cousin yes, that he had spoken to them one day in the Park, and that she believed he had gone into Parliament. She believed! Why, she knew his maiden speech by heart, though it was on some hopelessly uninteresting bill in which the Cornish mines were in some vague manner involved with the national survey, and she could have repeated it as correctly as her youngest brother could declaim to his "Romans, countrymen and lovers." Aurora might forget him, and basely marry a fair-haired Yorkshireman; but for Lucy Floyd earth only held this dark knight, with the severe gray eyes and the stiff leg. Poor Lucy, therefore, loved, and was grateful to her brilliant cousin for that fickleness which had brought about such a change in the programme of the gay wedding at Falden Woods. The fair young confidante and bridesmaid could assist in the ceremonial now with a good grace. She no longer walked about like a "corpse alive," but took a hearty womanly interest in the whole affair, and was very much concerned in a discussion as to the merit of pink versus blue for the bonnets of the bridesmaids.

The boisterous happiness of John Mellish seemed contagious, and made a genial atmosphere about the great mansion at Falden. Stewart Andrew Floyd was delighted with his young cousin's choice. No more refusals to join him in the hunting-field; but half the county breakfasting at Falden, and the long terrace and garden luminous with "pink."

Not a ripple disturbed the smooth current of that brief courtship. The Yorkshireman contrived to make himself agreeable to everybody belonging to the dark-eyed divinity. He flattered their weaknesses, he gratified their caprices, he studied their wishes, and paid them all such insidious court that I'm afraid invidious comparisons were drawn between John and Talbot, to the disadvantage of the proud young officer.

It was impossible for any quarrel to arise between the lovers, for John followed his mistress about like some big slave who only lived to do her bidding; and Aurora accepted his devotion with a sultana-like grace, which became her amazingly. Once more she visited the stables and inspected her father's stud, for the first time since she had left Falden for the Parisian finishing school. Once more she rode across country, wearing a hat which was no other than the now universal turban, or porkpie, but which was new to the world in the autumn of '58. Her earlier girlhood appeared to return to her once more. It seemed almost as if the two years and a half in which she had left and returned to her home, and had met and parted with Talbot Bulstrode, had been blotted from her life, leaving her spirits fresh and bright as they were before that stormy interview in her father's study, in the June of '56.

The county families came to the wedding at Beckenham church, and were fain to confess that Miss Floyd looked wondrously handsome in her virginal crown of orange buds and flowers, and her voluminous Mechlin veil; she had pleaded hard to be married in a bonnet, but had been overruled by a posse of female cousins. Mr. Richard Gunter provided the marriage feast, and sent a man down to Falden, to superintend the arrangements, who was more dashing and splendid to look upon than any of the Kentish guests. John Mellish alternately laughed and cried throughout that eventful morning. Heaven knows how many times he shook hands with Archibald Floyd, carrying the banker off into solitary corners, and swearing, with the tears running down his broad cheeks, to be a good husband to the old man's daughter; so that it must have been a relief to the white-haired old Scotchman when Aurora descended the staircase rustling in violet moire antique, and surrounded by her bridesmaids, to take leave of this dear father before the pran prun steeds carried Mr. and Mrs. Mellish to that most prosaic of Hymeneal stages, the London Bridge station.

Mrs. Mellish! Yes, she was Mrs. Mellish now. Talbot Bulstrode read of her marriage in that very column of the newspaper in which he had thought perhaps to see her death. How flatly the romance ended! With what a dull cadence the storm died out, and what a commonplace, gray, everyday sky succeeded the terrors of the lightning! Less than a year since, the globe had seemed to him to collapse, and creation to come to a standstill because of his trouble; and he was now in Parliament, legislating for the Cornish miners, and getting stout, his ill-natured friends said; and she—she who ought, in accordance with all dramatic propriety, to have died out of hand long before this, she had married a Yorkshire landowner, and would no doubt take her place in the county and play My Lady Mountiful in the village, and be chief patroness at the race-balls and live happily ever afterwards. He crumpled the *Times* newspaper and flung it from him in his rage and mortification. "And I once thought that she loved me," he cried.

And she did love you, Talbot Bulstrode; loved you as she can never love this honest, generous, devoted John Mellish, though she may by-and-by bestow upon him an affection which is a great deal better worth having. She loved you with the girl's romantic fancy and reverent admiration, and tried humbly to fashion her very nature anew, that she might be worthy of your sublime excellence. She loved you as women only love in their first youth, and as they rarely love the men they ultimately marry. The tree is perhaps all the stronger when these first frail branches are lopped away, to give place to strong and spreading arms, beneath which a husband and children may shelter.

But Talbot could not see all this. He saw nothing but that brief announcement in the *Times*, "Aurora, only daughter of Archibald Floyd, Banker, of Falden Woods, Kent, to John Mellish, Esq., of Mellish Park, near Doncaster." He was angry with his sometime love, and more angry with himself for feeling that anger; and he plunged furiously into blue books to prepare himself for the coming session; and again he took his gun and went out upon the "barren, barren moorland," as he had done in the first violence of his grief, and wandered down to the dreary seashore, where he raved about his "Amy, shallow-hearted," and tried the pitch of his voice against the idea of February should come round, and the bill for the Cornish miners be laid before the Speaker.

Towards the close of January, the servants at Mellish Park prepared for the advent of Master John and his bride. It was a work of love in that disorderly household, for it pleased them that master would have some one to keep him at home, and that the county would be entertained, and festivals held in the roomy, rambling mansion. Architects, upholsterers and decorators had been busy through the short winter days preparing a suite of apartments for Mrs. Mellish; and the western, or as it was called the Gothic, wing of the house had been restored and remodelled for Aurora, until the oak-roofed chambers blazed with rose-color and gold, like a medieval chapel. If John could have expended half his fortune in the purchase of a roc's egg to hang in these apartments, he would have gladly done so. He was so proud of his Cleopatra-like bride, his jewel beyond all parallel amid all gems, that he fancied he could not build a shrine rich enough for his treasure. So the house in which honest country squires and their sensible motherly wives had lived contentedly for nearly three centuries was almost pulled to pieces before John thought it worthy of the banker's daughter. The trainers

and grooms and stable-boys shrugged their shoulders superciliously, and spat fragments of straw disdainfully upon the paved stable-yard, as they heard the clatter of the tools of stonemasons and glaziers busy about the facade of the restored apartments. The stable would be naught now, they supposed, and Muster Mellish would be always tied to his wife's apronstring. It was a relief to them to hear that Mrs. Mellish was fond of riding and hunting, and would no doubt take to horseracing in due time, as the legitimate taste of a lady of position and fortune.

The bells of the village church rang loudly and joyously in the clear winter air as the carriage and four, which had met John and his bride at Doncaster, dashed into the gates of Mellish Park and up the long avenue to the semi-Gothic, semi-barbaric portico of the great door. Hearty Yorkshire voices rang out in loud cheers of welcome as Aurora stepped from the carriage and passed under the shadow of the porch and into the old oak hall, which had been hung with evergreens and adorned with floral devices, amongst which figured the legend, "Wellcome to Mellish!" and other such friendly inscriptions, more conspicuous for their kindly meaning than their strict orthography. The servants were enraptured with their master's choice. She was so brightly handsome that the simple-hearted creatures accepted her beauty as we accept the sunlight, and felt a genial warmth in that radiant loveliness, which the most classical perfection could never have inspired. Indeed, a Grecian outline might have been thrown away upon the Yorkshire servants, whose uncultivated tastes were a great deal more disposed to recognise splendor of color than purity of form. They could not choose but admire Aurora's eyes, which they unanimously declared to be "regular shiners," and the flash of her white teeth, glancing between the full crimson lips, and the bright flush which lighted up her pale olive skin, and the purple lustre of her massive coronal of plaited hair. Her beauty was of that luxuriant and splendid order which has always most effect upon the masses, and the fascination of her manner was almost akin to sorcery in its power over simple people. I lose myself when I try to describe the feminine intoxications, the wonderful fascination exercised by this dark-eyed syren. Surely the secret of her power to charm must have been the wonderful vitality of her nature; by virtue of which she carried life and animal spirits about with her as an atmosphere, till dull people grow merry by reason of her contagious presence, or perhaps the true charm of her manner was that childlike and exquisite unconsciousness of self which made her for ever a new creature; for ever impulsive and sympathetic, acutely sensible of all sorrow in others, though of a nature originally joyous in the extreme.

Mrs. Walter Powell had been transferred from Felden Woods to Mellish Park, and was comfortably installed in her prim apartments when the bride and bridegroom arrived. The Yorkshire housekeeper was to abandon the executive power to the ensign's widow, who was to take all trouble of administration off Aurora's hands.

"Heaven help your friends if they ever had to eat a dinner of my ordering, John," Mrs. Mellish said, making free confession of her ignorance; "I am glad, too, that we have no occasion to turn the poor soul out upon the world once more. Those long columns of advertisements in the *Times* give me a sick pain at my heart when I think of what a governess must have to encounter. I cannot toll back in my carriage and be 'grateful for my advantages,' as Mrs. Alexander says, when I remember the sufferings of others. I am rather inclined to be discontented with my lot, and to think it a poor thing, after all, to be rich and happy in a world where so many must suffer; so I am glad we can give Mrs. Powell something to do at Mellish Park."

The ensign's widow rejoiced very much in that she was to be retained in such comfortable quarters; but she did not thank Aurora for the benefits received from the open hands of the banker's daughter. She did not thank her because—she hated her. Why did she hate her? She hated her for the very benefits she received, or rather because she, Aurora, had power to bestow such benefits. She hated her as such slow, sluggish, narrow-minded creatures always hate the frank and generous; hated her as envy will for ever hate prosperity; as Haman hated Mordecai from the height of his throne, and as the man of Haman's nature would hate were he supreme in the universe. If Mrs. Walter Powell had been a duchess, and Aurora a cross-ginger-sweeper, she would still have envied her; she would have envied her glorious eyes and flashing teeth, her imperial carriage and generous soul. This pale, white-brown-haired woman felt herself contemptible in the presence of Aurora, and she resented the bounteous vitality of this nature which made her conscious of the sluggishness of her own. She detested Mrs. Mellish for the possession of attributes which she felt were richer gifts than all the wealth of the house of Floyd, Floyd & Floyd melted into one mountain of ore. But it is not for a dependent to hate, except in a decorous and gentlemanly manner—secretly, in the dim recesses of her soul; while she dresses her face with an unvarying smile—a smile which she puts on every morning with her clean collar, and takes off at night when she goes to bed.

Now, as, by an all-wise dispensation of Providence, it is not possible for one person so to hate another without that other having a vague consciousness of the deadly sentiment, Aurora felt that Mrs. Powell's attachment to her was of no very profound a nature. But the reckless girl did not seek to fathom the depth of any inimical feeling which might lurk in her dependent's breast.

"She is not very fond of me, poor soul," she said; "and I dare say I torment and annoy her with my careless follies. If I were like that dear considerate little Lucy, now—" And with a shrug of her shoulders, and an unfinished sentence such as this, Mrs. Mellish dismissed the insignificant subject from her mind.

You cannot expect these grand, courageous creatures to be frightened of quiet people. And yet, in the great dramas of life, it is the quiet people who do the mischief. Iago was not a noisy person, though, thank Heaven! it is no longer the fashion to represent him as an oily sneak, whom even the most foolish of Moors could not have trusted.

Aurora was at peace. The storms that had so nearly shipwrecked her young life had passed away, leaving her upon a fair and fertile shore. Whatever griefs she had inflicted upon her father's devoted heart had not been mortal; and the old banker seemed a very happy man when he came, in the bright April weather, to see the young couple at Mellish Park.

Amongst all the hangers-on of that large establishment there was only one person who did not join in the general voice when Mrs. Mellish was spoken of, and that one person was so very insignificant that his fellow-servants scarcely cared to ascertain his opinion. He was a man of about forty, who had been born at Mellish Park, and had pottered about the stables from his boyhood, doing odd jobs for the grooms, and being reckoned, a though a little "fond" upon common matters, a very acute judge of horseflesh. This man was called Stephen, or, more commonly, Steeve Hargraves. He was a squat, broad-shouldered fellow, with a big head, a pale haggard face—a face whose ghastly pallor seemed almost unnatural—reddish-brown eyes, and bushy, sandy eyebrows, which formed a species of penthouse over those sinister-looking eyes. He was the sort of man who is generally called repulsive—a man from whom you recoil with a feeling of instinctive dislike, which is, no doubt, both wicked and unjust; for we have no right to take objection to a man because he has an ugly glitter in his eyes, and shaggy tufts of red hair meeting on the bridge of his nose, and big splay feet, which seem made to crush and destroy whatever comes in their way; and this was what Aurora Mellish thought when, a few days after her arrival at the Park, she saw Steeve Hargraves for the first time, coming out of the harness-room with a halberd across his arm. She was angry with herself for the involuntary shudder with which she drew back at the sight of this man, who stood at a little distance polishing the brass ornaments upon a set of harness, and furtively regarding Mrs. Mellish as she leaned on her husband's arm, talking to the trainer about the foals at grass in the meadows outside the Park.

Aurora asked who the man was.

"Why, his name is Hargraves, ma'am," answered the trainer; "but we call him Steeve. He's a little bit touched in the upper story—a little bit 'fond,' as we call it here; but he's useful about the stables when he pleases, for he's rather a queer temper, and there's none of us has ever been able to get the upper hand of him, as master knows."

John Mellish laughed.

"No," he said; "Steeve has pretty much his own way in the stables, I fancy. He was a favorite groom of my father's twenty years ago; but he got a fall in the hunting-field, which did him some injury about the head, and he's never been quite right since. Of course this, with my poor father's regard for him, gives him a claim upon us, and we put up with his queer ways, don't we, Langley?"

"Well, we do, sir," said the trainer; "though, upon my honor,

I'm sometimes half afraid of him, and think he'll get up in the middle of the night and murder some of us."

"Not till some of you have won a hatful of money, Langley. Steeve's a little too fond of the brass to murder any of you for nothing. You shall see his face light up presently, Aurora," said John, beckoning to the stable man. "Come here, Steeve. Mrs. Mellish wishes you to drink her health."

He dropped a sovereign into the man's broad muscular palm—the hand of a gladiator, with horny flesh and sinews of iron. Steeve's red eyes glistened as his fingers closed upon the money.

"Thank you kindly, my lady," he said, touching his cap.

He spoke in a low, subdued voice, which contrasted so strangely with the physical power manifest in his appearance that Aurora drew back with a start.

Unhappily for this poor "fond" creature, whose person was in itself repulsive, there was something in this inward, semi-whispering voice which gave rise to an instinctive dislike in those who heard him speak for the first time.

He touched his greasy woollen cap once more, and went slowly back to his work.

"How white his face is!" said Aurora. "Has he been ill?"

"No. He has had that pale face ever since his fall. I was too young when it happened to remember much about it; but I have heard my father say that when they brought the poor creature home his face, which had been florid before, was as white as a sheet of writing-paper, and his voice, until that period strong and gruff, was reduced to the half whisper in which he now speaks. The doctors did all they could for him, and carried him through an awful attack of brain fever; but they could never bring back his voice, nor the color to his cheeks."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Mellish, gently; "he is very much to be pitied."

She was reproaching herself, as she said this, for that feeling of repugnance which she could not overcome. It was a repugnance closely allied to terror; she felt as if she could scarcely be happy at Mellish Park while that man was on the premises. She was half inclined to beg her indulgent husband to pension him off and send him to the other end of the county; but the next moment she was ashamed of her childish folly, and a few hours afterwards had forgotten Steeve Hargraves, the "softy," as he was politely called in the stables.

Reader, when any creature inspires you with this instinctive unreasoning abhorrence, avoid that creature. He is dangerous. Take warning, as you take warning by the clouds in the sky, and the ominous stillness of the atmosphere when there is a storm coming. Nature cannot lie; and it is nature which has planted that shuddering terror in your breast; an instinct of self-preservation rather than of cowardly fear, which at the first sight of some fellow-creature tells you more plainly than words can speak, "That man is my enemy!"

Had Aurora suffered herself to be guided by this instinct, had she given way to the impulse which she despised as childish, and caused Steeve Hargraves to be dismissed from Mellish Park, what bitter misery, what cruel anguish, might have been spared to herself and others.

The mastiff Bow-wow had accompanied his mistress to her new home, but Bow-wow's best days were done. A month before Aurora's marriage he had been run over by a pony carriage in one of the roads about Felden, and had been conveyed, bleeding and disabled, to the veterinary surgeon's, to have one of his hind legs put into splints, and to be carried through his sufferings by the highest available skill in the science of dog-doctoring. Aurora drove every day to Crocydon, to see her sick favorite, and at the worst Bow-wow was always well enough to recognise his beloved mistress, and roll his listless, feverish tongue over her white hands, in token of that unchanging brute affection which can only perish with life. So the mastiff was quite lame as well as half blind when he arrived at Mellish Park, with the rest of Aurora's goods and chattels. He was a privileged creature in the roomy mansion; a tiger-skin was spread for him upon the hearth in the drawing-room, and he spent his declining days in luxurious repose, basking in the firelight or sunning himself in the windows, as it pleased his royal fancy; but, feeble as he was, always able to limp after Mrs. Mellish when she walked on the lawn or in the woody shrubberies which skirted the gardens.

One day, when she had returned from her morning's ride with John and her father, who accompanied them sometimes upon a quiet gray cob, and seemed a younger man for the exercise, she lingered on the lawn in her riding-habit after the horses had been taken back to the stables, and Mr. Mellish and his father-in-law had re-entered the house. The mastiff saw her from the drawing-room window, and crawled out to welcome her. Tempted by the exquisite softness of the atmosphere, she strolled, with her riding-habit gathered under her arm and her whip in her hand, looking for primroses under the clumps of trees upon the lawn. She gathered a cluster of wild flowers, and was returning to the house, when she remembered some directions respecting a favorite pony that was ill, which she omitted to give to her groom.

She crossed the stableyard, followed by Bow-wow, found the groom, gave him her orders, and went back to the gardens. While talking to the man, she had recognised the white face of Steeve Hargraves at one of the windows of the harness-room. He came out while she was giving her directions, and carried a set of harness across to a coach-house on the opposite side of the quadrangle. Aurora was on the threshold of the gates opening from the stables into the gardens, when she was arrested by a howl of pain from the mastiff Bow-wow. Rapid as lightning in every movement, she turned round in time to see the cause of this cry. Steeve Hargraves had sent the animal reeling away from him with a kick from his iron-bound clog. Cruelty to animals was one of the failings of the "softy." He was not cruel to the Mellish horses, for he had sense enough to know that his daily bread depended upon his attention to them; but Heaven help any outsider that came in his way. Aurora sprang upon him like a beautiful tigress, and catching the collar of his fustian jacket in her slight hands, rooted him to the spot upon which he stood. The grasp of those slender hands, convulsed by passion, was not to be easily shaken off; and Steeve Hargraves, taken completely off his guard, stared agape at his assailant. Taller than the stable-man by a foot and a half, she towered above him, her cheeks white with rage, her eyes flashing fury, her hat fallen off, and her black hair tumbling about her shoulders, sublime in her passion.

The man crouched beneath the grasp of the imperious creature.

"Let me go," he gasped, in his inward whisper, which had a hissing sound in his agitation; "let me go, or you'll be sorry—let me go!"

"How dared you!" cried Aurora—"how dared you hurt him? My poor dog! My poor, lame, feeble dog! How dared you do it? You cowardly dastard! You—"

She disengaged her right hand from his collar and raised a shower of blows upon his clumsy shoulders with her slender whip, a mere toy, with emerald set in its golden head, but stinging like a rod of flexible steel in that little hand.

"How dared you!" she repeated again and again, her cheeks changing from white to scarlet in the effort to hold the man with one hand. Her tangled hair had fallen to her waist by this time, and the whip was broken in half a dozen places.

John Mellish, entering the stable-yard by chance at this very moment, turned white with horror at beholding the beautiful fury.

"Aurora! Aurora!" he cried, snatching the man's collar from her grasp, and hurling him half-a-dozen paces off; "Aurora, what is it?"

She told him in broken gasps the cause of her indignation. He took the splintered whip from her hand, picked up her hat which she had trodden upon in her rage, and led her across the yard towards the back entrance of the house. It was such bitter shame to him to think that this perverse, this degraded creature should do anything to bring disgrace or even ridicule upon herself. He would have stripped off his coat and fought with half-a-dozen coachmen, and taught nothing of it; but that she—

"Go in, go in, my darling girl," he said, with sorrowful tenderness; "the servants are peeping and prying about, I dare say. You should not have done this; you should have told me."

"I should have told you!" she cried impatiently. "How could I stop to tell you when I saw him strike my dog—my poor, lame dog?"

"Go in, darling, go in! There, there—calm yourself, and go in." He spoke as if he had been trying to soothe an agitated child, for he saw by the convulsive heaving of her breast that the violent emotion would terminate in hysteria, as all womanly fits must, sooner or later. He half led, half carried her up a back staircase to her own room, and left her lying on a sofa in her riding-habit. He thrust the broken whip into his pocket, and then, setting his strong

white teeth and clenching his fist, went to look for Steeve Hargraves. As he crossed the hall on his way out he selected a stout leather-thonged hunting-whip from a stand of formidable implements. Steeve, the softy, was sitting on a horseblock when John re-entered the stableyard. He was rubbing his shoulders with a very doleful face, while a couple of grinning stable-boys, who had perhaps witnessed his chastisement, watched him from a respectful distance. They had no inclination to go too near him just then, for the softy had a playful habit of brandishing a big clasp-knife when he felt himself aggrieved; and the bravest lad in the stables had no wish to die from a stab in the abdomen, with the pleasant conviction that his murderer's heaviest punishment might be a fortnight's imprisonment or an easy fine.

"Now, Mr. Hargraves," said John Mellish, lifting the softy off the horseblock, and planting him at a convenient distance for giving full play to the hunting whip, "it wasn't Mrs. Mellish's business to horsewhip you, but it was her duty to let me do it for her; so take that, you coward."

The leather thong whistled in the air, and curled about Steeve's shoulders; but John felt there was something despicable in the unequal contest. He threw the whip away, and, still holding him by the collar, conducted the softy to the gates of the stable yard.

"You see that avenue," he said, pointing down a fair glade that stretched before them; "it leads pretty straight out of the Park, and I strongly recommend you, Mr. Steeve Hargraves, to get to the end of it as fast as ever you can, and never to show your ugly white face upon an inch of ground belonging to me again. D'ye hear?"

"E-es, sir."

"Stay! I suppose there's wages or something due to you." He took a handful of money from his waistcoat pocket and threw it on the ground, sovereigns and half-crowns rolling hither and thither on the gravel path; then turning on his heel, he left the softy to pick up the scattered treasure. Steeve Hargraves dropped on his knees and groped about till he had found the last coin; then, as he slowly counted the money from one hand into the other, his white face relapsed into a grin; John Mellish had given him gold and silver amounting to upwards of two years of his ordinary wages.

He walked a few paces down the avenue, and then looking back shook his fist at the house he was leaving behind him.

"You're a fine-spirited madam, Mrs. John Mellish, sure enough," he muttered; "but never you give me a chance of doing you any mischief, or by the Lord, fond as I am, I'll do it! They think the softy's up to naught, perhaps. Wait a bit."

He took his money from his pocket again, and counted it once more, as he walked slowly towards the gates of the Park.

It will be seen, therefore, that Aurora had two enemies, one without and one within her pleasant home; one for brooding discontent and hatred within the holy circle of the domestic hearth; the other plotting ruin and vengeance without the walls of the citadel.

(To be continued.)

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

THE rebels, having destroyed their sugar and molasses, have nothing to sweeten their tea; but we are fast "sweetening" them.

THERE has been some regret that Farragut has not a more euphonious name. A gentleman with slight German proclivities says that it is not to be complained of, that it is in truth "ferry good."

THE price-current of the Southern Confederacy fluctuates so rapidly, that we can obtain no reliable quotations.

SAXE TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Your friends declare that, ere the war began,
(I can't deny, and therefore I admit it)
In private life you were an honored man;
Then why, O Gideon, did you ever quit it?

Retire, O Gideon, to an onion farm;
Fly any trade that's innocent and slow;
Do anything—where you can do no harm;
Go anywhere you fancy—only go!

MAGAZINES AND IRON-CLAD VESSELS.—A young Lieutenant of Light Quindroons, who is on my staff here, has just entered, and asks me why the iron-clad vessels make such an excitement, when the public have been accustomed for years to magazines embellished with steel plates.

I endeavored to point out the difference.

"The plates," I said, "are on the outside of one, and inside the other."

"Well," he replied, "I don't quite see it. You know the magazines were regularly mailed."

LET our brave soldiers "fix bayonet" and then fix the rebels.

ONE half of the rebels are "given over to believe a lie," and the other to tell it.

OUR military authorities have organized several regiments of sharpshooters to shoot the rebels, and they ought to organize as many regiments of fast runners to catch them.

WE trust that our Government will soon have iron steamers that will mind cannon balls as little as Rabbits' giant Pantagruel did, who, after great battle, combed them out of his hair.

WE say to our brave boys near Corinth, give the rebels the bayonet. If they don't like the cold steel, warm it by friction against their ribs.

THE rebels are in the habit of standing bravely as long as they think there is more safety in standing than running.

MOST writers think that a peaceable occupation is better than the life of a soldier, but we have seldom known a more "peaceable occupation" than that of Norfolk and Portsmouth by our troops.

PRAYER BY A TEXAN RANGER.—Oh, Lord, Thou knowest that this thing of praying is altogether out of my line, and as hard for me to do as for Wiggall to keep sober, or Jeff Davis to be made to pay his debts, or Floyd to refrain from stealing. But Thou knowest we are some on tangle-foot whiskey, good at horseracing and tip-top at poker, and can hold four aces about as often as John Morgan, or any other man. Help us this day, for we are in a peck of trouble, and it will be the last time I'll ever trouble you. Amen.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Press, with the Mississippi fleet, writes: "Troops suffer more from snakes, lizards, scorpions, gallynippers and woodticks than from disease. Insects and reptiles are thus classed: One lizard equals five scorpions; two scorpions equal one gallynipper; one gallynipper equals one snake; one snake, one gallynipper, two scorpions and one lizard equals one woodtick."

THE rebel armies can't get a good view of anything, for they are not able to find a stand-point.

IF Jeff Davis and his gang be not hung, our good mother earth will probably refuse in disgust ever to bring forth another crop of hemp.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer says that "Com. Porter does not let the grass grow under his feet." People who work on the water seldom do.

THE Richmond (Va.) Whig professes to be virtuously disgusted at the rebel habit of lying. But we never heard any objection on the part of the Whig to the who-ee-ee stealing by which the rebels were originally set up in business. The Whig should remember that those who will steal will lie.

A TENNESSEE paper predicts that Floyd will soon "scour the country." He had better try to scour his hands.

IT is to be feared that Secretary Stanton's ascription of the glory of our late victories to the Lord has made some of the heroes in cocked hats very jealous.

THE rebels blew up the Merrimac when they saw it was about to be captured. Isn't it about time for them to blow up their Confederacy?

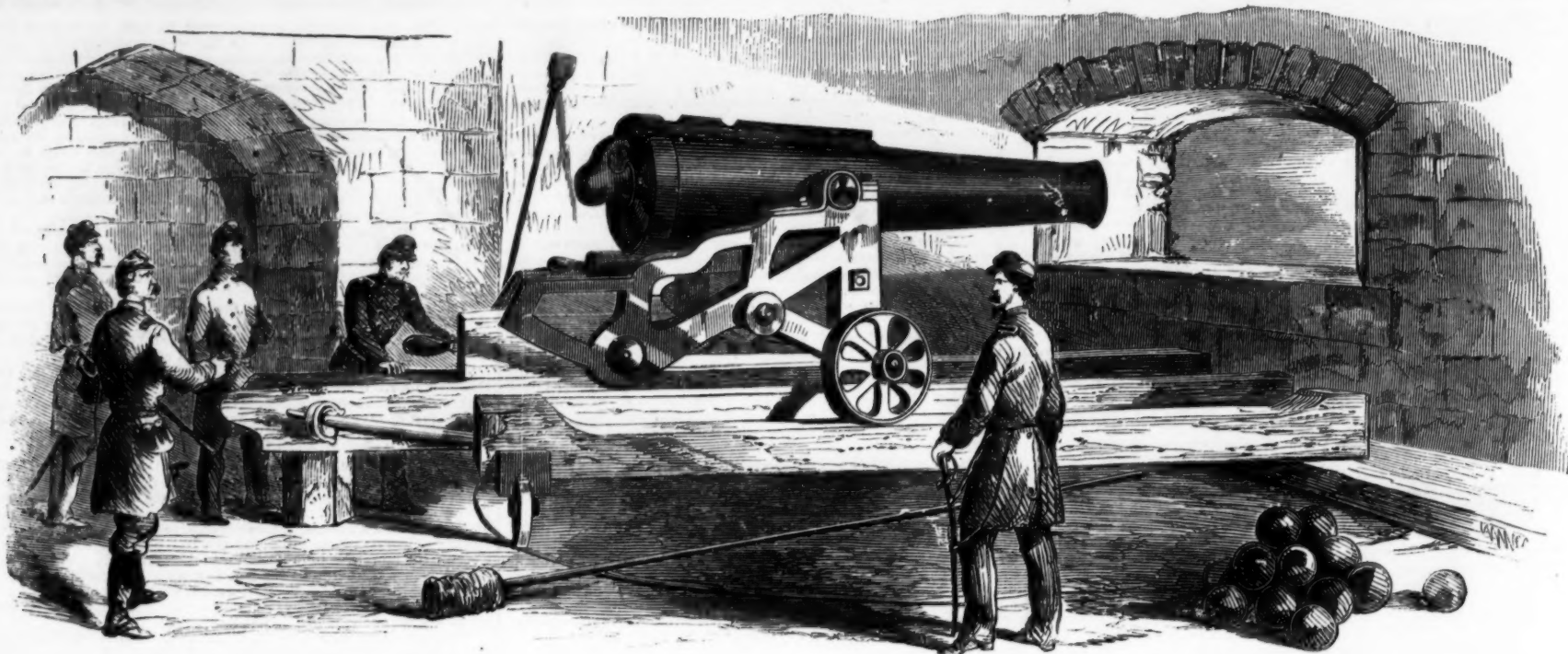
THE Knoxville Register says that if the rebels get us we shall "die like a dog." Then we shall die just as a good many of them live.

FLOYD is in office again. He has not evidently studied one portion of the Charleston Courier's Life article on "The Duty of Repentance and Resignation."

THE American Eagle protected the men of the Cotton States under his broad and sheltering wings. Why would they force him to wound them with his terrible beak and talons?

ALL the brigadier-generals, colonels, majors and captains of our armies profess the utmost anxiety to serve their country in the best way they can. Then let half of them resign immediately.

UPON the ocean, iron is king; but whether in the shape of iron plates or cannon balls—that's the question.



REBEL CASEMATE GUN IN FORT PULASKI, GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. H. CRANE.

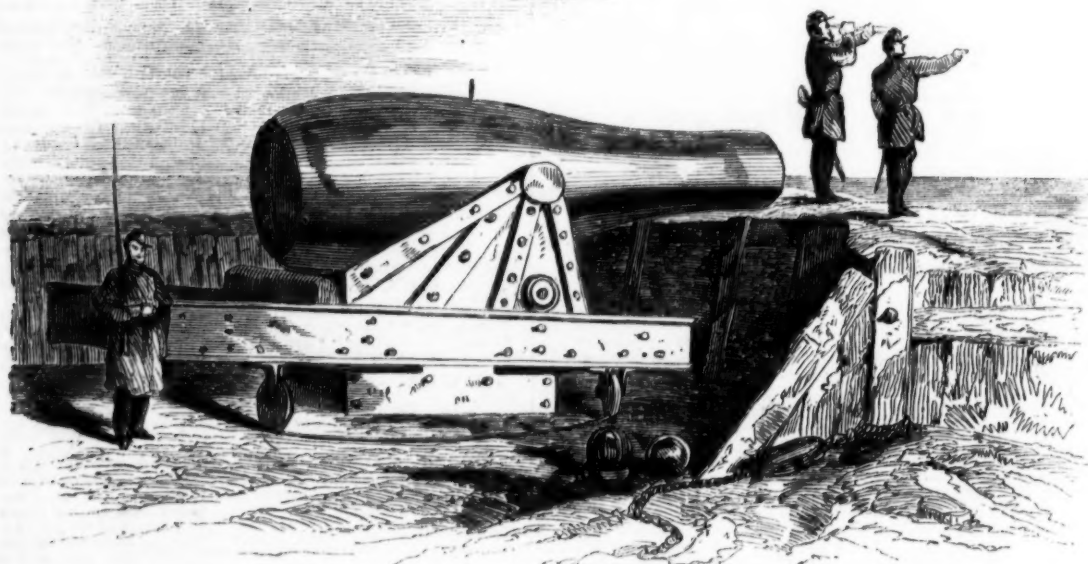
ANCIENT MORTAR FOUND ON ISLAND NO. 10.

The mortar is one of the most ancient forms of cannon, being used as early as 1435, by Charles VIII. at the siege of Naples. The name is derived from its resemblance to the well-known apothecaries' utensil, the mortar. History is

iron, and King John of France, captured by the Black Prince, had some made of bronze.

In 1478, the first attempt was made to project hollow shot filled with powder; but owing to their clumsy make, the accidents were so frequent as to cause their discontinuance.

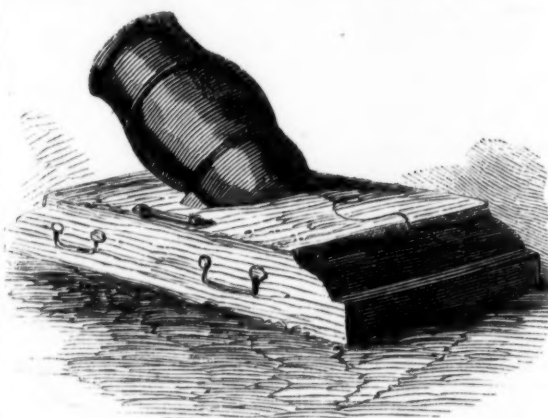
of Louis XIV. a great variety of mortars were used, some of them called Comminges, after their inventor. These threw bombs of 550 pounds. A very curious specimen of the old-fashioned mortar was found by General Pope at Island No. 10, a sketch of which was made by our artist. It is made of bronze, and bears the arms of George II. It was formerly stationed in Jackson square, New Orleans. It is significant of the rebel want of artillery, that they



"THE LINCOLN GUN" AT FORTRESS MONROE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. E. S. HALL.

silent as to its inventor, or the time. They were sometimes called bombards and vases. They were first made of bars of iron, bound together by hoops, after the manner of staves in a barrel. They were then made of cast or wrought

In 1634 a French mechanic overcame the difficulty, and mortars were revived in the French service. In the reign



ANCIENT MORTAR, CAPTURED ON ISLAND NUMBER 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. M. McLAUGHLIN.

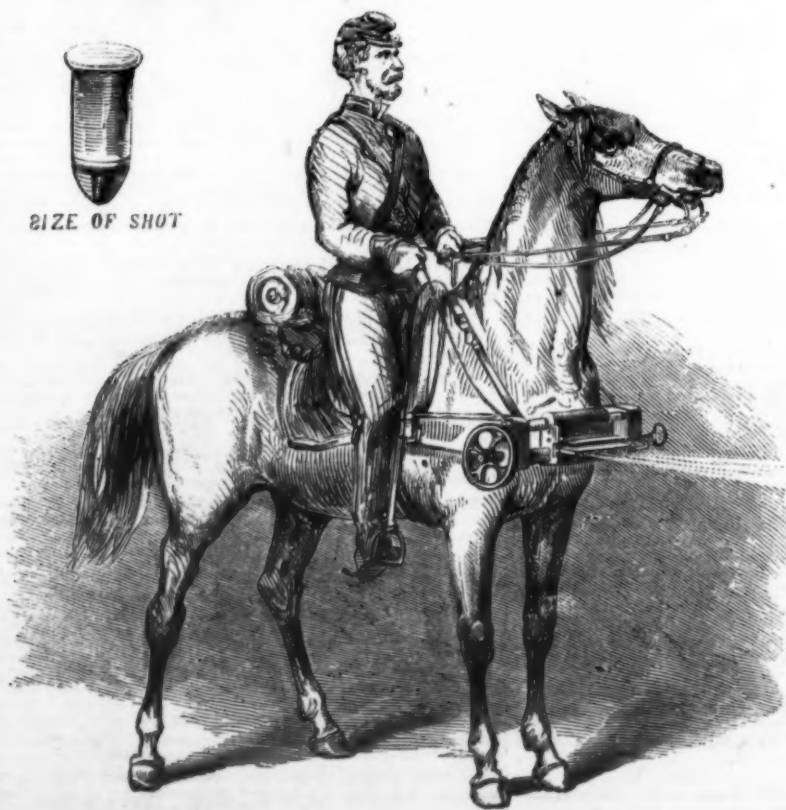
should remove such a useless piece of ordnance from New Orleans so far up the Mississippi.

THE REBEL CAVALRY FIRING ON OUR SICK.

Our illustration tells its own tale—the heroes of this barbarity being the far-famed Ashby cavalry, who, in the retreat of Gen. Banks and his army from Winchester to the Potomac,



SIZE OF SHOT



BOARDMAN'S HORSE BATTERY.—SEE PAGE 221.



"REBEL BARBARITIES."—ASHBY'S REBEL CAVALRY FIRING ON NATIONAL SICK AND WOUNDED, AT NEWTOWN, NEAR WINCHESTER, VA.—SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.



THE NATIONAL STEAMER ORIENTAL, ON FIRE ON THE SANDSPIT NEAR NAG'S HEAD, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. H. SCHILL.

fired upon our wounded at a little place called Newtown. The judgment of Heaven has already reached the Commander of these infamous brigands, and will soon overtake them.

BOARDMAN'S HORSE BATTERY.

We give on page 220 another instance of Northern ingenuity, which is alike available in peace or war. The peculiar advantages of Mr. Boardman's invention are apparent at a glance, and an inspection of our illustration is all the description it needs. There are nine barrels; they are discharged all at once, by a string which can be held in the hand or attached to the stirrup, the foot's pressure acting upon it. A little practice would render this a most effective weapon, and we look with considerable curiosity to its first appearance on the battle-field. Its private performances have been very satisfactory.

DISTURBING AN ORATOR.—The Corinth correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette tells this story: "When our lines advanced towards Corinth on the 28th, a battery was planted on an eminence commanding a considerable portion of the country, but completely shrouded from view by a dense thicket. Scouts were sent out to discover the exact position of the rebels, and were but short a distance in advance, to give a signal as to the direction to fire, if any were discovered. One of the rebel commanders, unaware of our presence, called around him a brigade, and commenced addressing them in something like the following strain:

"Sons of the South: We are here to defend our homes, our wives and daughters, against the horde of Vandals who have come here to possess the first and violate the last. Here, upon this sacred soil, we have assembled to drive back the northern invaders—drive them into the Tennessee. Will you follow me? If we cannot hold this place, we can defend no spot of our Confederacy. Shall we drive the invaders back, and strike to death the men who would desecrate our homes? Is

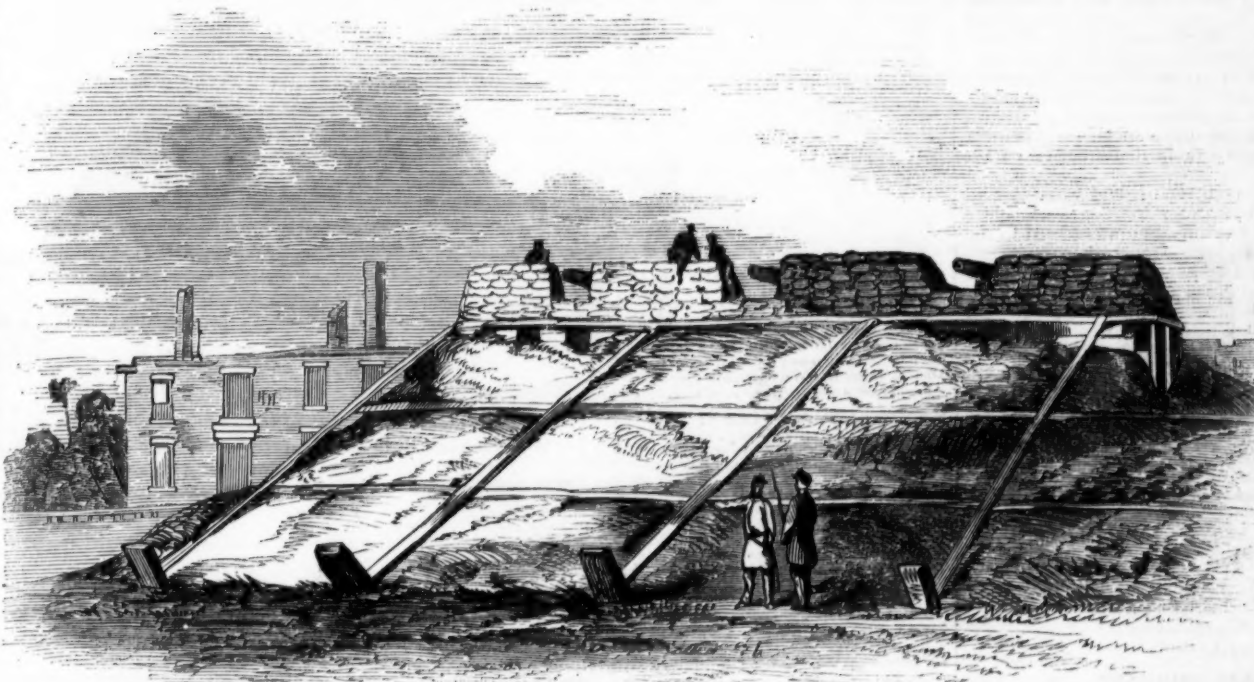
THE U. S. TRANSPORT ORIENTAL WRECKED ON BODY'S ISLAND, N. C.

The Oriental transport, with Gen. Saxton and suite, sailed from New York for Port Royal, 15th May, and had proceeded as far as the coast of North Carolina, when a storm arose, on Friday night, 16th May, which drove the vessel on Body's Island, a sandpit, 33 miles north of Cape Hatteras, abreast of Nag's Head, famous as being the place where Gov. Wise was sick at the battle of Roanoke. The passengers and crew were saved; a great portion of the cargo was lost, while some was landed on the beach. Col. Hawkins, commander of Roanoke Island, accompanied by Lieut. Ellis, Assistant Quartermaster, arrived next day at the scene of the wreck, and took possession of the Government property. Mr. Fuller, of New York, went nearly five miles in a canoe through the storm, along the Sound, to get assistance from Fort Hatteras.

A JUBILEE will soon take place in Vienna, in honor of the 400 years' existence of the art of printing in that city. The first Vienna printer, Ulrich Hann, opened his printing-office in 1462, but did not succeed, and emigrated to Rome. He was the cause of the Emperor Frederick IV. bestowing a privilege on the printers in the year 1468, which placed

them in equal rank with noblemen and scholars, and permitted them to wear a sword.

VIRGINIA is likely to be fenced in soon; at least, since a *soubriquet* was earned by the rebel Gen. Jackson, at Winchester, there has been a great Stone Wall Running all about the State!



BATTERY ERECTED BY THE REBELS ON THE TERRACED MAGAZINE, IN THE GOSFORD NAVY YARD, NORFOLK, VA., COMMANDING THE APPROACH FROM INLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. H. SCHILL.

there a man so base among those who hear me as to retreat from the contemptible foe before us? I will never blanch before their fire, nor—

"At this interesting period the signal was given, and six shells fell in the vicinity of the gallant officer and his men, who suddenly forgot their fiery resolves, and fled in confusion to their breastworks."



THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SHENANDOAH—ARMY OF GEN. FREMONT AND PART OF McDOWELL'S CORPS, IN PURSUIT OF JACKSON'S REBEL ARMY, MARCHING THROUGH THE RAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ARWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 220.

**MAJOR W. F. M. ARMY,
U. S. Indian Agent, New Mexico, Successor of Kit Carson,
Rocky Mountain Ranger.**

This daring soldier is a native of the District of Columbia, and was educated in Virginia, where he resided for many years. About 12 years ago he removed with his family to the State of Illinois, and applied himself to the advancement of the educational and agricultural interests of that State. In the year 1856 he emigrated to Kansas, and was prominent in the struggles in that territory. During last year he spent much of his time in obtaining relief for the suffering people of that young State, who were threatened with starvation, and superintended the shipping of 11,000,000 pounds of seed, grain and provisions for the destitute. In June, 1861, he received the appointment of Indian Agent for New Mexico, and at once entered upon the duties of that office; and, in conjunction with Kit Carson, who is in command, as Colonel, of a regiment of Mexican volunteers, they have succeeded in keeping the greater portion of the Indians of New Mexico loyal to the Union. He is now devoting himself to the amelioration of the condition of the Indians of that Territory, and for that purpose recommends their location on reservations, with provision for their industrial education. In our picture he appears clad in a full suit of Indian costume, made of deer, beaver and panther skins. On the 1st of January he presented to Mrs. Lincoln a new and splendid blanket, which appears in the picture, and which is a specimen of the skill and taste of the Rocky Mountain Indians. This blanket was made by a squaw of a Navajo Chief. It is six feet eight inches long by five feet four inches wide, and weighs eight pounds. It is composed entirely of wool, the figures upon it being white, red and blue. Its manufacture occupied the time of the squaw several months. There are about 10,000 Navajo Indians in New Mexico, who own jointly with the Mexicans in the Territory probably a million of sheep, which are used principally for food. The animals remain unshorn of the wool, which would make good blankets and clothing for our troops, but the want of a little management in these things often deprives us of many advantages. Major Army is still in the prime of life.

THE GREAT LEDGER TEAM.

MR. ROBERT BONNER, an enterprising publisher, and owner of the renowned team of horses, the Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, has been so persistently and universally called upon from all parts of the country to afford the people at large an opportunity to see his splendid pair, that we have concluded to do our share towards gratifying them, inasmuch as it would be a matter of impossibility for the owner to comply with the numerous applications to that effect. Mr. Bonner purchased these magnificent horses purely for recreation, and to gratify natural appreciations, and is quite right in firmly refusing to permit them to be used for what is termed "sporting."

Lady Palmer is of dark chesnut color, and possesses all the "points" and characteristics of a thoroughbred, quite as much so as any racehorse known. She was foaled in the State of Kentucky, and is said to be by Glencoe. Very little was expected or thought of her at first, but after she was brought East, and placed in the hands of the "knowing ones" of Long Island, remarkable developments commenced. In symmetry of form she is faultless, and in action her gait is a study. Lady Palmer is the "off-horse."

Her mate, Flatbush Maid, is a dark or blood bay, and is considered the fleetest of the two. She was foaled at Flatbush, L. I., and, like her partner, was looked upon indifferently when a colt; in fact, very little is known of her parentage, except that her sire was a smart pacer, and her dam a rather "Gothic-looking gray mare." Some parents have favorite children. Mr. Bonner confesses that his favorite horse, Flatbush Maid, has the biggest share of his affections, and the handsome creature is certainly worthy of the preference.

They have trotted before reputable gentlemen two miles in the unprecedented time of 54 minutes; one mile in 2:26; one quarter of a mile in 33 seconds; being a two minute and a half gait, before a road wagon.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

MONDAY, June 16.—In the Senate, the Naval Appropriation bill was taken up at one o'clock, and debated at considerable length. An amendment, proposed by Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, providing that slaves shall not be employed in the Navy Yard, was rejected—18 to 17. With regard to the location of the Naval Academy, a Commission was provided for to settle the matter, the appropriation of \$25,000 for repairs at Annapolis being adhered to, and the Senate subsequently rejected the proposition for a Commission, thus apparently permanently settling the location at Annapolis. The bill was then passed.

In the House, an adverse report was made by the Committee on Elections, on the petition of Charles Henry Foster, asking admission to a seat as representative from the Second District of North Carolina. Mr. McPherson, of Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution providing for a grade of Lieutenant-General in the army, to be conferred at the end of the war upon the General most deserving of it. The Committee on the War was instructed to inquire into the treatment of our soldiers wounded at the battle of Port Republic. A resolution of inquiry into the relative treatment of our soldiers and rebel prisoners at Port Royal was introduced and adopted. The Secretary of War was requested, by resolution, to inform the House by whose orders the White House, owned by a son of the rebel Gen. Lee, is guarded by our soldiers, and withheld from hospital purposes. A resolution was also adopted inquiring whether it is true that Gen. Banks, in his late retreat, furnished Government transportation for negroes, to the exclusion and neglect of our wounded soldiers.

TUESDAY, June 17.—In the Senate, the House amendment to the bill increasing the volunteer medical force, abolishing the office of Brigadier Surgeon, was agreed to. A new Conference Committee was ordered on the bill providing certain bounties, etc. Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, offered a resolution, which was laid over, declaring that the amount of legal tender notes already authorized shall never be increased. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up and considered until the adjournment. The bill was amended so as to fix the commencement of the road on the 100th parallel of latitude, within the Territory of Nebraska.

In the House, a bill to amend the Patent Office law was passed. It makes a different arrangement of the internal affairs of the office. The Confiscation bill was reported back from the Special Committee on the subject, exactly as it was referred to them. The bill to authorize the issue of additional Treasury Notes was considered in Committee of the Whole, as the special order, and Mr. Spaulding, of New York, made a speech advocating its immediate passage. The Senate's substitute for Mr. Arnold's bill, which forbids slavery in the Territories, was concurred in.

WEDNESDAY, June 18.—In the Senate, the bill for the better government of the navy was reported back from the Naval Committee. Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, offered a resolution, which was laid over, that, in the opinion of the Senate, it is right in the Government to call loyal persons within the rebellious States to its armed defense. A joint resolution, adjourning Congress on the 30th inst., was laid over. A bill relative to further enlistments in the army was introduced by Mr. Hale, and referred to the Military Committee. A bill to prevent Members of Congress and other Government officers from taking considerations for procuring contracts was referred. The resolution introduced on Tuesday to prevent a further issue of legal tender Treasury Notes, was referred to the Finance Committee.

In the House, the Senate resolution for the encouragement of enlistments was passed. The bill to free from servitude the slaves of certain rebels was considered until the expiration of the morning hour, when the bill authorizing the issue of additional Treasury Notes was taken up as the special order. It was, however, postponed, to make way for

the Confiscation bill, which was finally passed—82 to 64. The Treasury Note bill was then considered until the adjournment.

THURSDAY, June 19.—In the Senate, the House bill to change the port of entry of Brunswick, Ga., was passed. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of officers of the army was considered, and the amendment of the House, striking out the section deducting 10 per cent. from the pay of officers of the Government, etc., was concurred in. The Pacific Railroad bill was then debated until the adjournment. An amendment, offered by Mr. Collier, of Vermont, providing for the reservation of a certain amount of the bonds until the road is completed, was adopted.

In the House, the tender of League Island, near Philadelphia, for a naval station, was made by Mr. Lehman, of Pennsylvania, in behalf of the municipality of the city. A resolution was adopted proposing the final adjournment of Congress on the 20th inst., should the Senate concur. A bill establishing a National foundry and naval depots in the West was reported from the Special Committee on National Defences, and referred to the Committee of the Whole. The bill relating to claims for the loss and detention of property belonging to loyal citizens, and damage done thereto by United States troops, was considered until the adjournment.

FRIDAY, June 20.—In the Senate, a motion to have the bill reorganizing the navy returned from the House, in order to reconsider the vote whereby the Senate agreed to the House amendments thereto, was adopted. A bill granting the proceeds of certain lands to the Pacific Railroad Company was referred. A resolution was adopted directing inquiry into the expediency of appointing consuls at recently opened ports on the Black Sea. The bill to repeal the act of June 2, to prevent and punish frauds on the Government, was called up and postponed until next day. A Conference Committee was ordered on the bill defining the pay and emoluments of certain army officers. The Pacific Railroad bill was taken up. A motion to strike out the section providing for four branch lines at the eastern terminus was rejected—15 to 25; and the bill passed by a vote of 35 against 5. The Senate then adjourned, with the understanding that the Confiscation bill should be the first business in order on Saturday.

In the House, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill increasing temporarily the duties on imports and for other purposes. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and made the special order for Wednesday. Several private bills were passed, and the House adjourned till Monday.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

A PICKET ENCOUNTER OF WITS.—At times, as I said before, the rebels are quite communicative, as the following dialogue which occurred at Yorktown between Joe D., of Leeds, Wis., and one of them when within ten rods of each other, will show.

The parties were separated by a low deep swale, covered with water and thick brush, completely concealing the parties. Joe hearing a noise on the other side, yelled out in a loud voice:

Hallo, Mike!—Have you got any tobacco?

Seeseh—with a strong Hibernian accent—Yes, be jabbers, and whiskey too.

Joe—Come over, we'll have a quiet smoke!

Seeseh—I'll meet you half way.

Joe agreed to do so, and advanced some distance through brush and water, and then stopped.

Seeseh—Where the devil are ye? Are ye comin'?

Joe—I'm half way now. Can't go any further without swimming.

Seeseh—Haven't ye a boat?

Joe—No, I have not.

Seeseh—Where's your gunboat?

Joe—Down taking care of the Merrimack.

Seeseh—Then come over in that big balloon.

[Much laughter along the rebel lines.]

Joe—Have you a boat?

Seeseh—I have sure, and I'm coming over.

Joe then inquired the news of the day, and if his companion had a Norfolk Day Book.

Seeseh replied—I have. Have you got a Tribune?

Joe answered that he had not.

Seeseh—Where is General Buell?

Joe—Buell's all right, and surrounds Beauregard.

Seeseh—Where's General Prentiss?

Joe—Where's Johnston?

Another rebel laugh.

Joe—How about Island No. 10?

Seeseh—That's evacuated.

Joe—How is it that you left 100 guns and 6,000 prisoners?

Seeseh—Sure, they (the prisoners) were not much account.

Joe—How about Fort Pulaski?

Seeseh—That he blowed! It was only a rebel sandbank. But tell me where you leave Bull Run?

Dick B. (Union)—We had marching orders!

This caused great laughter among the rebels, some exclaiming "Dully Boy!"

Dick B.—Where's Zollieoffer?

Seeseh—Gone up the spout.

Joe—Why don't you come over?

Seeseh—Can't get through the brush!

At this moment a rebel bullet came whizzing over by our men, and Joe angrily inquired who fired.

Seeseh—Some fool over this way.

An order was then issued to cease firing.

Joe—Ain't you coming? What regiment do you belong to?

Seeseh—Eighteenth Florida. What regiment do you?

Joe—Berdan's 1st regiment Sharpshooters.

Some of his comrades here warned him to look out.

Seeseh—Would you shoot a fellow?

Joe replied no; but I will stack arms and smoke with you, if you will come over.

Here a rebel officer ordered him back, and the Secessionist refused to communicate further.—*Cor. Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A STRONG PICTURE.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, with Gen. McClellan's army, "on to Richmond," gives the following strongly-lined picture of the average "Seeseh" whom he found among the "dead, wounded and prisoners" at Williamsburg: "Citizens of the State of New York whose residence, or whose commercial anxieties have made them familiar with the tow-paths of the Erie Canal in the last week of November, have a general outline of the rebel soldier in a ragged, dirty, dilapidated figure, that, slouching his oil-sunburnt face against the evening sleet, tramps through the mud behind his team, and with wrathful face covered with rain, hair and blasphemy, and with the crust of the summer's bad passions fully hardened on it, earns money for the wants of the coming night and the next day, more painfully than any other man in the Canal State, and uniformly leaves behind him the impression that he was abandoned by his parents when young, and has been almost abandoned by God ever since. But this man signs his name to the monthly pay roll, and this man can read. And this man takes good care of his horse, and has a strong good sense, and is altogether a person capable of being indefinitely built upon by any skilful architect of civilization. Only in his costume, and his November dirt, and his neglect, and his quarrel with the universe at the beginning of his night's wading upon the tow-path, does he at all drop to the level of these rebel ruffians. Ignorance, stupidity, suspicion, hate, ferocity, laziness and twin pride and twin servility are ineffectually stamped by the social mint-machinery of the South upon the faces of all the rank and file in her armies. We have no such people in the North. They can be grown and ripened only under the shadow of Slavery."

A YANKEE THICK.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, with Gen. Banks's army, tells the following story: "One of the battery men got a fine horse last week in a way that does credit to his shrewdness and ingenuity. He was out with a party getting horses for the Government, by authority, and giving receipts, when, seeing a fine brick house some distance off, he said to the captain, 'I'll get you a horse.' Running around through the woods, as it chanced, he rushed up to the house, breathless, exclaiming, 'The Yankees are after me! The Yankees are after me! For God's sake give me a horse!' He had on an India rubber suit which concealed his uniform, and the rebel scouts had been in that direction, so his story seemed probable. The owner of the establishment, who was a stout secessionist, showed great sympathy, and said he guessed he could fix him out. Together they ran to the stable, and found a good-looking stallion, but one of his feet was a little sore. 'That won't do,' said the battery man. 'The Yankees have got faster horses than that, and they'll catch me sure.' 'Never mind, I have got a better one than that,' replied the secessionist, and small outbuilding, from

which he led a magnificent bay horse. Hurriedly he put on a saddle and bridle, bade the battery man take the horse and be off, and God bless him. Quickly the horse and man were out of sight, and making a detour through the woods, joined the battery party. The horse is one of the best in the department, and, as he was a free gift from the secessionist, can hardly be considered as belonging to Government."

INCIDENT OF THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.—An officer of the United States sloop-of-war Richmond writes thus from New Orleans on the 27th of April: "Yesterday, about noon, a very tall man was seen standing up in a small boat, pulling for the ship (which was lying at the levee), and waving a white handkerchief. He came on board very much excited. He is a Kentuckian by birth, six feet three inches high, has lived in New Orleans 27 years, and was once Mayor and twice Recorder of the city. When Capt. Bailey went on shore yesterday to see the authorities at the City Hall, this gentleman, Judge Simms, was introduced to him. He remarked to Capt. Bailey that he was glad to see him; that he had been long looking for him, and that he had been long in coming since he started. When the Judge came out, Dr. Stone, the Surgeon-General of the Confederate Army, commenced an altercation with him in the street in front of the St. Charles Hotel, until he got a crowd around, and then left. The crowd then told him (the Judge) that he had better leave the city, for if they caught him again in it they would hang him. Some advised to hang him at once to a lamp-post. He finally edged off, winding his way down the different streets towards the levee, till he got a boat with two oars, promising them five dollars to row him across the river. As he came near the ship he told them to pull alongside. He is now on board, under the Stars and Stripes. He has a place in the country on the Jacksonville road, some 70 or 80 miles from the city—has a family of nine children, one a son 24 years of age, who has been pressed into the Confederate Army. He is a very intelligent man, and has told a great deal about the Seeseh, and what he has endured."

A MERITED REBUKE.—A resident of Nashville, recently on a visit to this city, tells an amusing anecdote of how a violent Secessionist at the Tennessee capital got a merited rebuke from Gen. Dumont. A famous physician's female household deported themselves so rudely to our soldiers, once or twice actually spitting in their faces, that the General ordered the house to be put under guard, with orders to let no one pass in or out. The Doctor, who was in the country at the time, was greatly incensed on finding his access to his own home debarred by a guard of soldiery on his return, and forthwith went to headquarters, boiling over with rage. On stating the facts, the General calmly replied that he was not aware of giving any order to put the complainant's house under guard. Insisting that the fact was so, he pointed to his residence, which was in sight and near at hand, as evidence, for the guard could be plainly seen.

"Is that your residence?" inquired the General blandly.

"To be sure it is."

"Why, I took it for granted, from the conduct of its female occupants, that it was an abode of shameless courtizans, and I ordered a guard to be placed around it to prevent the visitation of our soldiery."

"Like Master, like Man."—We find the following story

in the Washington Intelligencer.

"A lady in this city, desiring to procure a 'help,' made application at the headquarters of the 'contrabands,' on Capitol Hill, when the following colloquy ensued between herself and a female contraband who had escaped from 'service' in Virginia:

"Lady.—Well, Dinah, you say you want a place. What can you do? Can you cook?"

"Contraband.—No, m'm; mammy, she always cooked."

"Lady.—Are you a good chambermaid?"

"Contraband.—Sister Sally, she always did the chambers."

"Lady.—Can you wait in the dining room and attend the door?"

"Contraband.—Lai no, m'm; Jim, that was his work."

"Lady.—Can you wash and iron?"

"Contraband.—Well, you see, m'm, Aunt Becky, she allays washed."

"Lady.—Can you sew?"

"Contraband.—Charity, she allays sew'd."

"Lady.—Then, what in the world did you do?"

"Contraband.—Why, I allays kep' the flies off m'self."

A SCAPED GRACE.—The mortar-batmen on the Mississippi

are described as "hard cases" and "dare devils." One of them was lately sent ashore as a picket, and as he had manifested some symptoms of ebriety before he went there, Lieut. Wheelock concluded to look after the scamp. He walked to the spot where the picket was posted, and found the fellow seated under a tree brushing away the musketoon very listlessly, and cursing the rebels, who were throwing shells from their mortars across the river. Just as the Lieutenant was approaching, a bomb fell within five feet of the picket, who saw the fuse still burning, and knew it must explode.

The mortar-man looked at it very coolly and never stirred, but apostrophized the shell thus:

"D—n you! who cares for you? Burst and be d—d! nobody's afraid, you d—d old rebel!"

The fearless scapgrace had hardly finished his speech when the bomb burst, tearing up the ground and covering him with dirt, but doing him no injury.

"Bili! I knew you couldn't hurt nobody, you d—d old rebel!" remarked the mortar-man, and continued to brush away the musketoes with the most imperturbable sangfroid.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

"A GOOD action is never thrown away." That's the reason, no doubt, we find so few of them.

WHY is it impossible for a person who liars to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every misadventure for a myth.

SWIFT observed upon an indifferent plauder at the bar that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard, for he never attempted to speak but he excited general sympathy.

"WHAT," inquired a schoolmaster, "is the plural of penny?"

"Twopence," shouted the sharpest lad in the class, who, we regret to add, received a plurality of strokes for his sharpness.

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF NESTON ST. NICHOLAS.

"Here lies a certain Elizabeth Mann,

She lived an old maid and she died an old Mann."

SQUALID BEGGAR.—"Pray, sir, take pity on a miserable wretch. I have a wife and six children."

Gent—"My poor fellow, accept my heartfelt sympathy—so have I."

The court jester of Francis I. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him.

"If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after."

"I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

A HANDCUFF.—A box on the ear.

The young ladies who lead their lovers on by hopes of marriage, are among the world's ring leaders.

The man who had a cloud upon his brow has since been mist.

ALMOST every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

If a disagreeable fellow insists on sharing your house with you, take the inside for your share, and give him the outside.

As the human head is about 12 inches long, what's the difference between a man's being shorter by a head or shorter by a foot?

At an infant school examination, a few days ago, the examiner asked, "What fish eat the little ones?"

"The big uns," shouted a little urchin.

YOUNG Giles, who is just beginning to learn French, wants to know how it is, if they have no *se* in the language, that "them chaps quell wagon."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Russian Marine Journal notices

two Japanese works published during the past year. The first is a

description of the voyage of the Japanese Embassy to the United States,

in two volumes, illustrated. The drawings, says the correspondent, are

ridiculous, the portraits monstrous; still there is some truth in them.

One of the most remarkable is the portrait of a Washington belle, with

the Japanese title, "National Beauty of the First Order." There are

also views of the city of Washington, drawings of various animals, of a

school, of a wedding, &c. The second work, in two volumes octavo, of

30 sheets each, with portraits and views of cities, has the title, "Our

old came koku bannai"—that is, historical description of all the States.

The cover of the first volume represents a European lady with a fan, red

ostrich feathers on her head, and a very wide dress, probably supported

by a crinoline. This volume contains portraits of Peter I., Napoleon,

Queen Victoria and the President of the United States, views of Paris,

of an English cannon foundry, shipyard, &c. Some of the portraits are

rather ridiculous. Thus, Napoleon is represented in a blouse of figured

stuff, with a little cap on his head, long hair flowing down on his shoulders,

slippers on his feet, sitting on a chair and holding in his hand a

vase in the shape of a gray dish. The author's name is Inshaki.

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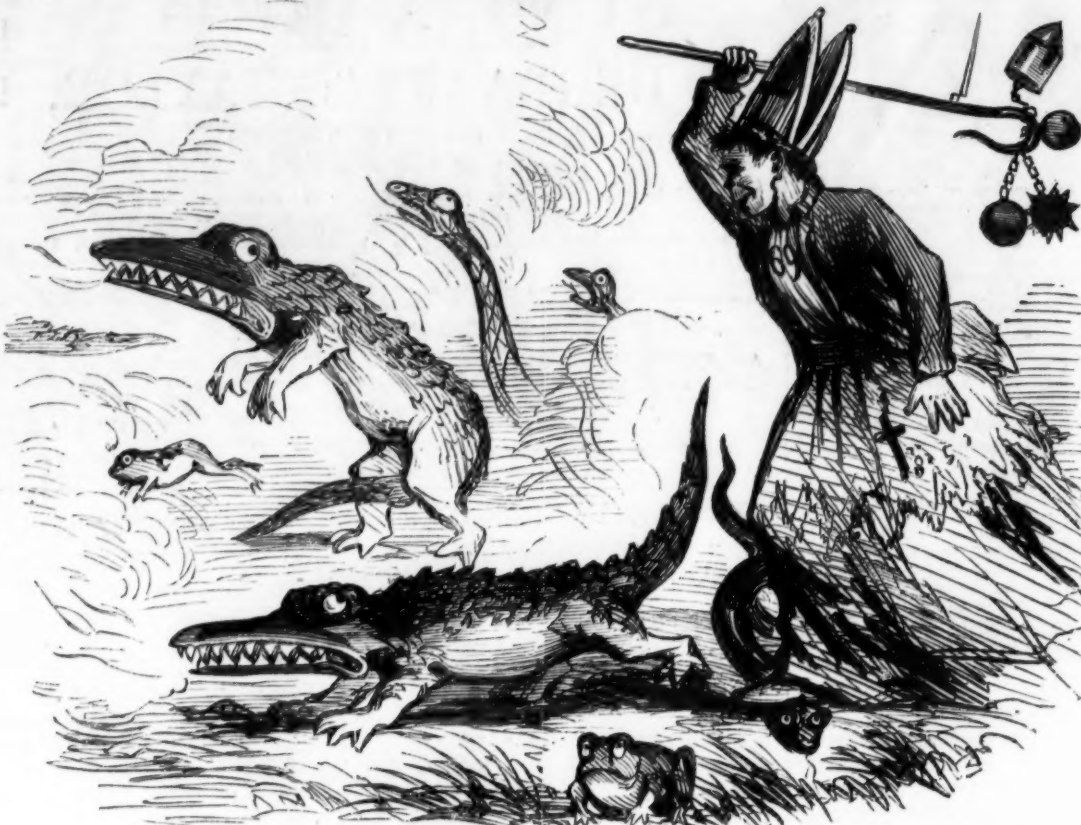
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THE CONFEDERATE MINISTER IN SPAIN.

"Owing to the enormous preparations made by the North to subjugate us, I believe that nothing is now
to be expected from any of them until the Northern Government is ready to treat with us as an independ-
ent power. If it be so, and the war is to last many years, as the President intimates in his inaugural, it
will be for him to determine whether it is consistent with our dignity to keep longer abroad Commis-
sioners who, he knows, are under no circumstances to be received or listened to."—Judge Root's Letter
to R. M. T. Hunter.

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No. 353—Vol. XIV.]

NEW YORK, JULY 5, 1862.

[SUPPLEMENT WITH
PAPER No. 353.]

PRICE 12 CENTS.

HON. EDWARD STANLEY, PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The present Provisional Governor of North Carolina was born near Newberne, in North Carolina, in 1798, and has always borne a high name for honor and intelligence. Indeed these qualities may be almost considered as hereditary in his family, as his father was a distinguished member of the Legislature, and his grandfather was prominent in the Independence war. After receiving a careful education, Mr. Stanley chose the profession of the law, and became eminent for his conscientious management of the business entrusted to him. After serving for three years in the North Carolina Legislature, most of the time as Speaker, he was chosen, in 1837, to represent his native State in Congress, which honorable position he retained till 1853, a period of 16 years. He then went to California, whence he returned in May 1862. He was then appointed Provisional Governor of North Carolina, of which State he had previously been Attorney-General. Governor Stanley belongs to the past age, but he has proved himself not to be too old to learn, as the recent abandonment of his pro-slavery edict for the return of fugitives has sufficiently proved. Perhaps, however, the stern attitude of the Massachusetts troops may have had something to do with this lesson of wisdom.

GENERAL FREMONT'S PURSUIT OF GEN. JACKSON.

Our paper of to-day contains several illustrations of one of the most exciting military events of the present war, the pursuit of Stonewall Jackson's rebel army by the Federal force led by Fremont. In the science of retreat the rebels are great, and deserve the equivocal glory of Butler's verse,

"That when the fight becomes a chase,
He wins the fight who wins the race."

This exciting pursuit commenced on Saturday, May 31st, when the first collision occurred between the hostile armies in the lower valley, near Strasburg, to which place Jackson had fallen back from the Potomac. Upon hearing that, Fremont was on the march to intercept him. In this retreat the indomitable and daring Ashby, the "Mourner of the rebels," occupied the post of danger, dashing against the Union troops whenever they pressed the retreating enemy too closely. At two o'clock of the 31st, the 1st Jersey cavalry, led by the gallant Col. Wyndham, and Ashby's men had a desperate skirmish, in which the rebels were driven back with some loss. Jackson rested his rebel troops in Strasburg this night, and resumed next morning his retreat, when the Ashby cavalry and the 1st Jersey had another and heavier conflict, in which artillery was used. That night the enemy occupied Woodstock, having made 14 miles in their retreat this day. So close was our advance upon the rebels, that General Bayard's cavalry, when they entered Strasburg, captured the rebel Post-Marshal and 200



HON. EDWARD STANLEY, U. S. PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

men. About eight o'clock A.M. on Monday, June 2, Jackson's force, now consisting of about 20,000 men and 50 guns, continued their retreat. Fremont was again upon their heels. Several artillery skirmishes occurred during the march from Woodstock to Edenburg, but nothing in the fighting line of much interest happened. Some of the rebel wagons got stuck in the road, which was rendered soft by the vast amount of travel on it and the recent heavy rains, and these were burned by the rebels to prevent their capture. When their batteries got stuck, however, they were dragged out, and by extraordinary exertion hurried forward out of danger.

At the village of Edenburg, five or six miles from Woodstock, the rebel General Ashby, by Jackson's orders, after seeing the rear-guard safely across the bridge over Stony creek, fired the wooden structure, and it was soon committed to the flames. The cavalry, under General Bayard, coming up, found the creek not fordable. It was a foaming flood, produced by the unprecedented rains of the season.

Here Fremont had to rebuild the bridge, while the rebels more leisurely pursued their retreat to

Mount Jackson,

eight miles from Edenburg, a sketch of which we give in our paper to-day. Mount Jackson is on the Manassas Gap railroad, 112 miles from Alexandria, 27 from Harrisonburg, 24 miles from Strasburg, and about a mile from the banks of the Shenandoah river. It contains about 40 houses, and has a population of about 300. Here the rebels rested till the afternoon, when the advance of Gen. Fremont's army compelled them to resume their retreat. Having passed his army over, Gen. Jackson gave orders to burn the

Bridge over the North Fork of the Shenandoah.

And despite the heavy rain, such was the quantity of combustible materials gathered on it, that before our troops came up the entire structure was destroyed. Eight miles on the south of the bridge the rebels paused again on their inglorious flight. Meanwhile our men worked hard, and before night the bridge was rebuilt; unfortunately, it was scarcely finished before the heavy rains washed the whole of it away. Nothing daunted, our noble fellows set to work again, and when the next morning dawned another bridge was built.

The Union army immediately crossed the north branch of the Shenandoah in pursuit of their flying foe, who fired a few shots as our troops crossed over.

Next morning, Thursday, June 5, the enemy resumed his retreat, and Fremont his pursuit. At two o'clock P. M. Ashby's rear-guard evacuated Newmarket, after having vainly manoeuvred for many hours to draw our cavalry into an ambushade skillfully prepared for their destruction. As our infantry came up to their support, drawn forward in wagons, the rebels were astonished, and quickly perceived that, by this stroke of generalship, they, the latter, were exposed to destruction themselves. Blenker's division soon entered Newmarket; Col. Zagoni, of Fremont's body-guard, the Lieut.



THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—GEN. FREMONT'S DIVISION MARCHING THROUGH THE WOODS TO ATTACK THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.

Col. of the 1st New Jersey cavalry, and Capt. Rivers, also of the cavalry, were the first men to enter the place. The rebels still fell back towards Harrisonburg, and the same evening, in a skirmish with Ashby, our cavalry captured 26 prisoners without the loss of a man. Five miles beyond Newmarket our forces encamped and bivouacked that night.

Next day the pursuit to Harrisonburg of the rebels was continued, the enemy burning three or four small bridges on his line of retreat. Our forces entered Harrisonburg, 18 miles beyond Newmarket, on the evening of the 6th inst., and beyond the town came up with and engaged the enemy. Severe fighting continued from that time till dark, between the enemy's rear and our advance. The 1st New Jersey cavalry, Col. Sir Percy Wyndham, were ambushed beyond the town, however, and lost 35 of their number, among them Col. Wyndham, who was captured. Col. Cluseret's brigade subsequently engaged the enemy, compelling him to abandon his position and his camp. The Bucktail regiment, Col. Kane, entered the woods and kept up the attack upon the enemy with spirit for half an hour, finally compelling him to give ground. The artillery now came into play, and the superiority of the Union guns was once more established. Out of 125 of the Bucktails engaged, 55 were killed, wounded or taken prisoners, among them many gallant officers. This we illustrated in our paper for last week. It was here that the rebels lost their famous leader, Gen. Ashby, a victory in itself to the Union cause.

The Rebels Overtaken at Last.

On Sunday, June 8, at 6 o'clock in the morning, the long and toilsome pursuit of our men was crowned with success, for six miles beyond Harrisonburg, at a little place called the Cross Keys, about three miles west of Union Church, and five miles north of Port Republic, the advance of Fremont's army came up with Stonewall Jackson's forces, and prepared for action.

THE BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.

BY one of those singular chances which have made the conventional day of rest the day of famous battles, on the morning of Sunday, June 8th, the advance of Gen. Fremont's Union army came up with the rebel forces at a place named Cross Keys, about six miles to the south of Harrisonburg. The enemy were posted among woods, and his position was much strengthened by the uneven surface of the ground. Their front extended nearly two miles, which, of course, renders a complete description of the battle very difficult. Our forces formed into line and moved to the attack at half past twelve P.M., Gen. Milroy leading the centre, Gen. Schenck the right, and Gens. Blenker and Stahl the left wing.

The regiments engaged in this battle were—The 8th New York Volunteers, 1st German rifles, Col. Wutschell; 29th New York Volunteers, German, Col. Sorst; 41st New York Volunteers, De Kalb, Col. Giza; 45th New York Volunteers, 5th German rifles, Col. Von Amsberg; 25th Ohio Volunteers, Col. Jones; 82d Ohio Volunteers, Col. Cantwell. There was also a brigade, under Col. Cluseret, consisting of the 8th Virginia, 60th Ohio and the 39th New York, or Garibaldi Guard, the latter regiment, under Col. d'Utassy, having been detached from Gen. Stahl's brigade to complete this.

The reserve was composed of Blenker's, Bohnen's and Von Steinwehr's brigades. The line moved down the hills into the valley, and then up the rolling lands on the other side, the summits of which were covered with woods, thus giving an immense advantage to the enemy. Gen. Stahl's brigade had the honor of leading the advance. The battle commenced with some heavy artillery practice, after which Gen. Stahl's troops attacked the enemy with great spirit and drove them back. He was soon supported by Gen. Milroy and Gen. Schenck, when the action became general all along the line. Our Artist, Mr. Forbes, whose escape is really wonderful, from time to time shifted his position, which has enabled us to illustrate the most stirring events of this hard fought but ill-managed battle. At the commencement of the action the New York 8th and 46th, in advancing through an open field, was terribly cut up by the enemy's fire, which came in a perfect sheet of flame from the woods. The 8th lost Col. Weetschell and above 240 men. After a gallant struggle the two regiments retired. Stahl, however, with his artillery, kept the rebels at bay till Milroy and Schenck came to his support, when the fight was resumed with great fierceness. Mr. Webb, of the New York Times, who, with our Artist, rode wherever the fighting raged fiercest, gives this description of the battlefield:

"Before us was spread an open amphitheatre, not of level ground, but of rolling hills, skirted by forests, which completely shielded the enemy. Gen. Stahl, who, with his brigade, had the left, advanced, driving the enemy's outposts through a thin belt of woods, and over an open wheatfield into quite a thick wood. It was while crossing this wheatfield in pursuit that his own 8th New York regiment suffered such loss. The enemy, ambushed in the wheat on the edge of the field, behind the fence, and in the woods, suddenly revealed themselves by a terrible fire, that cut down nearly the whole of the two companies in advance. In accordance with their usual tactics, they then gave way, and Stahl drove them back at the point of the bayonet until he found his brigade, with its batteries, nearly surrounded. They pressed around the guns, but the pelting storms of grape and canister, with the rifles of the brave 'Bucktails,' who were detailed to the support of the batteries, held them at bay. Stahl's command then fell back, at first in some confusion, but finally in good order, and took position on the open ground, expecting the enemy to follow, but they preferred the woods and made no pursuit.

"Milroy, in the meanwhile, who had the centre, pressed steadily forward from the ground where he first took position, planting his guns each time nearer the enemy's batteries. His artillery delivered its fire with a precision truly remarkable. The ground where the enemy's guns were planted was furrowed with our shot and shell as with a plough, and where one battery stood I counted 12 dead horses. Milroy's infantry deployed through the woods, taking advantage of a deep gully to cross a wheatfield, where they were exposed, and charged gallantly up the hill, where one of the opposing batteries was planted, cutting down the gunners with their fire. Had they been supported they would have captured a battery. They made the crest of the hill too hot to hold on the part of the enemy, and held their position until recalled.

"Schenck was disposed on the right, to support Milroy and Col. Cluseret—the latter had the extreme right and the advance. But our right wing, with the exception of Cluseret's little brigade, did not get into action, nor did Steinway, who had command of the reserve. Jackson's reserve was kept shifting from wing to wing during the engagement, as occasion demanded.

"By four o'clock our whole forces were again in position, and had the enemy only chosen to attack, I imagine his rout

would have been complete. But it seems only to have been his intention to hold us in check until his baggage train could cross the river, for he commenced crossing it while the engagement was still progressing. In the morning he had driven back Shields's advance from an attempt to burn the bridge; in the afternoon he came to the support of Ewell in the affair with us. Of course no accurate knowledge of the force opposed to us can be ascertained, but it greatly exceeds ours. Jackson's army proper numbers from 20,000 to 25,000 men. But they are greatly demoralized and poorly armed. In the action he had two brigades each on his right, centre and left, with a brigade in reserve that he kept in constant motion along his line. But his brigades are small. Each regiment was drafted up to 750 men, but desertions and straggling have so reduced them that they will probably average scarcely 500 each. Many of these are boys; of course in drafting all manner of material is taken, and drafted men never fight so well as those who go to battle voluntarily. With all his preponderance of numbers he was actually afraid to give us a fight. Our men were footsore and worn down by much marching, little sleep and few rations; but I really believe we came very near whipping his whole force. Could Stahl have been supported—the fearful belt of fire to which he was at first exposed had been crossed and we were then fighting on equal footing in the woods—I think we would have driven his right back on the river. And Milroy's gallant little brigade, if bolstered with an additional regiment or two, would have broken his centre and taken at least one battery."

Gen. Fremont says in his brief dispatch: "This morning detachments were occupied in searching the grounds covered by yesterday's action at Cross Keys for our remaining dead and wounded. I am not yet fully informed, but think that 125 will cover our loss in killed, and 500 that in wounded. The enemy's loss we cannot clearly ascertain. He was engaged during the night carrying off his dead and wounded in wagons. This morning, on our march, upwards of 200 of his dead were counted in one field, the greater part badly mutilated by cannon shot. Many of his dead were also scattered through the woods, and many had been already buried. A number of prisoners had been taken during the pursuit.

"I regret to have lost many good officers. Gen. Stahl's brigade was in the hottest part of the field, which was the left wing. From the beginning of the fight the brigade lost in officers five killed and 17 wounded; and one of his regiments alone—the 8th New York—has buried 65. The Garibaldi Guard next after suffered most severely, and following this regiment, the 49th New York, the Bucktail Rifles of Gen. Bayard's and Gen. Milroy's brigades. One of the Bucktail companies has lost all of its officers, commissioned and non-commissioned.

"The loss in Gen. Schenck's brigade was less, although he inflicted severe loss on the enemy, principally by artillery fire.

"Of my staff, I lost a good officer killed, Capt. Nicholas Dunuka.

"Many horses were killed in our batteries, which the enemy repeatedly attempted to take, but were repulsed by canister fire generally."

The Commanding Officers.—Brig.-Gen. R. H. Milroy

Began his military career as Captain in the 1st regiment of Indiana volunteers during the Mexican war. On his return home he settled down into commercial life till April, 1861, when he was selected to command the 9th Indiana volunteers. This regiment served with distinction under Gen. McClellan during the Western Virginian campaign, and took part in the brilliant affairs at Laurel Hill, Rich Mountain, etc. The time of service having expired, the regiment was reorganized under the same Colonel for three years' service. It again returned to Western Virginia, and wintered in the Cheat Mountains. On the 3d of September, 1861, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General of volunteers, and held command in the department under Gen. Rosecrans. When the department was reorganized and given to Gen. Fremont, Gen. Milroy held a post in the advance on the eastern side of Cheat Mountains. He has been engaged in several contests, his recent one at McDowell being well conducted, and achieving the desired object. His recent forced march across the mountains to join Gen. Banks was also a brilliant affair.

Brig.-Gen. Robert C. Schenck

Is a native of Ohio, and was appointed a Brigadier-General from that State on the 17th of May, 1861. He had represented the 3d District of Ohio in Congress during the successive sessions from 1843 to 1851. He had also represented the United States at the Court of Brazil. It will be remembered that he ran the railway train full of soldiers into an ambush in the neighborhood of Vienna, during the early stages of the present war. At that time he was a General of the three months volunteers. On the return of these troops to Ohio he was ordered to report to Gen. Rosecrans, and was transferred with the department to Gen. Fremont. He was recently placed at the head of the Ohio troops, then advancing easterly towards Richmond under Gen. Fremont. His residence at the time of his Congressional honors was at Dayton, in Ohio.

Brig.-Gen. Julius H. Stahl

First entered upon his military career in this country as the Lieut.-Col. of the 8th New York volunteers, better known as Blenker's German rifle regiment. On the 9th of August, 1861, he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment, he having, in consequence of the appointment of Louis Blenker to a Brig.-Generalship of the German brigade, been the actual commander of the regiment for some time previous. As the reorganization of the army caused the command of Gen. Blenker to be increased to a division, the various brigades were placed under the charge of the senior Colonels, one of whom was Julius H. Stahl. On the 12th of November, 1861, he was commissioned a full Brigadier-General, the command of the German Rifles then being placed in the hands of Francis Wutschell, who at the first organization of the regiment held the rank of Captain of Company K.

GEN. BANKS'S DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL ARMY RE-CROSSING THE POTOMAC.

THE retreat of Gen. Banks was, under the circumstances of the case, a great military necessity, and admirably conducted; but directly the pressure was removed, he returned to the valley to drive out the invader. Having in a former number recorded these events, and in the present given a brief account of the chase after that brigand of the valley, Stonewall Jackson, we have merely to give our illustration of the impressive scene of recrossing the Potomac on the mission of vengeance and patriotism.

The people of the United States are multiplying the production of flax. King Cotton bids fair to be "flaxed out."

SUPPLEMENT TO

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, JULY 5, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by J. A. KNIGHT, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

To our Southern Subscribers.

OUR subscribers living in the Southern States where the mails were suspended by the United States Government, are hereby informed that we have preserved full files for all whose subscriptions were unexpired at that time, and will forward them to their original address, or elsewhere, on their application by letter or otherwise.

Notice to Subscribers.

WE have several times issued two numbers of our newspaper in a week, so as to give our subscribers and readers full illustrations of the important events going on in the country, while they were still fresh and before they became overshadowed by subsequent occurrences. In other words, we have sought to gratify fully and at once the natural curiosity and interests of the public as regards the more important operations of the war. This second weekly number we have called "WAR SUPPLEMENT," but have always regarded it as a regular number of the paper, and it is pagged and so numbered. Fifty-two numbers, or two volumes of 26 numbers each, whether the numbers appear one in a week or two in a week, are covered by what is called a "Year's Subscription." The issue of two numbers in a single week has been no source of advantage to us, but on the contrary, has involved much extra outlay and trouble, which we have, however, cheerfully incurred, as already said, in order to meet the natural requirements of the public.

We make this explanation to set right a few of our subscribers, who seem to expect that, in addition to our heavy extra outlay which we have incurred in keeping a corps of competent artists in the field for their benefit, we are to present them with a dozen numbers or so of our paper in addition. This expectation is unreasonable. By reference to their receipts issued from this office, it will be seen that these are from a fixed number to a fixed number, in the proportion of 52 numbers for \$3, or a year's subscription.

Review of the Week.

THE aspect of the campaign has undergone but little change during the past week. The army of the Potomac maintains a firm attitude before Richmond, and it is understood is being considerably reinforced. The successful cavalry raid of the rebels in its rear on 13th of June has inspired greater vigilance on the part of the National army, and in this sense may prove an ultimate benefit. It is undoubted that the rebels have concentrated all their available force at Richmond, with a full appreciation that the fall of their capital would be accepted throughout Europe as a finishing blow to all their pretensions of independence and of ability to maintain it. Rumor, supported by not very reliable paragraphs in the Southern newspapers, affirms that Gen. Beauregard has gone to Richmond, whither he is to be followed by the best portion of his late army. This, however, is next to an impossibility, considering the distance and the imperfect means of transportation between Mississippi and Virginia. But whether any portion of the South-western army be transferred to Richmond or otherwise, it is certain that the battle which is to decide the fate of that city cannot long be postponed. The rebels are evidently nervous and apprehensive, and chafe along the National lines, apparently eager, yet fearful to precipitate the impending fight; eager, because they imagine that the delay of Gen. McClellan's army means preparation and reinforcements; fearful, because they have no real confidence in their strength. That disaffection exists among them to the extent, as in the case of six entire North Carolina regiments, of absolute refusal to fight is undoubted. Besides, the raw conscripts, of which a large part of their numerical strength is made up, can hardly be depended on in the ensuing contest. On the other hand, the National force, although not improbably inferior in numbers, is homogeneous, well organized, and in a relative sense, composed of veterans; if not forced to fight at a disadvantage, its success cannot be doubtful.

The rebel General Jackson having slipped away between the columns of Fremont and Shields, is somewhere in Central Virginia, preparing to double back on his pursuers, and cut them up in detail, or has case (and this is most likely) gone to Richmond. In any case, he has proved himself, if not the most capable, certainly the most active of the rebel Generals. We pay his genius a high compliment in having not less than five Major-Generals on his track, or more or less held in check by him, namely: Banks, Fremont, McDowell, Shields and Sigel! There has been no mismanagement of the war so gross as that which has characterized our operations in the Shenandoah valley.

In the West, the war, so far as the operations of large armies are concerned, seems to be at an end. The great army of the "Invincible Beauregard" is broken up and scattered, a portion being reported at Chattanooga (Ala.), another portion at Fulton, and the main portion at Okolona. The National troops have also been divided up. A column is pushing down the line of the New Orleans and Memphis railway into Mississippi, and has already reached Holly Springs. Another column, under Gen. Buell, is moving into East Tennessee—the key to which on the north, Cumberland Gap, was captured by Gen. Morgan on the 18th of June.

The day of deliverance for the sturdy, loyal inhabitants of that region seems near at hand.

On the 17th of June the rebel batteries obstructing the White river of Arkansas, near the town of St. Charles, were captured by a detachment of Indiana troops, under Col. Fitch, assisted by some of the National gunboats. The victory was marred by the explosion of the steam-chest of the Mound City gunboat, in consequence of a rifled shot from the rebel batteries. The particulars of this engagement are given elsewhere.

A severe action, according to rebel accounts, took place on the 15th June, on James Island, opposite Charleston. From the account of the *Charleston Mercury* it is to be inferred that the rebels suffered severely. The troops at the Tortugas, Key West and other points off the Florida coast have been ordered to Hilton Head, probably with reference to operations against Charleston and Savannah. It is also reported that a portion of the mortar fleet had sailed for Mobile, the outer defence of which, Fort Gaines, has been evacuated. Another portion has gone up the Mississippi with the view of shelling out the batteries on the bluffs near Vicksburg, which are situated at too great an elevation to be reached by the guns of the National flotilla. Galveston in Texas has been summoned to surrender by the commander of the U. S. frigate Santee, and we may expect to hear speedily of its reduction.

The wise and firm rule of Gen. Butler in New Orleans is fast restoring order in that city, and developing and consolidating the latent Union sentiment. The man Mumford, convicted of tearing down the National flag from the Mint, was duly hung in front of that building. Two men, one a Union soldier and another a native "Thug," have been sentenced to be hung for personating Union officers, and searching and robbing the houses of citizens. The banks have been compelled to resume specie payments, and pay their obligations in legal currency. They pretended at first to have no gold, but Gen. Butler's threat to break them up entirely brought the yellow metal to light. Altogether, the appointment of Gen. Butler to the command of New Orleans seems to have been the happiest nomination of the war.

The Dogberry of the Press.

THE *London Times* wants no clerk to write it down an ass. Its dogmatism is equalled only by its ignorance, and both are illimitable. It has a notice of the reconnaissance of the rebel forts below Richmond, by the National flotilla, and says that the gunboats Monitor, Galena, etc., sustained an "admitted loss to exceed 1,000 men." Now all this is as a simple falsehood, founded on nothing whatever published on this side the Atlantic, and invented in the *Times*' office by unscrupulous writers, to deceive stupid Englishmen. The whole force of the gunboats in the reconnaissance referred to—and it was only a reconnaissance—did not exceed 400 men, including stokers, and firemen, and "powder-monkeys." The real loss was 13 killed and 14 wounded, of which all but three were on board the Galena—a vessel armored more or less in the English fashion, and which proved a failure. The *Times* will never correct either its blunders or its falsehoods, and the stupid English nation will probably believe that "iron-clads" are no match for land batteries. Very well! We are ready for British intervention, or for that matter any other kind of intervention. But we pity the Cockneys! Miserable as they are, they deserve a better teacher.

A Warning to France.

This nation is by no means dead, nor is it impotent, as the proceedings of France in Mexico would seem to imply; and we trust that Congress will not lose a day in declaring, by a formal resolve, that while Mexico must hold itself responsible for the consequences of all violations of International Law and Public Morality, even to the penalty of war, yet that the United States, as the head and protector of Republican institutions on this Continent, can never consent to the invasion of that country without cause, nor, under any circumstances, to the subversion of her institutions. Such a declaration is appropriate, and should be made in time to be understood and considered by France, before she has committed herself too far to the policy of the subjection of Mexico and the subversion of its Government. Neither our principles or policy, our present interests and future peace, are reconcilable with French domination in Mexico. It is due to the world to say so, and only right that it should be distinctly understood, that any attempt on the independence of Mexico, or any war against her, except for redress of grievances, is war on the United States. A warning to France need not take, nor should it take, the form of a menace. We have always been on the friendliest terms with that country. We have no purposes or interests antagonistic to hers, and no motive under heaven militating against good fellowship. But her assault on Mexico is unjustifiable in morals, absurd in its pretenses, a defiance of the avowed and intelligible policy of the United States, and, consequently, an act of hostility towards this country. If persisted in, it will entail enmity between the two nations, bound by every consideration of mutual interest, not to speak of higher considerations, to amity and good understanding, and whose combined fleets are necessary to overawe and restrain the arrogance and unscrupulousness of Great Britain.

We do not speak of the "Monroe doctrine" as a menace directed against Europe. It is a formula for what, under equal circumstances, would be the policy of every nation of equal strength, and with a like future. It is a part of the political decalogue of our people, and will be maintained at any hazard, or at any cost of treasure or of blood. The enunciation of this doctrine was made by President Monroe to Congress in December, 1823, and is as follows:

"The American Continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power; and, while existing rights should be respected, the safety and interest of the United States require them to announce that no future colony or dominion shall, with their consent, be planted or established on any part of the North American Continent."

With regard to this doctrine, Mr. Seward, in a speech delivered in the Senate on January 26, 1853, said explicitly:

"I am willing to declare myself opposed, radically opposed—opposed at all times, now henceforth and for ever—opposed, at the risk of all hazards and consequences, to any design of any foreign State or States on this Continent."

President Lincoln is not on record in any of his speeches or writings either for or against the maintenance of this doctrine, but President Lincoln is a man of the people, and if he does not wholly represent the intellect of the Nation, fully responds to its heart, which is always right, while the head is often wrong. France cannot subvert Mexico, unless she first destroys the United States of America.

We have said, and still believe, that upon this point there is no difference of sentiment North or South. As an evidence of this, we quote a paragraph from the *Raleigh (N. C.) Standard*, of June 9th:

"Let France look well to her conduct. She is not justified in the course she is pursuing, and the longer she continues in it the more difficult will it be for her to find an excuse to depart. A rising indignation is rapidly springing up in our army and throughout the United States against this unjust intervention in the affairs of this side of the water. There is a pause for the time being, but should France persist in distressing Mexico, and attempt to establish her supremacy there, then will this smothered indignation burst forth like a great volcano, and before the news could reach France our armies would be on the march to the relief of our sister Republic."

The "Swill Milk" Law in Force.

THE movement inaugurated in this paper four years ago has finally been successful. On the 20th of June the law to prevent the adulteration of milk, and prevent the traffic in impure and unwholesome milk, was put in operation in this city. We record the fact with no little satisfaction—satisfaction that our efforts in this beneficial reform have not been without result, and that the city will be relieved from a fruitful source of disease and death. The Commissioners of Police have issued an order to the policemen, directing them to arrest and prosecute all persons found violating the law against swill milk, and to make "careful observations at the places where milk pedlars receive or procure milk for distribution, for the purpose of detecting violations of the act."

The provisions of the act (which we subjoin in full) are few and simple. Such being the case, there is but little chance of evading its requirements. Nor can any one plead ignorance of the law, nor of the penalties which attach to its infringement, for we observe that the Superintendent of Police has not only given proclamation of his intention to enforce it, but has also appended to his warning a verbatim copy of the law.

All that is now requisite to guard the public health from the dangerous effects of swill and adulterated milk is for the police to do their duty without fear, favor or affection. The public at large, for whose benefit this law has been promulgated, should also be upon the alert, and give information to the proper authorities whenever the dealers deliver milk adulterated in any manner whatever.

"An Act to prevent the adulteration of milk, and prevent the traffic in impure and unwholesome milk."

"Passed April 23, 1862, three-fifths being present."

"The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

"SEC. 1. Any person or persons who shall sell or exchange, or expose for sale or exchange any impure, adulterated or unwholesome milk, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$25; and if the fine is not paid, shall be imprisoned for not less than 30 days in the penitentiary or county jail, or until said fine and cost of suit shall be paid."

"SEC. 2. Any person who shall adulterate milk with the view of offering the same for sale or exchange, or shall keep cows for the production of milk for market, or for sale or exchange, in a crowded or unhealthy condition, or feed the same on food that produces impure, diseased or unwholesome milk, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$50; and if the fine is not paid, shall be imprisoned for not less than 30 days in the penitentiary or county jail, or until said fine and cost of suit shall be paid."

"SEC. 3. Any person or persons who shall engage in or carry on the sale, exchange or any traffic in milk, shall have the cans in which the milk is exposed for sale or exchange, and the carriage or vehicle from which the same is vended, conspicuously marked with his, her or their names, also indicating by said mark the locality from whence said milk is obtained or produced, and for every neglect of such marking the person or persons so neglecting shall be subject to the penalties expressed in the foregoing sections of this act. But for every violation of this act, by so marking said cans, carriage or vehicle as to convey the idea that said milk is procured from a different locality than it really is, the person or persons so offending shall be subject to a fine of \$100 or imprisonment in the penitentiary or county jail, or both, in the discretion of the court."

"SEC. 4. This act shall take effect immediately."

GEN. JOHNSTON.—It seems that Gen. Johnston, commanding the rebel army at the battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks, was severely wounded. The nature of his wounds are thus recounted by the *Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer*:

"Gen. Johnston was wounded by a minie ball in the shoulder. The ball passed down his back, and has not been found yet. At the same time, a spent shell struck him in the breast. He fell from his horse and broke two of his ribs; so, of course, he suffers very much. I spent all day yesterday with him. To-day he is much better, although the ball has not yet been extracted."

RICHMOND.—The *Richmond Examiner* of June 12th states that the occupation of the city has sadly demoralized the rebel army. On the day before the battles on the Chickahominy, the Provost-Marshal arrested, in Richmond, and sent to camp, between four and five thousand soldiers, and after the conflict had actually begun, the thoroughfares, it says, "were crowded with uniforms and the hotel tables lined with officers."

DONATION TO THE LADIES' HOME FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—The following correspondence explains itself:

Mrs. A. V. Stout, Treasurer of the Ladies' Home for Sick and Wounded Soldiers, Lexington Avenue, corner 51st street.

Madame—I am happy to remit you the sum of \$355, the proceeds of a concert given by me and my pupils in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers, of which you are the worthy patroness, and whose charitable efforts the public so much admire. I regret that I am not able to remit you a larger amount. I cannot close this without expressing my gratitude to Mrs. Charles Gilbert, who assisted me in the promotion of so worthy a cause, by her untiring efforts in the management of our successful concert. The above mentioned sum will be handed you by Mrs. Gilbert. I am, with respect, your devoted servant,

A. BARILL.

TRIBULATIONS OF FRENCH JOURNALS.—It would seem as if the condition of journalists in France were already hard and precarious enough without adding the late Imperial decree, whereby every journal is obliged, on being authorized, to pay to the Government 50,000 francs as a pledge of good behavior, and to answer for whatever fines it may incur. It is subject to be warned, threatened, fined, suspended, suppressed, at any moment, by Imperial decree, and, in addition, to pay for the privilege of this life hanging by a thread, it must give 60 per cent. of all its income to the Government. And so the poor editors live, muzzled, tethered, threatened, robbed—living and acting on sufferance; as if a journal, coping every morning with the sun as a bringer of light

and intelligence to the people, were a thing always to be suspected and merely tolerated—but while tolerated subjected to every degree and kind of domination and persecution. Can such things be, and will the spirit of liberty and the manly common sense of enlightened France endure such tyranny?

LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—Frank Leslie's Monthly for June abounds in illustrations, among which is a page engraved portrait of Mrs. President Lincoln—a fine engraving, which will attract much attention. The usual variety of topics are also treated upon in the Monthly. It is a very fine number.—*Brockport, N. Y., Republic*.

FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR has reached the 22d number of its issue. Its merits are well sustained, both as a record of facts and as an illustration of scenes of battle and other events of the war. It has all the material documents which the historian would wish preserved in addition to other attractions. No. 21 of the same work contains a mammoth engraving of the taking of Newbern, a portrait of Gen. Hunter, and a good deal of other attractive material.—*Roxbury Journal, Mass.*

PERFECTLY SAFE.—One of our exchanges states that "Gen. Fremont in communicating important dispatches to the department at Washington, writes them in the Magyar language, which no one but himself in this country understands."

PORK OUT.—Col. B—, of Ohio, had a neighbor who was in the habit of making free with the Colonel's pork. One day the Col. called upon him, and the following conversation took place:

Col. B— "Say, Sam, will you take 1,000 pounds of pork a year, and promise not to steal any of my hogs?"

Sam—"Well, Col., seeing it's you, I'll do it; but by thunder, I am pork out by the bargain!"

WAR NEWS.

Operations in the Indian Country.

We learn from Fort Scott, June 13, that a squadron of the 2d Ohio Cavalry had reached that place with 1,000 beef cattle, and 800 mules, the spoil of the camp of the rebel Col. Coffee. Our forces under Col. Doubleday, 5,000 strong, surprised and routed the rebels on the morning of the 4th inst., taking all their war munitions and camp equipage. A regiment of Union Indians was expected soon at Fort Scott.

A Daring Rebel Raid.

A DISPATCH from the headquarters of Gen. McClellan, dated June 14th, announces that the rebels, on the previous day, proceeded to Garlick's Landing, on the Pamunkey river, about four miles above the White House, where they burnt two schooners and destroyed other property, besides killing several of our teamsters. Thence they proceeded to Tunstall's Station with the intention of burning the railroad bridge at that place. A train which was passing down at the time was fired into, and two of our men were killed and several wounded. The rebels then destroyed the telegraph wire at the station, after which they marched to Baltimore Cross Roads, near New Kent Court House, on their way to Richmond. This force consisted of 1,500 cavalry under the command of Gen. Stuart, accompanied by six pieces of artillery. Gen. McClellan, on learning the above facts, ordered a portion of his cavalry in immediate pursuit, but the enemy escaped with the loss of only five men, who were captured. Several arrests have been made of citizens residing within our lines, on suspicion of having furnished the enemy with information.

Capture of Rebel Batteries on White River, Arkansas.

On the 10th of June an expedition of one regiment of infantry (40th Indiana, Col. Fitch) and the gunboats St. Louis, Mound City, Conestoga and Lexington, were sent from Memphis up the White river, Arkansas, to clear out the rebel obstructions in that stream. On the 17th of June the expedition reached St. Charles, 58 miles above the mouth of the river, where two rebel batteries were found, mounting seven guns, and supported by a force of infantry. The gunboats engaged the batteries, while Col. Fitch landed his forces some two and a half miles below, and advanced to make an attack. During the action a rifled shot from one of the rebel batteries penetrated the steam draw of the Mound City, and the escaping steam killed and disabled most of her officers and crew. Col. Fitch then signaled the fleet to cease firing while he made an assault, and the batteries were carried by his troops in the most dashing and gallant manner, and with no loss of life. The rebel infantry were driven from the support of the guns, the gunners were shot at their posts, their commanding officer, Frye (formerly of the navy), was wounded and taken prisoner, and eight brass and iron guns, with ammunition, were captured. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is estimated at 125. Our loss was caused solely by the escaping steam on board the Mound City. The boat was expected to be repaired and ready to proceed with the expedition the next day.

BOOK NOTICES.

JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE; OR, EPISODES OF LIFE IN NEW YORK. By EDWARD B. GOULD. Carleton, Publisher, New York.

The imaginary personages of the entertaining book of Mr. Gould have largely figured in every department of the English language. They have been employed to indorse notes, to enforce wise maxims, and to present the liveliest sallies of wit and humor. In assuming the paternity of the above story of New York life and manners, they will abundantly add to their well-established notoriety, and to the reputation of the author of the work; and its admirable and humorous delineations will amply repay more than one perusal by its numerous readers.

GAME FISH OF THE NORTHERN STATES OF AMERICA AND BRITISH PROVINCES. By BARNWELL. Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Barnwell's Handbook or *Vade mecum* of Game Fish may be considered as a valuable companion to the disciples of honest "Isaac Walton." At the present opportune season its general information, its practical directions, and its nomenclature and classification of the finny tribe, will prove acceptable to the lovers of the reel and the line. Our merchants, statesmen and even philosophers should bear in mind that the great Sir Humphrey Davy, to divert his mind with lighter studies, wrote his "Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing."

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW AND LONDON QUARTERLY for April, 1862. Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street, New York.

These valuable reprints of British periodical literature, so universally known and appreciated throughout our country, contain not only the scientific research, critical analysis and vigorous style of their several reviewers, but are enriched with useful and practical observations, interesting to all classes of the reading public. The fourth part of Article 7th, on the "Growth of Cotton in India: its Present State and Future Prospects, with reference to Supplies for Great Britain," will be found to contain valuable facts in relation to the great staple now the principal topic of discussion in the commercial policy of this country, England and France.

In the *London Quarterly*, the articles on "Stanhope's Life of Pitt," "Hymnology" and "The Merrimac and the Monitor," possess unusual interest to the American reader. That on "Stanhope's Life of Pitt" in view of our present disquietudes, cannot fail to bring back to us the noble and untiring struggles for our political existence, the firm and repeated denunciations against the war of our first Revolution by the great statesman, and his prophetic declaration as to its results.

The able review of the article on "Hymnology" we recommend to the clergy of our churches. It brings in view many of the best as well as the most distasteful of sacred effusions used as hymns in public worship, and contains many useful hints for the better regulation of the present system of devotional singing. That on the "Merrimac and Monitor" contains, we think, only one side of the question in relation to the utility, power and practicability of iron-clad vessels in actual warfare. The article, however, under the contemplated increase of our naval armament, is well worthy of a careful and timely consideration.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF THE CENTRAL PARK, 1862. W. C. Bryant & Co., Printers, New York.

This Report, so ample, full and minute in its details of the past labors of the Commissioners, we feel assured will be read both with interest and pride by the citizens of New York. The exposition of every department of the great enterprise is so fully given, and its future enlargement and increased embellishments so anticipated by the indefatigable labors of the Commissioners, that no remarks from us can exaggerate its merits as a valuable and satisfactory public document.

HEROISM has been defined as "poetry put into action," and the exploits of a Union General at the West will certainly rank as among the best of "Pope's works."

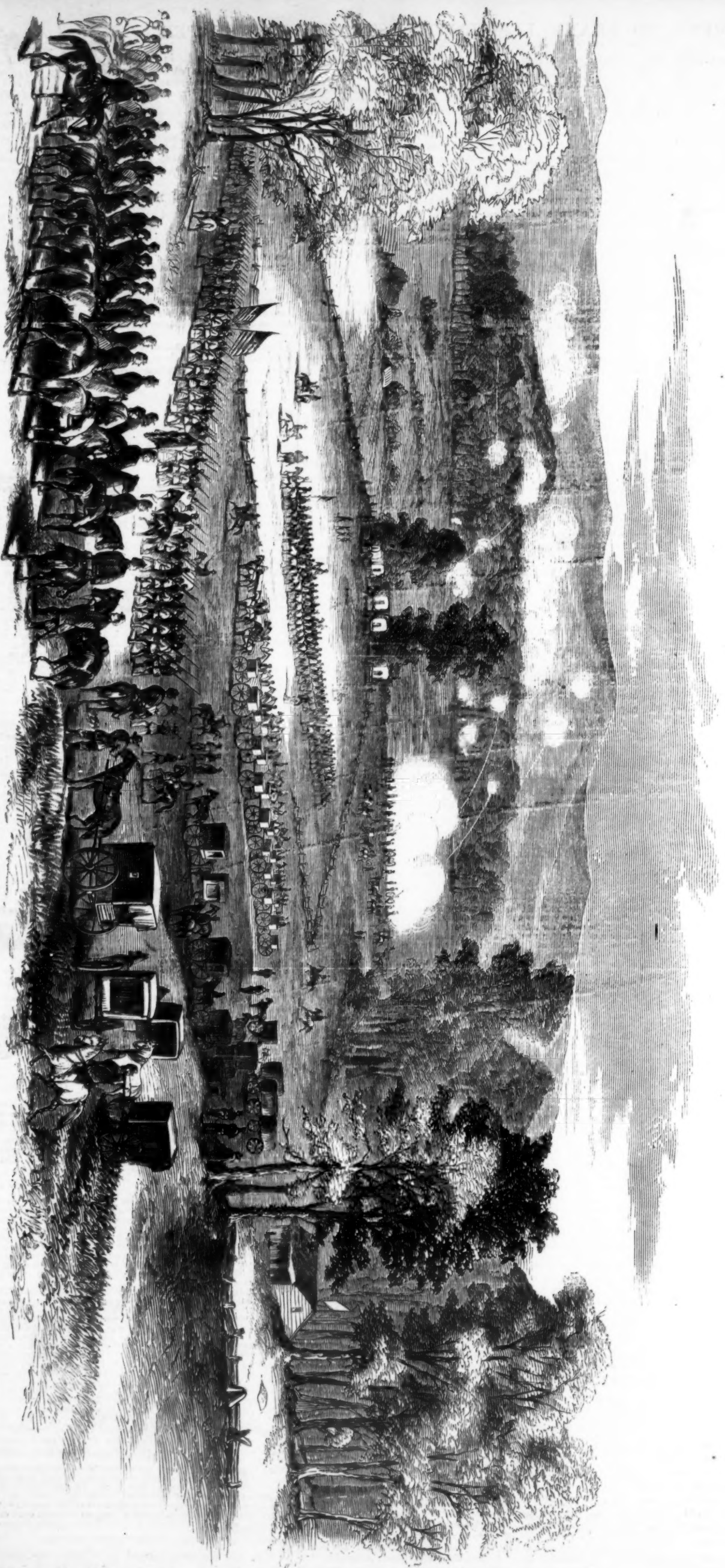
BEAUREGARD took most of his munitions away with him from Corinth, but failed altogether to take away his character for pluck.



Rebel's Brigade.

REBEL ARMY UNDER GEN. JACKSON, STEWART AND EWELL—THE FIGHT ON THE LEFT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 225.

Attack on the Rebel Left Wing by Gen. Blenker's Brigade.

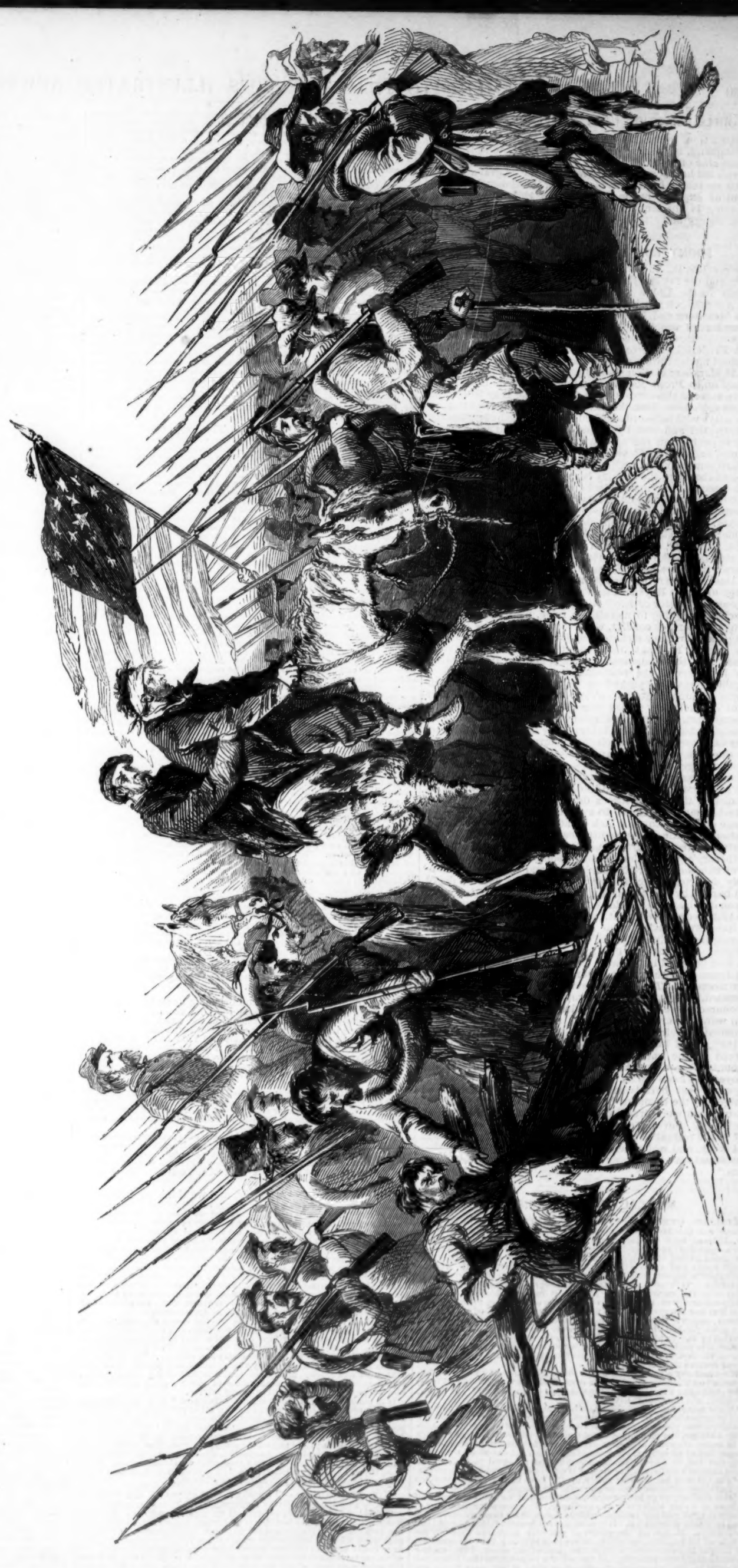


THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—THE BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS—OPENING OF THE FIGHT—THE UNION TROOPS UNDER GEN. FREMONT ADVANCING TO ATTACK THE REBEL ARMY UNDER GEN. JACKSON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 225.



Gen. Blenker's Brigade charging the Rebel Position.

THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS, SUNDAY, JUNE 8TH, BETWEEN THE NATIONAL FORCES UNDER GENERAL FREMONT, AND



THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—THE ARMY OF GEN. FREMONT ON ITS MARCH UP THE VALLEY—WOUNDED AND RAGGED SOLDIERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 2261

RIFLE PRACTICE NEAR NEWBERNE, N. C.

AMONG Gen. Burnside's characteristics showing his fitness for command, is the care he takes to inform himself upon the minutiae of military science. No experiment is put in practice till he has seen its operation. We engrave to-day a little sketch by our Artist illustrating the General's supervision of experiments made by a new rifle at Newberne. The thing is not much in itself, but suggestive of the untiring energy and attention to the duties of his position.

FRONT ROYAL, WESTERN VIRGINIA.

FRONT ROYAL, the scene of Jackson's attack upon Col. Kenly and the 1st Maryland regiment, which ended so disastrously for the Union troops, is situated on the Manassas Gap railroad, on the banks of the Shenandoah, is 10 miles from Strasburg and 51 from Manassas Junction. The correspondent of the New York Herald thus describes its appearance. He accompanied the force sent by Gen. McDowell from Fredericksburg to co-operate with Gens. Banks and Fremont against Stonewall Jackson:

"At Markham station a small party of us left the train and pushed on to Front Royal, 12 miles distant, on horseback. As we entered the narrow defile through the Blue Ridge the sun struggled out from the heavy banks of fog, lighting up the valleys with indescribable brilliancy; while huge waves of mist, fretted and torn by jagged spurs, drifted across from peak to peak—now rolling down like an avalanche into deep ravines, and then again sweeping up the cliffs with a steady, onward surge, vanishing like a mirage. On the western slope of the ridge the country is even more rugged, and the road becomes, in many places, unpleasantly precipitous. Bold bluffs, with ragged crests, shut in the prospect; the mountain streams leap furiously down, as if in test of speed; gulches stretch away from deeper chasms, and massive boulders obstruct the road; while here and there the ancient rocks, piled tier on tier, with rampart, bastion, scarp and pit, stand out like giant fortresses, guarding the beauty of nature's treasures garnered among the hills.

"Dashing down the mountain and through the romantic village of Front Royal, which resounded with the rumble of wagons and clatter of hoofs, mingled with the music of the church bells calling to morning service, we hastened on towards the scene of conflict, when to our surprise we brought up against our outer pickets, and found that instead of our own column Fremont was upon the enemy. About two o'clock P. M. the cannonading ceased, and our front resting only just beyond the Shenandoah. One General, with a brigade of cavalry, pushed on to Strasburg, before which he was encamped at two o'clock this morning, the rear guard of Jackson's forces occupying the place. Another General started by rail this morning to make a dash upon Strasburg, but finding the bridge over the Shenandoah partially destroyed, was compelled to return. But for this barrier the trains would have run up to within a short distance of the village, where the troops would have disembarked and doubtless succeeded in capturing the rebels in the place. The bridge will be repaired to-day, and in the meantime an advance of the Union forces down the valley will, it is expected, compel the enemy to evacuate the place. The little village of Front Royal, which of late has become so famous, is situated at the western entrance into Manassas Gap, and consists of two or three churches, a few mills, taverns, an apothecary's establishment and about 30 residences. It never numbered over 300 inhabitants, and is now almost entirely deserted, save by our soldiers. The railway depot was burned by the rebels on Friday last, when they were driven out by Gen. Shields. The village was occupied by the 12th Georgia regiment, and was retaken by the cavalry of Shields's division, who charged down into the town, chasing the rebels across the Shenandoah and saving all the bridges. One hundred and forty prisoners were taken, and are now confined in the large new hospital buildings erected last summer by the rebels. Our forces had eight killed and four wounded. The enemy carried off their own dead and wounded, and we have no means of estimating their loss. Of course there was great rejoicing among our own men who were captured by the rebels a few days ago, and our wounded in their own hospital are recovering quite as rapidly as they would have done under rebel nurses. The depot burned by the enemy last Friday had in it an immense amount of iron and horseshoes, and one of the cars destroyed was loaded with arms—nothing of them now remaining save bent barrels and disassembled locks. The railroad bridge and the turnpike bridge over the north fork of the Shenandoah were fired by Col. Kenly's troops and saved by the rebels. Several car-loads of clothing and equipments left in the retreat of Gen. Banks were removed by the rebels last week, and when Gen. Shields retook the place nothing was found save two trains of cars and a few wagon-loads of corn."

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—We have just bowed out the last of our operatic seasons, for some time at least. Mr. Ullman took the last night for his benefit, and was rewarded by a crowded and brilliant audience. The performance was of the same varied character as on the previous evenings, namely, a grand opera and a selection from the operas, together with Moreau Gottschalk's superb playing and the magician Hermann's wonderful delusions. It was a most attractive programme, and was keenly enjoyed by the audience. One prominent feature which we unfortunately missed was Hermann's explanation of his great "Ring" trick. This feat has always seemed to us the most astonishing of his performances, and we hoped to give our readers an explanation of how it was accomplished; but as those who were present seem to be as much puzzled by the explanation as they were previously by the performance, it is perhaps as well that we were not enlightened, for our solution of the mystery might have made the trick more incomprehensible to our readers than ever.

We must say a few words about the performance of "Linda di Chamounix" on Tuesday evening. It was finely cast as follows: Linda, Miss Kellogg; Piorotto, Madame d'Angri; Carlo, Brignoli; the father, Amadio; and the Count, Barili.

Of the many American ladies who have undertaken the onerous position of prima donna in Italian opera, only two can be allowed to have sustained that position, and those two are Miss Kellogg and Miss Adelaide Phillips, the one soprano and the other contralto. Miss Phillips is in every respect a first-class artist. She is equally admirable as a singer and as an actress. Not only in America did she stand without a superior, but in Europe she is acknowledged as equal in rank to the most famous vocalists in her class. We feel very proud of her success, for she has won her position solely by the force of her genius, unaided by fortuitous circumstances or powerful patronage.

Miss Kellogg owes her present proud position to the possession of talents of a very high order of excellence. Her education has been of the best kind, and her method exhibits fewer faults than we ordinarily find in young debutantes. Her voice is very beautiful, clear, bright and melodious. It has all the charm of youthful freshness through the whole of its register, and she manages it so skilfully that no symptom of fatigue is discoverable even at the close of the opera. The quality is charmingly sympathetic, and its power is so sufficient that it is never strained to produce an effect. Her execution is not only rapid and brilliant, but it is admirably articulated; her *fortissimo* is used with good taste, she neither overloads the subject to catch the popular applause, nor does she withhold from it those graceful ornamentations at once artistic and pleasing. Her recitations are well phrased and justly emphasized, and in all that she does we recognize the thoughtful and earnest student. She is a good actress, and her powers rise with the situation. In the unimportant portions of the opera a somewhat flippant, careless manner is observable, and her walk too nearly resembles the

fashionable shuffle; but in the passionate scenes she exhibits an abandon that proves how thoroughly she identifies herself with the feeling of the character. The whole of the second act of Linda gives ample scope to display the high attributes of an artist, and Miss Kellogg both in her singing and her acting filled the measure of our satisfaction to the full. She is emphatically one of the most promising artists of the day, and needs but the experience and study which a year or two will give to take position among the first lyric artists of the day. She is already an established favorite with our public, and her efforts are thoroughly and warmly appreciated.

Signor Amadio, whose late brother was so deservedly popular in this country, is an artist of great merit. He sings with taste, accuracy and feeling, and his voice is rich, flowing and sonorous; not so full as his brother's, but as fine in quality, and thoroughly under control. He acts gracefully and with energy, and identifies himself with the character he portrays. He is no rafter, but he is impassioned in his style and impressive in his manner. Signor Amadio is a welcome addition to our operatic strength, and will assuredly become a distinguished favorite.

Madame d'Angri sang superbly and acted the boy Pierotto with all that care and finish of detail which only true artists bestow upon parts which are but secondary. We should make much of d'Angri, for without her no complete opera company can be formed.

Brignoli, on this occasion, sang with more than his accustomed excellence. His aria in the second act was sung with exquisite grace and feeling, and fully merited a unanimous encore. In artistic excellence Brignoli has made rapid strides during the past two years. Both in his style and execution we detect evidence of intelligent study and careful practice, and his method of using his voice is vastly improved, giving him a better control over it, and an additional means of producing effects. It gives us pleasure to bear testimony to the merits of Brignoli, for he is certainly the most reliable tenor we ever had; he is always true to his engagements, and never from caprice disappoints the public. We hope Mr. Ullman is making such preparations for the fall as will insure us a long and continuous season.

NIXON'S CREMORNE GARDENS.—The very costly experiment of Mr. Nixon, about which so many doubts as to its success or failure were expressed, has proved a triumphant success. So many "Gardens" from time to time have been grandly opened and mysteriously closed, that failure so signally was taken as precedent for this, as it was supposed, similar enterprise. But all previous attempts have been mere shadows of an idea badly carried out, and they failed because they had not sufficient merit to sustain them. Nixon's Cremorne Gardens are conducted in a style of distinguished excellence. The artists in all the departments are first-class in talent and position. The concerts are sustained by Miss Carlotta Patti (the finest concert singer of the day), Madame Strakosch, and Signori Sbriglia, Ardavani and Debreul, with a fine orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Thomas Baker. The ballet is sustained by the beautiful and exquisite dancers, Cuban, with a fine assistant prima and corps de ballet. The Promenade Concerts are performed by Thomas Baker's celebrated solo orchestra, which alone is worth the price of admission. The equestrian performances are led by the beautiful and dashing Madame Tournaire, who is unequalled as a rider for grace, spirit and perfect self-command. She is assisted by an admirable and clever corps, who perform in admirable style all the wonders that belong to the ring.

When it is understood that this varied and truly fine programme, with all these unequalled artists, is performed every evening, and that the price of admission is only 25 cents, who can wonder that the Cremorne Gardens has met with a success decided and permanent? It is, beyond a doubt, the most pleasant place of amusement in the city. It combines everything that can gratify and delight. Every taste is catered for, and he must indeed be difficult to please who could visit Cremorne Gardens and leave it discontented. The social intercourse is carefully guarded; the regulations are stringent, and an ample police-force is provided to see them enforced; and while varied and choice refreshments are provided, no liquors of any kind are allowed on the premises. Families can visit the Garden with a sense of security, that while everything is provided that can please the eye and ear, nothing is permitted that can offend the most delicate sense of propriety. New York has now a lounging-place that all may visit with pleasure and profit.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—Miss Maggie Mitchell has made a most unequivocal success by her original and dashing conception of the character of "Fanchon; or, the Cricket." She has taken the critics by surprise, and has startled the sober-minded audience into genuine enthusiasm. Maggie Mitchell is an extraordinary girl; she is so entirely impulsive that each action and every utterance seem to spring from irrefragable feeling. Her acting, indeed, is purely emotional, and, consequently, presents many faults, commingled with rare and sterling beauties. Her faults are trivial, and will, we believe, speedily disappear before the criticism of a metropolitan audience, leaving only those excellences which will increase in value with every week's experience. The character of Fanchon is so purely the creation of Miss Mitchell's genius, that we feel no little curiosity to witness her conception of some other character. If she stands the test of variety, exhibiting in a range of representations the same marked and original traits which distinguish her interpretation of Fanchon, she can take rank with the best eccentric comedienne of the day. We cannot pass judgment upon her as an actress, but we do say, unhesitatingly, that her delineation of Fanchon is the most unique, quaint, startling, natural and charming piece of acting that we have witnessed for years, and in all sincerity we advise all our friends who have not seen her to go during the run of "Fanchon the Cricket," which will continue, we believe, only during the present week.

We are very pleased to see that our old friend and the popular favorite, W. F. Brough, is associated with Miss Mitchell's management. She could hardly have secured the services of one more generally acceptable to the visitors of her establishment.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—The burlesque upon the "Lady of Lyons" has been withdrawn to make room for those specialty pieces which the Florences have made their own, and which the public look for under their management. One of the most laughable features of the past week was a farce called the "Returned Volunteer," in which the principal parts are sustained by Messrs. Florence and Davidge. Their acting is certainly admirable, abounding in fun and genial humor. We must equally compliment the ladies—Miss Wells, Mrs. Geo. Skerrett and Miss Julia Irving, for they entered fully into the spirit of the piece.

The pleasant face and genuine good humor of Mrs. Florence would make her always welcome, even were she not as charming an actress as she really is. In her peculiar class of characters she has few who can compare with her, and in all that she does there is a marked and quaint individuality.

The Florences are gathering around them, as in previous engagements, a brilliant and intelligent audience, and the result of their summer season will be an increased reputation and a pecuniary success. Among the forthcoming novelties will be "Dombey & Son," in which Florence's wonderful imitation of Burton, as Capt. Cuttle, will be a leading attraction.

WINTER GARDEN.—A steady, and we think an increasing stream of success is setting towards this establishment. A large measure of success we certainly expected, for we have rarely seen a burlesque so well acted throughout or so superbly put upon the stage. The expense has certainly been lavish; no cost was spared in any department, and the result has been a spectacle, in every sense of the word, magnificent. The author, Mr. Charles Gayler, has done his work well, and his jokes hit hard and excite both the laughter and applause of the audience. The scenery is so finely painted that to see it is alone worth the price of admission. The costumes of all concerned are rich and beautiful, and the female element is extensively introduced, thus making up for any previous occasion. In their Amazonian dresses they look very attractive, and their march around the parquette above the heads of the people is a novelty that must be seen to be appreciated.

Miss Emily Thorne is a splendid woman and a charming actress. There is a quiet, lady-like grace in all she does, and at the same time a piquant manner and an overflow of genuine fun, which render her performance singularly fascinating and attractive. She also has a very pleasant voice, and sings both tastefully and sweetly. The Misses Anderson are all talented and pretty young ladies, and sustain their roles with grace and credit. Miss Ione Burke is full of life and spirit, and enters vivaciously into the character of the "tricky spirit" Ariel. She is a pretty, clever and rising young actress.

It is announced that the "Wizard of the Tempest" is to be withdrawn after the present week, to make room for other novelties. Those of our readers who have not seen it should take advantage of the present opportunity. On Thursday, June 24, Miss Ione Burke takes a benefit; on Friday the 25th, the benefit of Professor Anderson, the great wizard of the time, takes place; and on Saturday, the 26th, Miss Emily Thorne makes her first appeal to an American audience, to which, although almost a stranger, she has become a favored and welcome guest. Young men, if you have any gallantry, you will make this first benefit a pleasant and grateful memory to Miss Emily Thorne.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The dramatic opera of the "Syren" has been withdrawn from this establishment. It was not calculated to run long; it had not in it the material for success, and even Miss Caroline Richings, with all her charm of person and sweet singing, could not vivify it with life, or make it welcome to the public. During the past week Miss Richings added an attraction to each evening's performance in the shape of selected scenes from popular Italian operas. It is of course impossible for us to form an opinion of her ability to sustain the characters from which her selections were made, any more than we could judge of the architecture of a house from a specimen brick. We can only say that some of the "scenes" were very charmingly rendered, and that we should be much pleased to hear her in a full opera, suitably assisted and supported.

This week Miss Richings appears as Marie, in the "Child of the Regiment." The opera is represented in dramatic form, but Miss Richings sings much of the beautiful music, and will, we are sure, make the piece very interesting and attractive.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The dogs and the babies have had their day, and the reign of adipose matter has commenced. Providence seems to have specially ordained that Nature should produce extraordinary novelties at stated intervals to oblige Barnum, or perhaps Barnum has arranged the matter himself to suit the necessities of his establishment. We rather incline to the latter opinion, because we know Barnum to be a man of inexhaustible resources, and as he is never at a loss for something new he must have made a shrewd bargain with Dame Nature to suit himself.

This week the American Daniel Lambert is to be seen at the Museum. This specimen of a "light weight"—in comparison with an elephant, only weighs one-third of a ton!—and measures nine feet and three inches round the body! To keep this human mountain in countenance Barnum has secured the presence of a young and sylph-like creature, a maiden of sweet eighteen, who only weighs a hundred pounds or so over a quarter of a ton! What she measures round the waist gallantly forbids us to say. These are two of the countless novel attractions which Barnum has prepared for his patrons this week. A new and exciting French drama called "Monguerand, or the Bohemian of Paris," will be performed with a strong cast every afternoon and evening.

GEORGE CHRISTY ONCE MORE AT HOME.—We need hardly tell our readers that George Christy is not only the most popular delineator of the Ethiopian character, but that he is the best, the funniest and the most original of all. For some years past he has suffered from a wandering fit which led him to all parts of the country, making plenty of money and reputation. George Christy has gathered around him a very fine company, and has located himself permanently at 585 Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. The palmy days of the "Minstrels" will be revived, for thousands of the old friends and admirers of George Christy will rally round him and crowd his elegant hall night after night. All who love genuine fun will visit Christy at 585 Broadway.

OBITUARY.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, who had acquired a high literary reputation as the author of a "History of Civilization," died on the 31st of May, at Damascus, Syria, whither he had gone to recruit his health. Few historical writers have gained by their first work so high a reputation as that obtained by Buckle by his "History of Civilization," the first volume of which appeared in 1858, and the second in 1861. While his theory that the progress of civilization in Europe is entirely due to its intellectual activity, and still more his views upon the relation of Christianity to civilization, have met with more opposition than approval, the remarkable talent of the author has been acknowledged on all sides. Mr. Buckle was the son of a merchant in the city of London, and was born November 24, 1822. He received a good education, and entered a commercial house; but when his father died, in 1840, and left him a large fortune, he abandoned commercial and devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits. The first two volumes of his "History of Civilization" treat of England, Spain and Scotland; the next was to review the History of Civilization in Germany and the United States. Mr. Buckle has also published an "Essay on Liberty," and another "On the Influence of Women," both of which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*; the latter was originally delivered as a lecture at the Royal Institution, in 1858.

COL. CHARLES ELLETT, JR., the organizer of the Ram Fleet which lately demolished the rebel flotilla before Memphis, died at Cairo, Ill., June 21st, of wounds received in that engagement. He was an engineer of note; the builder of the suspension bridge over Niagara river, just below the Falls, and of the suspension bridge over the Ohio river at Wheeling, as well as other public works of genius and utility. During the last year he published a couple of pamphlets criticizing the Generalship of the army of the Potomac, which have been thoroughly justified by the result. He was the first to urge on the Government the use of "rams" in naval warfare, which were pooh-poohed by the lunacy at the head of the Navy Department, who does not know the bow-sprit of a vessel from its jib-boom, and belongs intellectually, and in respect to the period of the old red sandstone. Finally, the Secretary of War authorized him to fit up some old Mississippi steamers as "rams," with which he "cleaned out" the rebel flotilla before Memphis in 60 minutes. Com. Davis, meanwhile, bungling away impotently and noisy shots, in evident disgust that the "rams" should have justified the pretensions of their originator. In this contest, Com. Ellett was the only man wounded. He received a pistol shot in the leg, and was struck by a splinter in the breast, and although he made light of his wounds they proved fatal, as above stated, on the 21st of June. Equally with Ellett, he demonstrated a principle in naval warfare, and sealed it with his life. His criticisms on the conduct of the war have been justified by events, and History will award him the credit of having been among the most far-sighted, practical and useful men of his age.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE great Italian tragedienne, Ristori, has received from the King of Prussia the order and gold medal of "Arts and Sciences," the first time that this order was ever conferred upon a woman.

AMONG the passengers by the steamer Etna, lately arrived at Liverpool, was an old lady, a black, a native of Hayti, more than 65 years of age, the hair on whose head is upwards of 16 feet long, and looks like sheep's wool. The old lady is said to be the first instalment of Haytian products for the Great Exhibition. Where's Barnum?

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

I love it, I love it; the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out in the air with its innocent gush,
Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;
Floating up in the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell;
Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the wide world for me.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND VALLEY.—At Columbus, Ky., the Mississippi river is 2,349 feet wide, and here the first high point, below the Ohio, occurs; at Memphis the river is 3,360 feet wide, at Vicksburg 2,600, at Natchez 4,540, while it is a remarkable fact that nearer the mouth, from Bayou de Fourche to Fort St. Philip, the low water width is only 2,250 feet; 20 miles below Fort St. Philip it widens to 7,000 and 8,000 feet, and then divides into three great passes. The tides in the Mississippi are felt as far up as Red River landing, 316 miles from its mouth. At Baton Rouge the mean tide is two-tenths of a foot. The tide in the Gulf is but one foot and two-tenths, yet this perceptible effect is produced 245 miles up the river. There are three great annual floods in the river, in January, March and October. The river is above mid-water stage from the last of December till July, and below it the rest of the year. The area of the Mississippi valley is 1,250,000 square miles. The yearly fall of rain in this valley is about 41,400,000,000,000 cubic feet. The Mississippi discharges annually 10,400,000,000,000 cubic feet, or about one quarter of the amount which falls from the clouds. There is no good foundation for the belief that an arm of the sea once extended up to the mouth of the Ohio, or to that point below the Ohio where the tortuous character of the river begins. The probability is that the mouth was once at or near Plaquemine, 230 miles up the stream. The present yearly rate of the progress of the land is therefore as follows: at South-west Pass 138 feet, at the South Passes 130 feet, at the South Pass 250 feet, at the North-east and South-east Passes 130 feet, and at Pass à l'Ouvre 302 feet. This gives an average of 202 feet per annum, and indicates 4,400 years as the time for the growth of 220 miles.

DIAMONDS.—The best known of the great diamonds having a history is the famous Koh-i-noor "Mountain of Light." Its history has been an uninterrupted story of rapine and bloodshed. Formerly owned by the Great Mogul, it has passed from conqueror to conqueror, through numerous generations of kings and robber-rulers, till finally, at the death of Runjeet Sing, King of Lahore, the East India Company received it, and presented it to Queen Victoria. The Indians have a prophecy that the Koh-i-noor inevitably causes the downfall of the dynasty possessing it. It was then a rose diamond, weighing 186½ carats. After consultation with the best lapidaries of Holland and England, it was decided, on account of its bad polish, to recut it as a brilliant. This was done with great ceremony, the Duke of Wellington commencing the operation. It was intrusted to Mr. Gaward, who cut it in form of the Regent, greatly increasing its beauty, but decreasing its weight to 103 carats. It is valued at \$10,000,000. The Regent or Pitt was purchased by Thomas Pitt, grandfather of William Pitt, when Governor of Madras, of a native merchant, for \$72,000. It was finally bought by the Regent Duke of Orleans in 1748 for \$3,375,000, who placed it among the crown jewels. It weighs 136½ carats, and is absolutely faultless. It weighed 410 carats rough, and required two years labor in cutting. It was worn by Napoleon in his sword-belt. It was stolen with the other jewels in the great robbery of 1792, but recovered. The Sancy, belonging to the French crown, is one of the most beautiful stones; it is pear-shaped, weighing 56½ carats. When Charles the Bold lost it from his casque at the battle of Granson, a Swiss soldier found it, and sold it to a priest for two francs; he resold it for three francs. It disappeared then till 1689, when the King of Portugal pledged it to M. de Sancy, Treasurer of France, who bought it afterwards for 100,000 francs. Henry III. borrowed it to pledge to the Swiss, but the messenger was set upon and killed by robbers; he, however, faithful in death, swallowed the stone, which was eventually recovered. It was sold to James II., and by him to Louis XIV. for 625,000 francs, and has since belonged to the crown jewels. It was stolen with the other jewels in 1792, but recovered, together with the Regent, through an anonymous letter pointing out the spot in a ditch in the Champs Elysees where they had been secreted—the robbers knowing that it would be impossible to dispose of such well-known jewels.

A. D. 1400.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She look'd across the sea;
She look'd across the water,
And long and loud laughed she;
"The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat,
Who comes a-wooing me!"

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walked along the sand;
When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Come sailing to the land.
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold,
And "hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat,
Who saileth here so bold?"

"The locks of five princesses
I won beyond the sea;
I shored their golden tresses,
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale;
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat,
Furl up thy velvet sail!"

He leapt into the water,
That roving young and bold;
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
He shore her locks of gold;
"Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat,
Sail Westward ho, and away!"

The Golden Calf.

From the French of Charles de Bernard.

ONE sunny morning in June the numerous superb equipages drawn up before the Chapel of Saint Hyacinthe formed, it is true, but an everyday spectacle. Still when the tall Swiss appeared, and with his magic wand of office swept the inquisitive crowd in two living waves on either side the steps, and following this important personage appeared the newly married pair, the scene took an almost tragic aspect.

An exclamation of surprise, a compassionate murmur, arose in every direction. The indignation of the elder women, the whispers of the young girls, the sarcastic remarks of the men, all protested against the union which had just been blessed by the priest; and this universal reprobation seemed to be justified by the singular contrast of the bridegroom to the bride.

A remarkably dignified bearing, brown hair and darker eyes, with the glowing complexion of twenty, excited the admiration of all the spectators. Her richness of coloring gave a life and intensity to the snowy costume which conventionalism commands us to admire, but which, in truth, is the most trying and insipid that a woman can ever wear. The continual quivering of the wreath of orange blossoms on her brow betrayed an emotion which the girl sought to control and to conceal by her statue-like demeanor and downcast eyelids. No tears fell from her large eyes, still if tears may ever be permitted to a bride, it would have been certainly to this one, accompanied as she was by a sort of skeleton, and who, in spite of his holiday finery, would have aroused a horror worthy of the time of Lazarus, had not a certain grotesque expression, like that on the faces of some of Holbein's figures in the Dance of Death, changed that horror to compassion. This old man wore a wig, which being red did not harmonize with the jaundiced hue of his skin; his shoulders were bowed by age instead of a natural deformity, as one supposed to be the case at the first glance. And even the most charitable looker-on was obliged to set his age down at seventy. The bridegroom walked slowly, but nevertheless affected a youthful vivacity of manner, and a mocking smile curled the corners of his mouth, as his small, greenish eyes surveyed the uncomplimentary crowd with a look of disdain and triumph. With his right hand he led his wife, with his left he supported himself, with the assistance of a large gold-headed cane.

The bridal pair were accompanied by a stout, ruddy personage whom the crowd easily recognized as the father, and immediately afterwards followed the familiar faces of the aunts and cousins, whose physiognomies seem to be stereotyped for such occasions.

As the lady placed her foot on the carriage step a young man, so pale as to be remarked, emerged above the sea of heads, as a diver rises from the waves to breathe. Although he was behind the bride, she, by that mysterious optical power possessed only by women, caught sight of him. The orange blossoms shivered as if a hurricane had passed over them, and without availing herself of the extended hand of her husband, she threw herself hastily into the coupé; her eyes, which she turned from the young man, met his for the second time, for by a movement as quick as her own he dashed to the other side of the coupé, and his pale and agitated face was the first upon which the girl's eye rested. This little incident attracted so much attention, and awoke so general a feeling of curiosity, that the expression of each countenance was correctly read—one was full of sorrow and of reproach, the other scornful and imperative—her look so distinctly said, "Leave me," that the young man had nothing to do but to obey.

"Did you notice that?" said one of the guests, a young man, to another seated at his side in the cabriolet.

"Marriage now-a-days is a slave market; we mourn over the degradation of selling blacks, but was not this young girl sold?"

"Where shall we breakfast?" said the other, cutting short the indignant tirade of his companion. I am completely chilled by the cold stones of the church."

"Absolutely Villars is standing still, looking after the carriage; it is to be hoped that he has not taken root on the pavement," and the speaker drew up his horse, and both the young men looked at a motionless figure.

"He has been in love with her," continued the owner of the cabriolet, "now for three years, but," touching his horse with his whip, "he has no determination; if we had the energetic manners of—"

"Of what, my dear fellow?"

"Of Hungary," said the young man, embarrassed for a word, "he would have killed this old renegade. Athenais deserves a better fate. A man ought to carry off his mistress rather than yield her up to a monster like this, particularly, too, when she is as beautiful as a Circassian! Her eyes are superb—eyes that I adore, of that golden brown which you can see in the pictures of Fiesole and Massaccio."

"Eyes, in fact, like brandy cherries," said the other.

"What a gastronomic absurdity! your appetite is—"

"But I maintain the truth of my comparison; it is the favorite shade of all the old Italian school of painting—"

"Her teeth are like pearls," interrupted the young man.

"If you intend to enumerate all her graces we will be occupied until to-morrow."

"And yet you are not indignant."

"I am not indignant. No, this marriage is suitable enough."

"Germagny, you have no heart."

"That is no reason who you should belabor your poor mare as if she were the husband. If you are going off in a paroxysm of sensibility, permit me to drive; twice you have come very near running into the carriages in front of us. When we are at table I will prove to you that you are wanting in common sense."

The cabriolet drew up before the door of a restaurant in the Rue Rivoli; the two young men entered, and while the waiter laid the cover, and ordered the oysters to be opened, Germagny said to his friend,

"This is the story in a dozen words. This nabob, as the English would say, is as old as Methuselah, but almost as rich as Solomon,

and has secured to his wife an enormous fortune. If the young woman manages matters adroitly, a will can give her the whole of her wealth before six months."

"It is the old story, the hand to an old husband, the heart to a young lover. If I were minister I would institute a regulation that all pretty women should marry antiquated husbands. It would be an act of legislation which would give a new charm to society, and has the additional merit of being eminently progressive!"

"You forget that the father in this case, in all probability, has had a bribe. It is a sacrifice like that of Abraham."

Germagny burst into a shout of mocking laughter.

"My dear De Prele, now-a-days one is never sold; we sell ourselves; and if there is a sacrifice the calf is golden."

De Prele was twenty, his companion thirty. Between these two figures a moral century, a period vastly enlarged by experience, exists. De Prele was in search of an angel, a pardonable mania in a fresh young heart. In the streets every woman he met—that is if she was pretty—he wished might fall into the water, that he might dash in after her. He went into love matters as Marlborough went to war, without knowing if he would ever come back. The fresh down on his cheek indicated that he was in the earliest stages of credulity, and that he had yet to buy his experience as the rest of us have done, at the price of many a pang. Ripened in the hothouse of Paris life, Germagny laughed at his companion. With him intelligence had succeeded to sensibility; his brain had developed at the expense of his heart; he was a complete contrast to De Prele, morally and physically. He had less hair and more beard.

To De Prele, the bridegroom was an example of that race of old and ferocious pachas whom our poets depict as purchasing their wives and throwing them into the water, properly sewn up in sacks, at the least suspicion. Villars and Athenais composed that everlasting duet of unhappy lovers over whom all sensible people have wept for centuries—Pyramus and Thisbe, Romeo and Juliet, Conrad and Medora, a couple always the same, old as the world, and which will yet be new to the end, for such is the first dream and the last lingering regret of every man. While he ate his "sole Normande," De Prele gave utterance to his ferocious regret at the introduction of the new code of manners which did not permit him to cut off the husband's ears and nail them to the door of the church, as was done in olden times to criminals of the deepest die. Germagny, on the contrary, viewed the affair as a purely commercial transaction. He had learned, possibly at his own expense, that the young Parisian girl, however disinterested, as we in our gallantry must suppose her to be, knows only too well what thickness of gilding to exact for her coronet; to how many horses her beauty gives her a right, to what cashmères she is entitled, and how many diamonds she may claim. Athenais, therefore, with her fortune secured to her, seemed to him a very skillful negotiator instead of a sacrifice. He affirmed that if either of the contracting parties had any reason to complain it was the ancient husband.

The sardonic opinion of this man of thirty was in fact nearer the truth than the sentimentalism of the younger man. The father of Athenais, M. Monricher, was merely a father such as one often sees, peevish, calculating and selfish. Holding a subordinate office in the Bureau of the Minister of the Home Department and possessing but a moderate fortune, M. Monricher found himself a widower in the same hour that made him a father; a girl, as in this case, is certainly the most embarrassing present with which a pitying Heaven can console the grief of a husband. For some time Monricher did not know whether he wept for the birth of his child or for the death of his wife.

The first shock over, Monricher began to taste the joys of liberty, only marred by the cares necessary to exercise over the education of a young girl. At eighteen she resumed her place in her father's house, leaving her boarding-school for ever. Her arrival was a constraint rather than a pleasure. Consequently Monricher determined to preserve his independence, and disembarass himself of his child as soon as possible. As he could not again put her out to nurse, or send her to a boarding-school, he decided to marry her.

While these thoughts and plans seethed in his brain, Gaston Villars, a nephew of his wife's, a handsome fellow, with little heart, but of an inflammable nature, with less brains and with a purse continually empty, complicated the difficulties of his position. The first time that Gaston took his seat at his uncle's table and saw his beautiful cousin, he conceived a sudden passion for her which he confessed at the end of a week, and a fortnight after they understood each other after the usual cousinly fashion. Treacherous race! If shortly after your marriage you admire the superb hair of your wife, and lifting its sunny folds you discover a short and obstinate lock; if this worshipped being takes a dislike to the tie of your cravat; if, worse still, she calls you Alphonse—you name being Joseph—be sure that she has a cousin.

Athenais' great mental cultivation and numerous accomplishments all disposed her to appreciate the merits of a young man whose manners were unquestionably elegant, whose touch upon the piano was perfect; whose voice was delicious, and who expended the greater proportion of his salary at his tailor's and in gloves and cravats from Boivin; his black eyes and olive complexion were a feature in themselves. How he could afford all these luxuries excited the curiosity of his uncle, but gave his cousin little uneasiness, for his gloves were always so fresh, and the fit of his coat unexceptionable! What more could she ask? Through the whole of one winter they saw each other every day; his eyes grew more expressive, and with greater emotion they sang their duets, "*La ci darem la mano*," and others of the same character.

One morning before going to his office, the father entered the young girl's boudoir, and assumed the customary mysterious and important air indicative of a matrimonial conference between a father and daughter.

"What should you say, little one, if Monsieur Contanceau should ask my consent to address you?"

The question was promptly answered by a decisive "Nothing," from the lips of the young lady.

The old gentleman kissed her forehead, assured her that he loved her too well to contradict her, and that he should leave her entirely free in her selection of a husband, and started to his business with the firm conviction that he was a model father. But the match was by no means a great one.

A few weeks after Monricher made a second invasion into Athenais' apartment. On this occasion the expression of his eyes was more cunning, and he rubbed his hands in a diplomatic way; even the stoop of his shoulders suggested the curved back of a cat in a good humor. The girl felt her heart beat quicker, and knew what was coming.

"What should you say, my daughter, if I told you that Monsieur Laurencin had spoken to me of you?"

"I should remind you, sir, that a few weeks since you assured me that you would not interfere with the disposition of my hand."

At these words the father took a seat and commenced an attack in regular form.

"At least, my daughter, your reasons are due to me for refusing a match like this. A handsome man of thirty-six, with a fine fortune, does not fall to a woman's lot every day. Two paths only are open to you—marriage or a convent—choose now, for I will no longer consent to impoverish myself for your benefit, while you are unwilling to make the least sacrifice for your own or my advantage."

He left the room and returned with his account books in which he had inscribed every cent expended for her since her birth, from the soap used by her nurse to Bordogni's singing lessons. But as he opened it, the poor girl stopped him, saying, in a choked voice:

"I am willing to marry, provided Gaston by my husband."

Monricher was astonished, being one of those persons who live in a state of perpetual astonishment.

"Gaston! an idiot, who spends his whole income in yellow gloves, and whom I should despise were he not my nephew."

Again Monricher took his seat, and folding his arms, said bitterly:

"Heaven certainly endows us with children to punish us for our faults. Do you wish, child, to kill me by marrying a miserable fellow, penniless and extravagant? In the name of your mother, who is in Heaven, listen to me! I will give you her diamonds and her amethyst necklace, if you show me the obedience due to your father and the respect due to my white hairs."

His hair was only gray, and besides he wore a wig, still, a father, under such circumstances, invariably says, "my white hair." This paternal eloquence, by turns pathetic, imploring and imperative, did not move the young girl; she merely said from time to time, "I will marry no one but Gaston."

Monricher was on the point of bursting out into a torrent of oaths and invectives, but he restrained himself, and merely pounding the floor violently with his cane, and pulling his hat furiously over his

eyes, left the room. From that hour the father opened a war with his daughter—one of those wars where the heart and soul are wounded instead of the body—by a thousand envenomed arrows; reproaches, bitter words, icy silence, angry looks, recriminations and a thousand reflections on the miseries of being a father.

Athenais offered the resistance of a cool inflexible resignation, provoking from an exaggeration of respect, which but superficially veiled the hidden mutiny and the scornful replies hovering on her lips. As a measure of prudence and punishment, Villars had been banished from the house, but when the father was not there, who was to prevent the caller from resuming his accustomed place? At first Gaston talked of flight, of a runaway marriage, of a thousand plans which, to the eyes of twenty, looked attractive and feasible. But Athenais, though younger than her cousin, was gifted with better sense; her brain was not clouded by the smoke from the fire in her heart. We hear every day that romance has gone, that practical common sense bears off the palm. But if the young and artless girl exists no longer, the fault lies certainly in our modern system of education, which initiates her into all the details of speculation and self-interest. As we have said, Athenais had been thoroughly educated; she abhorred love in a cottage; she liked the luxuries of life; the elegance of her surroundings, and her assured position; in a word the gilding and the down of life were essential to her happiness. At the first word of flight she merely smiled. Her judgment controlled her love, and with the greatest coolness she showed Gaston an estimate of their united fortunes; she being still a minor could not come in possession of her mother's fortune. All their possessions could not yield them enough to live on for a year. She was right unquestionably, but this mathematical demonstrative reasoning from the lips of a woman makes us wish that she was wrong.

For two years this daily, hourly contest continued; Athenais refused numerous offers, and her courage was undaunted. Between her father and her cousin she saw a yawning gulf which would for ever prevent them from approaching each other. But the young girl was becoming bitterly weary of her present life, any change seemed preferable to the constant bickering; her strength failed physically, and naturally she felt less power of resistance, and she began to entertain secret ideas of submission. One day after a lively discussion with her father, her concealed thought escaped her lips.

"If some old man, respectable and kind-hearted, would marry me and treat me as a daughter, I would accept his hand. I need a protector and a father."

This remark was certainly somewhat disrespectful to Monricher, but he took no notice of it then, but turned it over and over in his own mind, and a week after said—

"You told me, I think, that if some old man would consent to look on you as his daughter—"

"Nonsense!" said Athenais. "Besides, what man would consent to such a marriage?"

"Perhaps—perhaps!" said her father, in a mysterious tone.

Three days after they gave a dinner party, and among the guests appeared a M. d'Aubarede. At the sight of this little bowed old man, this ruin of humanity, Athenais could not defend herself from a vague apprehension. She fancied that under the wrinkles of his withered face she detected a likeness to a person who from time to time had crossed her path, who had haunted her in her walks and at the theatres, and of whom she had caught sight hidden behind the pillars of the church on the Sunday previous.

But between the ages of this old man and her unknown admirer existed a difference of so many years, that all suspicions of identity were set at rest; the elder man might have been the father of the other. This resemblance impressed her but momentarily, and soon gave place to a serious and positive grief. A month after the presentation of M. d'Aubarede, whose frequent visits were always heralded by the arrival of the choicest bouquets, Athenais saw her father enter her room with the expression upon his face which was only there on great occasions. This time there was no preamble; Monricher's language was calm and firm, as suited a man sure of victory.

"M. d'Aubarede," he said, "brings from India an enormous fortune. He thinks little of you, of your graces or caprices. He is 70, with a dropsy on his chest that may carry him off in six months. He knows nothing of love, but he is interested in you, and, in fact, having no heir, he would like to adopt you."

"To adopt me!" said the girl in astonishment.

"In a certain way; he, of course, wishes to marry you that he may legally endow you with his fortune and his name. His proposals are characterized by the greatest delicacy, and a generosity that is absolutely magnificent."

"This proposition, my father, demands serious thought."

Monricher, who knew every change of expression in his daughter's face, asked for no more at first. He returned to the ancient admirer to form a new plan of attack. Villars was at Bordeaux, where he was detained by his father's severe illness. His cousin, alone, undecided, discouraged and weary of struggling, was surrounded by all the aunts and cousins that Monricher could call to his aid. This auxiliary corps did wonders in the way of assistance, for women always throw their whole hearts into anything they undertake. It was an edifying spectacle—three feminine voices pouring out anathemas on the young lover! The fortune of M. d'Aubarede became something unearthly, monstrous and fantastic; they took pains to cultivate all her little vanities and encourage her extravagancies. Athenais's chamber became a forge, where the two millions of the suitor were quadrupled; the family friends were the hammers, and these quadrupled millions were so beaten, so thinned, so twined and twisted, that a gorgeous net was soon woven in which poor Athenais should be entrapped. Before her eyes swam a splendid mansion, a lordly chateau, an opera box; horses for the day, horses for night service, coupés, carriages open and close, diamonds and cashmères—every pleasure, every triumph, every success was depicted in their turn. Life, luxurious and delicious, was thrown open to her visions. The life of a duchess, the life of a queen! The young girl, alas! fell into this glittering net.

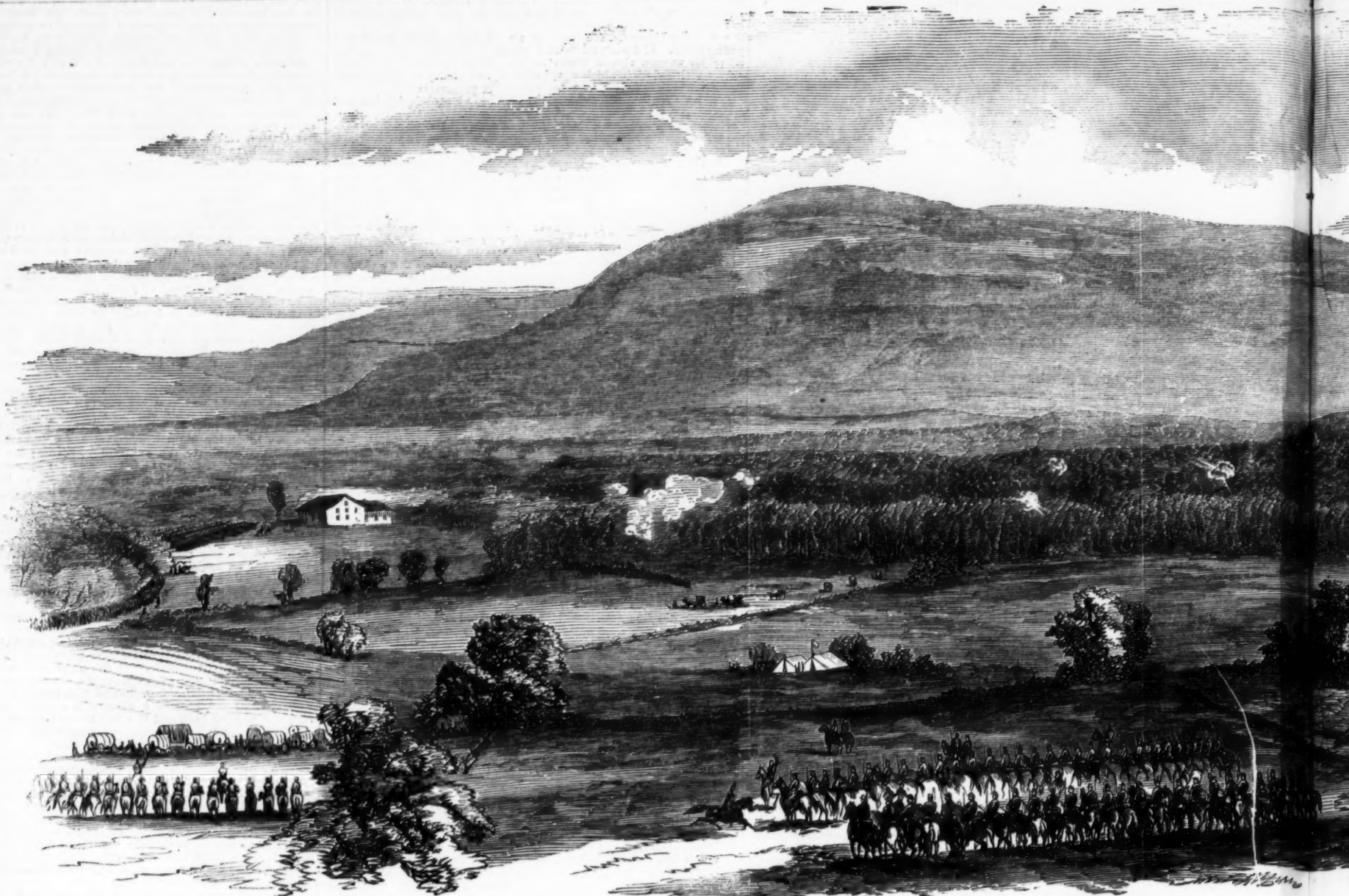
A timid, conscience-stricken letter apprised Gaston of his cousin's determination. A week after he was in Paris, furious and indignant. A pathetic scene took place between the lovers; one of those scenes where the most powerful nature seizes the weaker, moulds and turns it at its will. The real superiority of Athenais' character and intellect gave her the advantage. Villars, who had commenced the explanation by violent reproaches, finished by a faint consent, and blushed at his own cowardice as soon as it was too late. What promises were made, what consolation was in store for him, who can say? Was there a whisper of that fatal dropsy on the chest? What star did they see shining afar off in the night of the dark and dreary future? What sun would clear away the clouds from the lives of our lovers? A month after the marriage took place—that marriage with which our story began.

Generally speaking, aged men have the good sense not to give any particular notoriety to their nuptials, and to conceal their good fortune from public malice. M. d'Aubarede seemed, however, to take pleasure in heralding abroad his happiness and success. Far from veiling it, he paraded it. His father-in-law gave a ball on the evening of the marriage. The assembly consisted exclusively of the family and intimate friends of the bride. No one knew the bridegroom, or anything of him save his ugliness, his age and his wealth. This entire ignorance gave rise to the most contradictory reports, to the strangest conjectures. Where truth was wanting, imagination supplied the deficiency. According to the best authority the newly married man was an old actor, a favorite with the public, whose fortune had been destroyed by gambling, and who, in despair, had gone to India and become a millionaire; but in examining certain dates, great discrepancies were discovered—the actor would have been at least 20 years younger than the husband, who, each time that he crossed the ball-room supported by his gold-headed cane, silenced these inquisitive surmises, only to be renewed when his back was turned.

"Good heavens! how frightful he is!" said a young girl. "He is a mere skeleton!" "Poor thing!" "It demands vengeance—" "And you, Monsieur de Prele, would gladly play the part of the avenging angel?" "Most certainly, madame, if you were the victim," replied the handsome youth to one of the most beautiful women in the room. "He is enough to give one the nightmare." "Old vampire!" was heard from a group of young men, who were quite ready to dispute with De Prele the honor of avenging the victim.

And now they began to discuss the lover, and the maledictions were changed to pity. Villars, invited as a relative—reconciled, besides, to his uncle since the engagement of his cousin—had come to the ball drawn by the same fascination that attracts the bird to the serpent

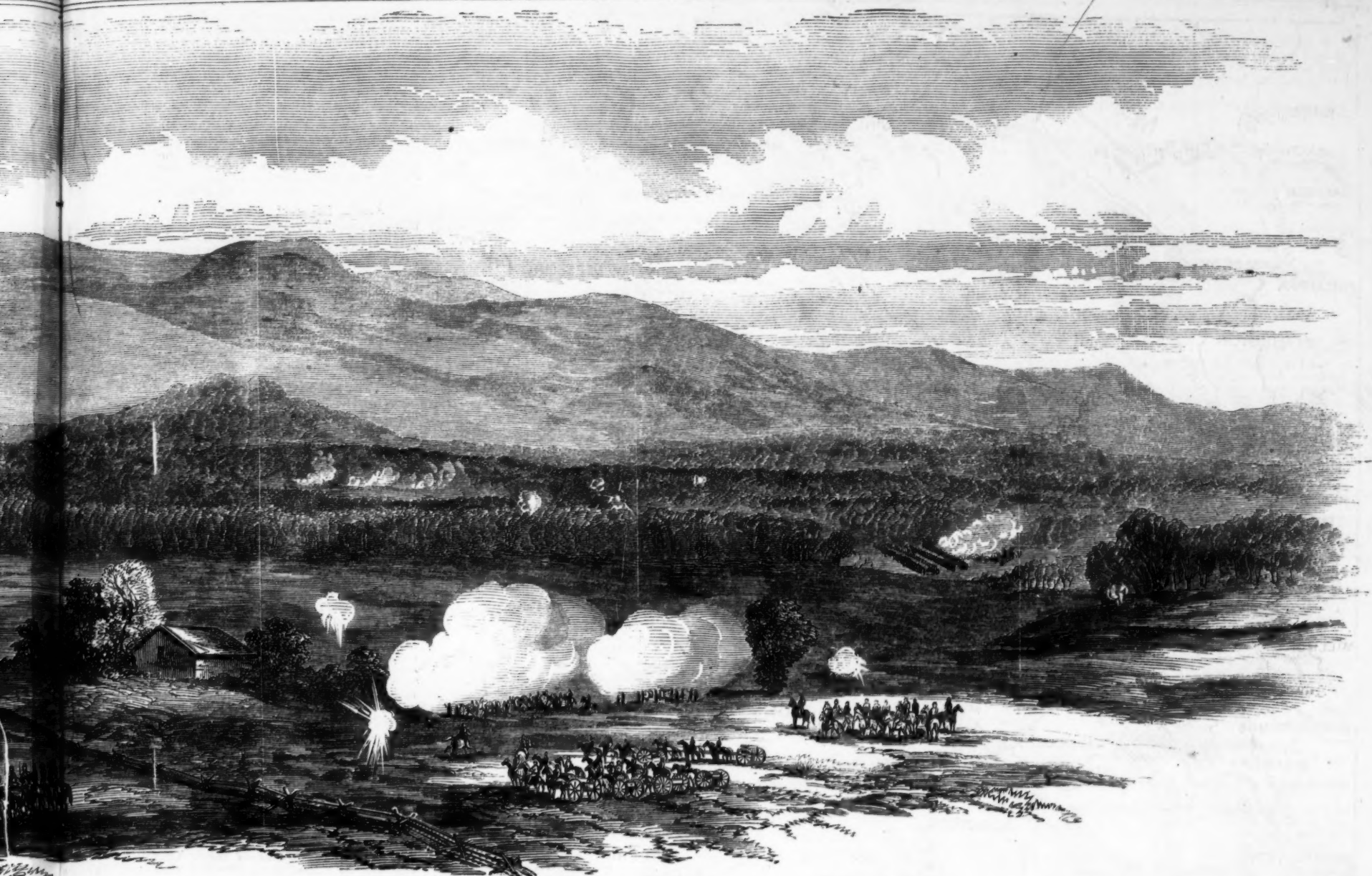
(Continued on page 234.)



Hospital. Cavalry in Position.
THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—BATTLE ON THE ROAD FROM HARRISONBURG TO PORT REPUBLIC, BETWEEN THE FORCES OF G

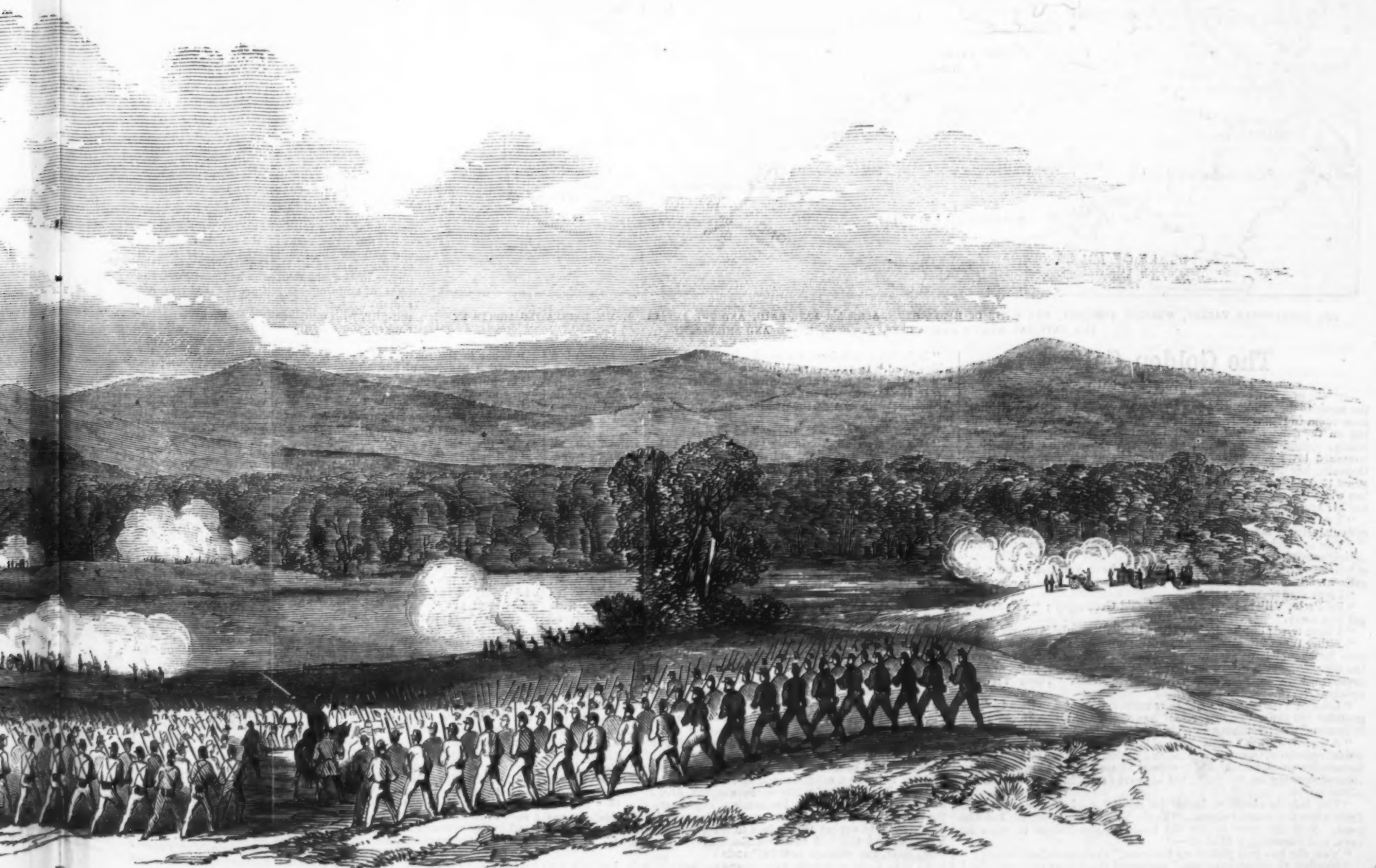


Gen. Milroy's Brigade.
BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS, SUNDAY, JUNE 8—CENTRE AND FRONT OF THE NATIONAL



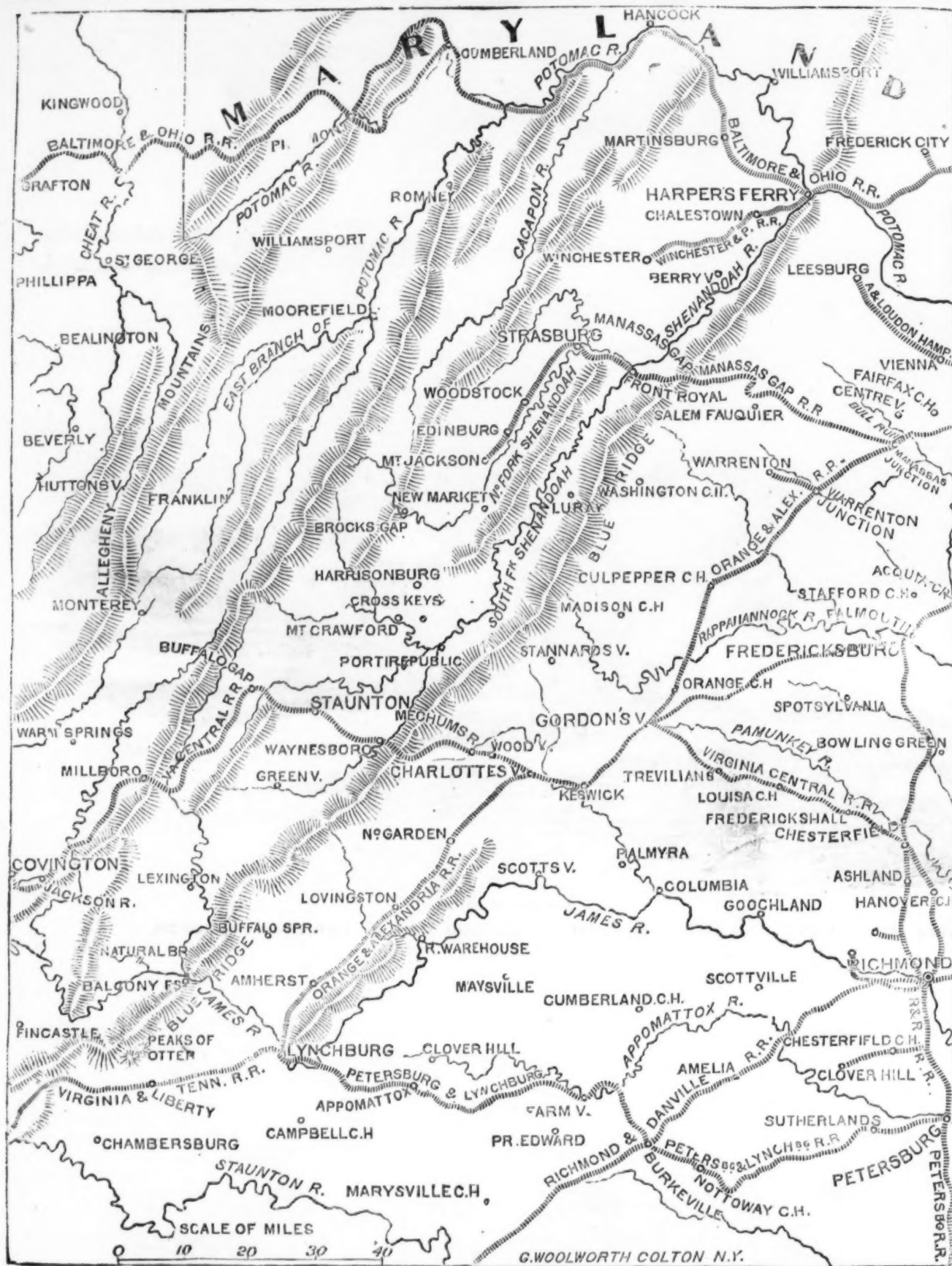
Gen. Fremont and Staff.

FORCES OF GEN. FREMONT AND THE REBEL ARMY UNDER GEN. JACKSON AND EWELL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 225.



Enemy's Batteries.

THE NATIONAL ARMY IN THE ENGAGEMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 225.



THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY, WESTERN VIRGINIA, THE SCENE OF REBEL GEN. JACKSON'S LATE RAID, AND THE PURSUIT OF HIS RETREATING FORCES BY THE NATIONAL ARMIES UNDER GEN. FREMONT, BANKS AND SHIELDS.

The Golden Calf.

(Continued from page 231.)

the moth to the candle. It was a sorry spectacle to see him striding from room to room, pale and silent, biting his lips with rage, treading on the dancers' feet without stopping to beg pardon, laughing loudly, committing, in short, all the senseless follies by which a wretched lover can heighten the triumphs of his successful rival. Opposite her half-dead husband and her half-mad lover, Athenais stood to dance; for some time her feverish courage supported her, but when Gaston, whose eyes she had persistently avoided, offered her his arm, her emotion almost betrayed her.

"You are killing me!" she said in a low voice, pressing his arm convulsively; "take compassion on me and go—I implore you."

"You are right," he said in an agitated tone. "I cannot control myself much longer."

"Gaston, if you care for me, obey me; have you not given your consent. It is too late now for any objections."

"I was mad!"

"De Prele, Villars is your friend," said Germagny; "you should get him away."

"I have tried; but he declares he will challenge D' Aubarede."

"Either these two simpletons understand each other—and in that case he should have patience and calmly await the natural death of the old man, which cannot be far off—or he has lost all hope, and his presence here is in the worst possible taste. These are my opinions."

"Look at Villars; he should have more consideration than to compromise her thus. The poor girl has enough in her own emotions to contend with, without any addition from him."

"A lover is always a selfish animal," and, as he made this philosophical reflection, Germagny arose and glided along to the spot where the cousins stood, and seemed to occupy himself by looking at a water-colored drawing on the wall: but his ears drank in the conversation of the lovers.

"The lady is about to leave the room," said Germagny to De Prele after the country-dance. "Look, Villars has taken his hat and gone. Now she goes to her old husband, she listens to what he says, and assuming a filial air—"

"Yes, she has just picked up his cane," exclaimed De Prele.

"She is a thorough coquette," answered Germagny; "never did I see a woman exercise such marvellous self-control—she sees everything, and is silent: she has even learned to stifle the beatings of her heart. I am half in love with her this evening myself."

"And yet you do not condemn a marriage which exposes a woman to such remarks?"

"It is not a marriage, my good fellow, that is in question—it is a widowhood. In two years Villars will enjoy the old man's fortune, and yet the idiot talks of committing suicide."

"If she is as heartless and depraved as you suppose, she could do far better; with the fortune which will be hers, she could marry a peer of France."

"You are beginning to understand Paris?"

"If you are right," said De Prele hotly, "I shall concentrate all my pity and interest on the old wretch; for my angel would be transformed into a demon!"

"Neither angel nor demon, my dear fellow. Parisian women merit neither a halo nor an odor of sulphur; they are half-way between the two extremes. In your fanaticism you fancy every woman white or black; in reality they are of every intermediate shade of gray, and in the same way good and evil are alike mingled in their characters. For my part, I prefer variety. This lovely Athenais would never become monotonous: she is really a superb woman."

On every side such conversations were to be heard; but M. d'Aubarede was, or seemed to be, entirely indifferent to the words which would occasionally reach his ears, and seemed to care little for the requiem chanted by anticipation in his honor. He betrayed no symptom of fatigue, and appeared to have little need of the repose demanded by his age and health. His greenish eyes winked in the blaze of the half-consumed candles, and a keen observer was reminded of the hypocritical cunning of the eyes of Louis XI. and of Cromwell.

It was three in the morning; the devoted mothers and maiden aunts reclined in their chairs with an air of sleepy resignation; the motionless patience of their attitudes suggested the figures on old-fashioned tapestry. Near the door, young men with limp collars and dishevelled hair clinked their glasses of punch. The dancers were beginning to tire. From room to room, from clock to clock, wandered, like souls in torment, some of those unfortunate husbands that are to be seen toward morning at balls with a shawl on the arm, and possibly a pair of white satin slippers, *hors de combat*, peeping from a pocket; exemplary husbands enough, save that they will find the dances long, and have an insane desire to leave at midnight, and the tyranny to expect their wives to comply with their unreasonable requests, and the bad taste to come every five minutes and say,

"My dear, the carriage is here."

At this hour, a woman enveloped in a light mantle, her face concealed by a lace veil thrown over the whole head, might have been seen slowly descending a private staircase. She held the arm of a man in a gray cloak, who at each step seized the railing, as if afraid of falling. Madame d'Aubarede and her husband were leaving the parental mansion in this clandestine manner. Her farewell to her

"What is the matter, Athenais?" said her husband, seeing the convulsive heaving of her shoulders. "Put up that window; the air is chilly, and you have been dancing."

She meekly obeyed.

"The night is so lovely," she said, in a voice choked by sobs. Then leaning her head against the side of the carriage, she put her handkerchief to her mouth, that the man to whom she now belonged should not hear her weep.

On reaching the villa, the husband conducted her to her apartments, which were furnished with luxurious elegance. Then kissing his wife's hand, M. d'Aubarede assured her that he should never intrude into this suit of rooms without her permission. The remainder of the house was neutral ground.

Months went on, Athenais resumed all her old girlish employments—her music, her painting, and her books occupied her fully, and she was not unhappy. Before her marriage, her daily contest with her father and her love for Gaston had developed her precociously. With a woman's emotions, she had acquired a profound contempt for the life and the pleasures of a young girl; but married, she returned to them and retrograded but to advance. From the first day of her arrival at the villa, she arranged her life on a system of constant occupation. She began to understand her own ignorance, and she blushed to discover how much she had yet to learn. She assured herself moreover that she was anxious to cultivate herself, to do honor to her husband's choice, and, in short, found a thousand reasons for abridging the hours passed in the drawing-room.

M. d'Aubarede did not interfere. Sometimes a mocking smile alone betrayed that he was not the dupe of these feminine stratagems for obtaining and preserving entire liberty and freedom of action, but he threw no obstacles in her way, and submitted with a perfectly good grace to the arrangements made by Athenais for the disposal of her time. He did not even feign an interest in her employments as a means of enjoying her society; he did not even offer his assistance in the acquisition of German and Italian, of both of which languages he was a perfect master. He let her take shelter in her entrenchments, and waited, like a spider of experience in the bottom of his web, until the heedless fly should venture out of her own accord.

A curious enough study might be made of the marches and counter-marches, the encampments and skirmishes of this singular couple the first few months of their married life. Occasionally an expression in the eyes of M. d'Aubarede indicated a strong affection for his young wife, but it was soon checked; Athenais, with her icy demeanor and the slight frown of her black eyebrows, effectually checked any demonstrations of tenderness.

But M. d'Aubarede's health began to fail, his step grew heavier, his voice more feeble; he was certainly breaking, to use the con-

father was brief and cold; she had never been accustomed to any tenderness from him, and their separation was over without a pang or a blessing.

Before the door stood a carriage, ready to take them to the country-house of M. d'Aubarede near Neuilly. Athenais entered it with the nervous haste of a condemned criminal who ascends the scaffold, eager to end all. As she seated herself, and while her husband stood with his hand on the door, a face appeared at the window at her side, and a hand which, gloved as it was, seemed to scorch her slender fingers as he seized them, and a voice only too well known murmured the almost inarticulate words:

"Athenais, one word of assent, and I will bear you away."

With that wonderful presence of mind which so rarely deserts a woman, even in her hours of extreme emotion, she threw herself forward to conceal this scene from her husband, but she could not speak. The flowers trembling convulsively on her breast formed her sole reply.

"If you cannot speak," said Gaston, "press my hand in token of assent;" and he stood ready to throw open the door.

Instead of replying, Madame d'Aubarede suddenly threw both arms around the young man's neck, and he felt a kiss pressed on his brow. Before he knew where he was, those snowy arms pushed him violently away; and Athenais turned calmly towards M. d'Aubarede, who was about to seat himself beside her.

"Why are we waiting?" she said in a quick, imperious voice, and the horses started.

"Who was speaking to you at the window of the carriage?" he asked a moment after.

"A servant," said the wife, raising the glass, and enveloping herself in her shawl, sank into the corner of the carriage as far as possible from her companion. And thus she entered with the calm dignity of a queen into the atmosphere of perpetual falsehood and deception which henceforward was to be her life.

The carriage rolled on rapidly; the married pair were silent: the husband, embarrassed by his new rôle of adopted father—Athenais, overwhelmed by a strange uneasiness. The darkness on either side—the faint light of the lamps—this close carriage where she was imprisoned—this old man at her side—all crushed her with a weight of restless oppression. She became very nervous, and in fancy she saw opposite a dead body, and, utterly unable to bear the constraint any longer, she lowered the window violently and thrust her head out to breathe the cool air.

The night was beautiful, the heavens glittered with stars, and the heavy forest of the Champs Elysées stood in the distance. She saw the long shadows of the carriage and the horses, and watched the wheels in their ceaseless turnings. The fresh air, the silence, and the repose of the landscape, soothed the nervous irritation of Athenais, who closed her eyes and tried to fancy herself alone. Gradually a languid indifference pervaded all her senses; she was partially dreaming—not quite asleep, and yet not awake: she remembered that, in their former plans for the future, Gaston had often talked of their marriage-day—their castles in Spain had been all built. The lover had told her that they would go to Italy, where, in the middle of the Lake of Como, was a lovely island; they would steal away, after the ball, on a lovely summer's night.

At this moment the illusion became a truth; for Athenais, chilled by the fresh wind and yet asleep, leaned toward her husband. This was the end of the dream. Before she was really awake, she knew that the supporting shoulder was not Gaston's.

"Sir!" she cried, in a voice full of indignation.

"You reproach me even with an accidental happiness," said M. d'Aubarede, who, if he had been deceived by the first movement of his wife, could not be mistaken as to the repugnance with which he now inspired her.

And now Athenais, for the first time, comprehended in its full force all the wretchedness of her lot. The horns of the Golden Calf that she had worshipped pricked her heart. On meeting, instead of Gaston's loving eyes, the glance of the old man who had purchased the right of sunning himself in the light of her radiant eyes, she felt crushed with shame and self-pity, with mortification and regret. Half-choked, she again leaned out of the window, and the hot tears rained from her eyes.

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But M. d'Aubarede's health began to fail, his step grew heavier, his voice more feeble; he was certainly breaking, to use the con-

ional expression, which describes the gradual sinking of age into the tomb. The dropsy on his chest was unquestionably making rapid progress, for the physician shook his head gravely when questioned by Athenais. She studied with alarm the face of her husband without being able to understand the singular variation of the coloring of his complexion, or of the change in the lines of his countenance; she supposed, however, that the severe pain which he endured caused all this. Seeing him so ill and suffering, and knowing that he could not live much longer, she accused herself of ingratitude, and felt a remorse for her heartlessness. She made a subtle distinction; she said that this dying man was not a husband, whose love she repulsed and abhorred, but a second father, whose generous kindness merited all her devotion; she was not his wife, but his child. Her part taken, her decision made, and she fulfilled it with all the zeal and self-abnegation of a Sister of Charity. It was a touching spectacle, those lovely summer evenings, to see M. d'Aubarede walking, with feeble steps, on the terrace of their villa at Neuilly, supported by the careful arm of Athenais. And the nearer the old man came to the valley of the shadow of death, the more tenderly did the young girl sustain his failing courage, the more earnestly did she toil to soothe his pains. As the husband declined, the more brilliant shone the wife's devotion. When he was well she could not have touched his hand without a shudder of aversion; ill, she pressed it; dead, she would have kissed it. This union, which had been so cruelly ridiculed, and of which so many melancholy results had been predicted, was slowly drawing to a close. No temptation drew Athenais from her pious duties. Gaston's visits, received occasionally in the presence of the invalid, excited no emotion in her heart.

One lovely September evening, the invalid and his father-in-law were seated in a little summer-house, which stood on an eminence at the foot of the garden. From this elevated spot the eye could follow the windings of the river Seine. The two old men were smoking. The sound of Athenais's piano was brought on the wings of the summer breeze to their ears. M. d'Aubarede, extended on a cane bench, marked the time with his right foot, and smoked his cigar somewhat lustily for a dying man.

"Acknowledge that your wife is a woman full of talent," said the father-in-law, as he caught sight of the happy expression of M. d'Aubarede's face. Monricher, since his daughter's marriage, had become a tender father, particularly after dinner.

"She is an angel!" said the husband; "and we shall yet be happy together."

Monricher coughed, and threw away the end of his cigar.

"You are confident, then," he asked, with some hesitation, "of the success of your plan? You have no fears?"

"None. Besides, before making my fortune, I did not wear the buskin so many years without comprehending pretty well how to play any part that I might assume."

"And you feel sure that she will love you?"

"Certainly. *Mi amerà, mia sarà*," sang the invalid, throwing one leg over the other with easy grace.

The father-in-law lighted another cigar.

"I hope so," he said, "with all my heart; but I confess that I do not comprehend your plan of action. Take care, Athenais is subtle and full of spirit."

"My good father-in-law, I am inclined to believe that you have not made women your study."

"I have always been their fervent adorer, but—"

"Listen to me. To really understand them you must have at least killed one and created another, morally speaking; that is, I have killed some two or three," continued M. d'Aubarede, with a faint smile worthy of the Regency, "and Athenais will be my creation. You will admit that I am right one of these days, and I am going to tell you the secret of all success with women. The feminine heart has many doors, but it is only youth that enters through the largest. When one has lost the right to present himself at that portal, he must seek other entrances. Once arrived in the church, what matters it whether one has come up the great aisle or through a side-door? 99 persons in 100 have no idea of this, and knock their heads off at the firmly shut door, instead of seeking another which would readily open. What is experience? Only the science of cross-roads and secret-stairs. If I had come openly forward, as the other men did who wished to marry your daughter, I should have been dismissed in the same way. Instead of that, I buried myself like a mole, and one day you will see me conqueror, and the proud possessor of your daughter's heart."

Monricher shook his head in a doubtful manner.

"Heaven grant it!" he said. "But take care, here is your wife."

Through one of the windows the graceful figure of Athenais was seen slowly approaching. A sudden change took place in the physiognomy of her husband, his brilliant eyes faded, his back curved, his feeble limbs were extended on the sofa, and he hastily threw away his cigar.

"Never tell her that I smoke," he said, laughingly, to his father-in-law.

"You spoil her," answered Monricher; "she is not so dainty. I accustomed her pretty well to the smell of tobacco."

"I am too old to be permitted the vices of a sub-lieutenant; then, too, I know women. Paternal tobacco smoke passed; but that of the husband—abomination of desolation! I know two households where the conjugal pipe set fire to the marriage contract!"

Madame d'Aubarede entered the summer-house, a sweet smile hovering on her lips, and with a step as light as that of a fawn; over her arm was thrown a cloak of gray cloth.

"It is beginning to grow cool," she said to her husband, "and I brought you my cloak."

When he was enveloped in its soft folds he took the two hands of his attentive nurse:

"Thanks, my child," said he, looking at her tenderly. "But you have on your hat; are you going out?"

"Yes," said Athenais, dropping her eyes; "I wish to see the gardener's little girl, who is ill," and as she stooped over him the old man pressed a kiss on her brow, which she received without repulsing it.

"Go," said he, gently; "angels visit those who suffer, children as well as old men."

"But you must go in soon," said his wife; "the dew is falling. Father, I leave my husband in your care."

She gaily kissed her hand to the two gentlemen, and left the summer-house as quickly as she had entered. As soon as she had turned her back she carried her handkerchief to her brow as if to efface the kiss left there by the lips of her husband, whose eyes still dwelt on her retreating form with an expression full of gratitude, tenderness and blessing. She left the garden by a little gate in the stone wall, and found herself in a lane which led directly to the border of the river Seine. She strolled along by the water side, and soon lost sight of the little summer-house. She soon entered a sort of vegetable garden, where beds of asparagus stood next to the peas on their tall poles. The lady without doubt had the thread of this labyrinth, for she made many turns without an instant's hesitation. At a little sheltered corner she paused. A young man seated on a trunk of a newly-felled tree rose to meet her.

"I have been waiting an hour for you," he exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Gaston, do not be angry," said Athenais, flushed and breathless from the rapidity with which she had walked; "my father is here, and you know he sets long at table. I thought we should never leave it."

"You were at your piano for two hours," said the cousin, with the exaggeration natural to the bad temper which he was in.

"And you were so near the house! What imprudence! Will you never be reasonable?"

Half sulky, half smiling, Villars took her hand, but Madame d'Aubarede withdrew it quickly.

"This is yours," she said, offering him her left hand.

"Always share and share," said Gaston, sulkily.

"This arm belongs to me in my character of Sister of Charity," said Athenais, with some emphasis. "Are you jealous of every duty which I endeavor to fulfill? My husband has been very ill to-day."

They walked on for some time in silence, with a step full of harmony, which lovers learn somewhat more quickly than do soldiers. Gaston, who seemed singularly preoccupied, spoke first in an abrupt tone.

"Was your husband dipped in Medea's caldron yesterday, or did he drink Cagliostro's Elixir of Life?"

"Gaston!" interrupted Athenais, withdrawing her arm, "how can you speak in such a trifling tone of an aged man, perhaps of a dying one?"

"Has your husband a younger brother, or a son?" he continued.

"Neither the one or the other," answered the lady, amazed at the question; "why do you ask?"

"If it was not your husband whom I saw on the Boulevard yesterday, walking with as firm a step as my own, then it was Satan in his form. As I approached him he jumped into a cabriolet and drove off. Was he not in Paris yesterday?"

"Yes, he was; he was compelled to see his banker, but he was so feeble that I put several pillows in the carriage, and Jean sat inside with him. I was afraid that he would have an attack of faintness. How then could you have seen him on foot?"

"I shall believe in the devil, in the sorceries of Dr. Faust," said Gaston, breaking with his cane the low branches of a tree under which they stood.

"Don't talk in that way," said Athenais; "such extraordinary resemblances are often seen. Even I, at the time of my marriage, was struck by that of M. d'Aubarede to the stranger of whom I spoke to you. Perhaps it was he whom you saw. I wish to Heaven that you had seen my husband walking like a young man!"

Athenais uttered a low sigh which, reaching her cousin's ears, changed the course of his ideas.

"Is he worse then?"

"Much worse," said Athenais in a sad voice; "and he is so kind to me, so thankful for every attention, so resigned."

"We all need resignation," said Villars, gravely; "you, too, dear cousin, sooner perhaps than you suppose. I saw the physician to-day."

"What!" said Madame d'Aubarede, raising her head hastily, and looking at him with a singular expression of mingled discontent, contempt and curiosity; "and you questioned him? How indiscreet! how indelicate! And what did he say?" she continued, after a pause.

Gaston took his cousin's hand in the usual manner of sympathisers, and held it in silence for a few moments.

"The flame of life is fading!" said he in a tone adapted to the lugubrious words; "such was the doctor's phrase. He predicts that in the autumn, with the fall of the leaves, death will come."

By a movement that she couldn't repress Athenais raised her eyes to the tree above them. The fall of the leaves! A fresh breeze shook the foliage, and with each little gust two or three withered leaves floated slowly to the earth. At this sight the girl colored deeply and dropped her eyes as if ashamed of the thoughts within her heart. The two lovers looked at the tops of the trees already reddening in the early frosts of autumn, and stood in a solemn, almost breathless silence. The same instinct of delicacy, or possibly of hypocrisy, whispered to them that a single word of tenderness, or of hope for their future, would be abhorrent, while the tomb was slowly opening at their feet. Each was embarrassed by the presence of the other. Without speaking, each felt that their *tête-à-tête* was tarnished by their mutual consciousness. Madame d'Aubarede, unwilling to endure the penalty of blushing before the man she loved, was as anxious to part from him as she had been to meet him. Gaston, abashed and troubled by the silence, in vain sought some commonplace phrase, and despairing of finding one, gently pressed the arm that was within his own against his breast.

Innocent as was the gesture, Madame d'Aubarede was shocked by this mute expression of tenderness, so sensitive and uneasy was her conscience. She impatiently withdrew her arm.

"Adieu," she said, "he needs me."

A woman always speaks of her husband as *he*.

With waiting for any reply Athenais ran off with great rapidity, but not so fast that she did not avoid with superstitious care the dead leaves under her feet. A little while after she was seated by the sofa of the invalid.

On learning the approaching death of her husband, Athenais' heart leaped to greet the hour of liberty, but she tried to persuade herself that she loved him, and to thus cleanse her conscience from the venial sins that she had committed. The regrets of an afflicted widow seemed to her more supportable than the remorse of an ungrateful wife. In hypocrisy there is almost always a degree of truth; the liar generally ends by believing his own falsehoods. And the sigh which escaped from the heart of Athenais was sincere. The tears were real that trembled on her eyelashes when she heard some of those sad words familiar to the dying lips, and her cares became more vigilant, her words more affectionate, and her devotion became characterized by such tenderness, that the old man in his turn was deceived. Besides, we often believe in what we long for. A delicious delusion, which M. d'Aubarede had not the courage to struggle against, convinced him that the hour which he had foretold to his father-in-law had arrived.

The end seemed approaching. Athenais one day saw a man all in black emerge from her husband's apartment, who bowed solemnly to her as he passed. It was a notary, that dramatic person who forms the link between the confessor and the doctor, and makes the third of the funeral trio. A moment after a servant came to inform Madame d'Aubarede that his master wished to see her.

In a room whose dim light and darkened windows suggested a chapel whose candles had not yet been illuminated, in the corner of the fireplace, where burned a large fire notwithstanding the mildness of the weather, sat the old man in a deep chair supported by pillows. He made an effort to rise as his wife entered, but overcome by weakness sank back. A resigned smile played upon his lips. Athenais approached on tiptoe and took a low seat at his feet, raised the hand which hung over the arm of the chair, and pressed it kindly. Then rising she altered the pillows, whose arrangement did not suit her affectionate solicitude. The husband permitted these attentions, and finally said in a feeble voice,

"I wished to see you, dear Athenais, but now that you have come I hesitate, for I am unwilling to pain you; still the conversation is necessary, and I dare not postpone it until to-morrow. Did you meet Brumoy?"

This was the notary's name. The unexpected question startled Athenais. Without analyzing the emotion which brought the color to her cheek and prompted the falsehood, she hastily said, "No, has he been here?"

"I sent for him."

"You have decided then to purchase the house in La Rue Caumartin?"

"The house that I shall occupy, my dear child, will be less spacious," said the old man, shaking his head mournfully. "Listen to me and be calm. My end is near at hand; do not weep. My physician has acknowledged the truth."

"But he may be in error. You are certainly better the last few days," she exclaimed eagerly, still holding his hand, on which her tears were fast falling.

"Spare me," said the invalid. Your grief deprives me of my little remaining strength. I have no direct heir," he continued, with a sigh. "I can dispose of my fortune as I please—and it is upon you, dear Athenais, who are so good to an old man, that I would bestow it."

"Ah, sir," cried the girl, kissing his hand, "my friend," she continued.

Hearing this epithet, M. d'Aubarede trembled and his eyes sparkled, and he lowered his head as if to kiss the brown hair which was wound about the head, resting on his knees in such rich curls, but he restrained the impulse.

"Say no more," she murmured, "you will yet live a long time; your life and your happiness are dear to me."

"Happiness!" he cried, "you alone can bring it to me, and therefore I die."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a troubled tone.

"I am crazy," he said, in a sad voice. "Forgive me and bear with me yet a little while. Bear with me, if for a moment my resignation fails when I think of my misfortune."

"What misfortune?"

"The greatest of all; a young heart and white hair."

Athenais colored. Her husband looked at her earnestly, then resumed in a low, rich voice, which was very unlike the usual trembling tones of the old man:

"Dear child, the tomb will be less desolate, less humiliating, than my present existence. What have I in life to regret? I am not loved!"

Madame d'Aubarede felt like a creditor dunned for a bill; a bitter reply trembled on her lips, but she saw her husband so pale, so sad, and so fragile that she dared not utter it. Notwithstanding his words, so characterized by the emotions of youth, he was sitting bent double on the sofa, and looked like Domenichino's picture of St. Jerome.

"But I love you," said Athenais, who uttered this avowal in the same spirit which animates us when we throw flowers on a tomb.

"Yes, you love me," he said, with a bitter smile, "and so the sister of charity loves the invalid whom she has nursed."

"I love you," she said, gently, "as a daughter loves a father."

His face expressed so clearly the anguish of a man whose heart is still young that Athenais was touched, and wished to comfort him. Besides, what woman is cruel enough to torture an old man on the day that he has made a will in her favor!

"As a daughter loves a father!" he repeated slowly, in a hopeless tone.

She hesitated.

"As a wife?" she continued, in a questioning tone.

The sick man's eyes glittered with a strange fire, the fire which often shone in them when unperceived by his wife, his arm slid around the kneeling form of Athenais. At this moment the notes of a piano from the salon broke in upon this conjugal scene. At the sound Athenais disengaged herself from her husband's arms abruptly.

"It is your cousin; go and receive him," said M. d'Aubarede, whose sparkling eyes and wrinkled cheeks presented a singular contrast.

"I must rest," he said; "come back at four, dear Athenais."

"I will return as soon as I can," she answered, turning to go.

He pressed her hand, and in a tender voice said,

"Why do you never call me by my name?"

"Shall I call you Ferdinand?"

Seated at the piano, Villars's hand was running up and down the keys with imperturbable coolness. Since his cousin's marriage his character had singularly changed; his once spendthrift ideas had been suddenly transformed. The calculations which she made of their incomes to extort his consent to her marriage had insensibly sown the seeds of avarice and cupidity. By degrees the young man had come to look upon himself as the legitimate heir of the old man, and in his turn he smiled at his former folly of love in a cottage. Villars felt the greatest possible interest in all the possessions of M. d'Aubarede, and every day walked regularly through La Rue Joubert, where the old man had a house, to enjoy the pleasure of looking at the exterior. He decided that the rooms on the second floor should be his. At Neuilly he, in imagination, had changed the disposition of the furniture and built a new summer-house, of which the plan was in his portfolio. And at this moment he felt that he was playing on his own piano.

"Have you no heart?" said Athenais, indignantly, as she stood at his side, having entered the room so quietly that he had not heard her.

"*Gra viene l'oro, gra viene l'argento*," sang the young man.

"Gaston!" she exclaimed, imperiously, "listen to me. Do you know how M. d'Aubarede is?"

"Yes, I have seen Brumoy. If I sing, it is because invalids should be enlivened."

"And you questioned the notary?"

"No, I met him, and he spoke to me without a question on my part. You will be rich," continued the cousin, diplomatically, "too rich," he said in a melancholy voice. "In the midst of the homage which will surround you, do not forget the heart which adores you!"

Athenais stepped back, and stood in an attitude worthy of Diana or Minerva.

"My husband is dying," she said, "and without guilt I cannot listen to such words. I must not forget my duties. You, Gaston, must leave me. I can see you no more."

Villars, astonished, opened his large eyes without a word.

"As long," continued Madame d'Aubarede, finishing her sentence, "as I have duties to fulfil."

"That is better!" thought the lover, and rising he approached his cousin.

"Athenais!" he cried, "you are a noble woman; however cruel the sacrifice you impose upon me, I will, in my turn, be worthy of you; I will obey you. I respect your sentiments, and will never cause you the least shadow of remorse. I will leave you to your pious task."

"So be it, my friend," she answered. "You will see that it is sweet to be at peace with oneself. Notwithstanding the innocence of our meetings, you can never tell with what self-reproach I look back upon them. I have deceived him, and he has been so good to me."

"Noble! yes! Brumoy has told me all the particulars."

"But with what joy I would relinquish this fortune to preserve my second father. If my affection for him were not as great as his for me, I feel that I am ungrateful."

"Love the old man with all your heart; he deserves it. Be the consolation of his last days, and may he sleep calmly, soothed by your filial tenderness. Would I were your brother to share your cares."

Tears fell from the eyes of the young girl. This sort of funeral oration excited all her nervous sensibility. After her cousin's departure Madame d'Aubarede remained alone in the drawing-room, buried in thought. Night fell, when a servant came and said that his master wished to see her. Her imagination had so depicted the future in the last hour, that she started at her husband's name as if she had seen a ghost, and shook from head to foot.

"Monsieur is in Madame's dressing-room," said the footman.

"In my dressing-room!" she exclaimed, terrified by this new incident. Summoning all her courage to her aid, she entered her own apartment. A man was standing at the window, his back was to the door, and at first Athenais did not see his face, but his figure and elegant costume indicated youth. At the noise made by the opening door he turned slowly, and Madame d'Aubarede stood petrified on the threshold. Her husband was before her, no longer the invalid of the morning, but younger by 30 years, erect and manly, smiling and gay, without a wig, and almost without wrinkles; adorned, in a word, with all the advantages that a man of mature age and experience owes to an excellent state of health and to a profound knowledge of the art of the toilette. Notwithstanding her stupor, a single glance convinced the young girl that the unknown who had so often followed her before her marriage now stood before her.

"Dear Athenais!" cried the mysterious personage, throwing himself on his knee before her with the ease of a *jeune premier*.

Madame d'Aubarede tottered, the room swam around, and she fell in a chair.

"Athenais," repeated her husband, "tell me that you forgive me. I implore you to pardon the stratagem by which I sought to conquer your affection. Speak to me as you spoke this morning; tell me again that you love me. If a passion sincere and honest as my own can—"

"How old are you?" interrupted the young girl.

"The heart has no age," said her husband, whose eloquence for a moment was chilled by that threatening question; but he concealed his embarrassment, for the dramatic perception which had been developed in his early life showed him the danger in which he now stood.

"Athenais, my life! my angel!" he continued impetuously.

"How old are you?" she said, interrupting him again.

At the impatient tone, the ex-old man comprehended that he must answer for good or for evil.

"If I did not know your heart," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "and your good sense; if I did not know how little you resemble the young girls about you, I should still fear to be old in your eyes. But some years, more or less, what do they signify? A man is never the age that he desires to be, and since I have loved you I have been 20 instead of 50."

"Fifty!" said Athenais.

"Not yet," said M. d'Aubarede, who might without a falsehood have added on five or six years; "and my heart is younger still."

He wished to rise, for kneeling is all very well in its way, but its advantages may be abused; but before he was on his feet Athenais had left the room, flown down the stairs and out of the house, without being seen by any one. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night she ran on to the bridge and there took a carriage for Paris, and an hour after she was in her cousin's room, which she entered for the first time.

As she opened the door Gaston was at his piano, for the various scenes of the day had excited him to noise and action. He sat motionless at the sight of his cousin, with her uncovered head and dishevelled tresses, with the marks of strong emotion on her features. Without a word, Athenais fell on the first chair she could see.

"What has happened?" cried Gaston, thinking her mad or a widow.

She made a violent effort.

"Fifty!" she exclaimed.

"Fifty!—sixty thousand pounds you mean!" replied Villars, who answered his own thoughts instead of her words.

Madame d'Aubarede leaped from her chair.

(Continued on page 236.)





The Golden Calf.

(Continued from page 235.)

"Fifty years!" she cried in a loud voice. The abruptness of her movements, this exclamation, like a cry of agony, increased the amazement of the young man. Believing that his cousin, from some unknown cause, was a prey to a nervous attack, he took her gently in his arms and laid her on a sofa; then, with the customary awkwardness of men on similar occasions, he made her smell a flask of hair-oil instead of a bottle of aromatic vinegar; and, after having broken the sugar-bowl, brought her a glass of water, in which, instead of *fleur d'orange*, he had turned a vial of the essence of *réverie*. This singular beverage had an effect not always obtained by a potion prepared more strictly in accordance to the rules of medical art, for madame, pushing aside the bitter draught, arose and with a lucidity indicating a return of her mental powers, exclaimed:

"And yet you do not understand. I tell you that he is 50. It is an act of infernal treachery; he has deceived me, and my father is, of course, his accomplice. Gaston, I shall go mad, if you do not aid me. Do you hear? He is not old; he wears no wig; has no wrinkles; every moment he seemed to grow younger! Good heavens! it is horrible!"

"Who? What are you saying?" asked Gaston, more and more bewildered.

"Of him—can there be two in the world?" said Athenais, wringing her hands in agony.

"Your husband?"

"Ah, do not say that word. He is not, he never shall be! I will be divorced! The law will not compel a woman to remain a quiet victim to an infamous plot. If they will not annul the marriage I will kill myself."

Gaston, who through these incoherent phrases now divined the truth, walked up and down the room like a caged lion.

"Fifty, and in good health—then he is young enough to fight a duel. I told you I saw him in the street one day. This is your father's plot!"

"Will they annul my marriage?"

"No!" answered Villars fiercely.

"Then fly with me!" she cried suddenly, throwing herself into his arms.

But he stopped her, and said gravely—

"I love you too well to ruin your future."

Madame d'Aubarede stood erect.

"You are a man—you love me and you refuse me!" said she, with a withering look of reproach and contempt.

"We will talk when we are both calmer, dear Athenais. I am actuated by a true regard for your welfare."

"I see!" she said, and imperiously added, "order a carriage for me!"

He approached her, but she arrested him by a gesture. At this moment a bell rang. Gaston put his finger on his lip as a hint to the girl to keep silent.

"Open the door," she said, "what does it matter who sees me here?"

And she herself advanced and threw the door open to admit M. Monricher, and behind him another person, who sought to conceal himself from her eyes. It was her husband.

She returned fast to the saloon, and surveyed with the look of an outraged queen the three men, who were silent. M. d'Aubarede seemed embarrassed by his new costume and character. Villars, petrified by the metamorphose of the husband, looked at him with a stupid glare. Monricher, at last, brushing his hat with the sleeve of his coat, spoke to his daughter:

"Well, well, child, we will overlook this schoolgirl freak. Come, give me your hand; your husband loves you—"

"I have only one question to address you, sir," said Madame d'Aubarede. "It is useless to discuss the past; but I wish to ask if you were in the confidence of this gentleman?"

"We certainly did play our parts pretty well," said Monricher with a forced laugh. "You have nothing to complain of. Some women, thinking to marry a young man, find an old one; but with you the case is reversed. Look at him! is he not handsomer than in his dressing-gown? And as for you, son-in-law, don't be timid, embrace your wife."

"First," said M. d'Aubarede in an embarrassed voice, "I must obtain my pardon."

The illusions of the poor man had received a mortal blow by the flight of his wife. Without noticing his supplications, Athenais turned to her father.

"I am your daughter," she proudly said; "I have a right to look for aid and protection from you; I have been the victim of the most odious jugglery. Respect prevents me from supposing that you, sir, have taken any share in it. Will you reject your child, who comes to you for a home?"

"Nonsense!" said Monricher, drawing back, "how can you be so childish. I have certainly been a good father; too good, for I have spoiled you; but now you have a husband, and I delegate all my authority to him."

"Father, you reject me then, and refuse to receive me under your roof?" asked Athenais, with stern dignity.

"I love you too well, my child, for that."

Madame d'Aubarede curtsied respectfully to her father; but still her eyes glittered with a scorn that was almost fierce. Then she looked toward her cousin. Under this look, which indicated her resolve to know his decision, the young man turned away. Athenais stood motionless, her face glowing with indignation, and then turning to her husband—

"Take me if you will," she said; "my father rejects me. Understand one thing, however, sir: if the same roof shelters us, we still live as strangers."

And the husband and wife left the apartment together, accompanied by Gaston, who wished to take advantage of the obscurity of the staircase to approach his cousin; but Athenais scornfully withdrew the hand he had seized, and whispered in his ear the three words, "I despise you!"

The metamorphose of M. d'Aubarede had produced upon the persons who were interested in his success or in his defeat the effect of a whirlwind upon a field of rushes, they had bent without breaking; for the reed-grass of the fable is an emblem of the soul. After the first moment of stupor caused by the scene where Athenais had been lost but for the prudence of Gaston, all the personages of our tale raised their heads like the reed-grass, and each in his own way accommodated himself to the state of affairs. M. Monricher, taking shelter in his irresponsibility, lectured his daughter with great dignity on her duties as a wife, and then figuratively washed his hands of all participation in the disagreements of husband and wife, and returned to his own dwelling with a tranquil conscience.

On seeing the turbulent results of the change of skin by which he had terminated his serpent-like rôle, the husband was for a while overwhelmed by dejection; Athenais had upset all his theories, but as hope rarely deserts the human heart, he soon consoled himself with new delusions.

"Had she loved me with my red wig, with my wrinkles and my infirmities, I should, after all, have been dissatisfied, for such love would have been unnatural, and would have argued a depraved taste on her part. When I threw off the mask she was, of course, terrified. My *coup de théâtre* was too much for her. In fact I played my part too well. Talma would have died of envy. Never mind; my hour will come. I shall triumph yet. Athenais will not long be content with her present life; she will wish to take her place in the world, and like some other women will commit imprudences and extravagances, and will come to me for pardon and assistance. I will wait and watch!"

While M. d'Aubarede, in front of his mirror, was indulging in this soliloquy, Gaston paced his room in a state of rage.

"Yes," he said, "she despises me! And such is a woman's sense of honor and justice. She would govern me as if I were a child! Sells herself, and now because I refuse to permit her to throw away the advantages she has so dearly bought, she despises me. But I love her; more than ever do I love her—and I will avenge her. Yes, old hypocrite, war to the knife now between us!"

The ruin of his numerous castles in Spain was the cause of the half of his passion, but Gaston preferred to consider himself a jealous lover, rather than a disappointed heir. Impelled by the triple motives of humiliated vanity, disappointed love and wrecked ambition, he started at once on his work of vengeance. Thinking, with some reason, that the anger of his cousin must be left to cool, his first moves were to attain an influence over the husband.

Between M. d'Aubarede and Gaston the merest civilities had here-

tofore passed, for so great was the difference in their ages and pursuits that there was, of course, but little sympathy between them. But now things were changed. The husband now rushed from one extreme to another, thinking that too great a distinction could not be drawn between the ancient invalid and the aspirant for the favor of Athenais. A hat jauntily placed on his perfumed hair took the place of the velvet skullcap; a fashionable morning coat of the dressing gown; and patent leather boots of the invalid slippers. To Gaston's first advances our dandy of 50 replied with eagerness, and with the cordiality of a *confrère* in youth and fashion.

Thanks to the blindness which afflicts husbands in regard to cousins, the idea that he had anything to fear from Gaston never entered the mind of M. d'Aubarede. Far from regarding him as a dangerous man, he looked upon him as an auxiliary. These two men, natural foes, were each the other's dupe.

Athenais fully comprehended this Machiavellism, and disdained to throw the least obstacle in the way. She had resumed her old life and regained her natural energy. Her blighted hopes, her bartered liberty, her lonely youth, were her own secret. Her tears and sadness were reserved for her hours of solitude. This torture hardened her nature instead of softening it. From the fiery furnace, where had been destroyed all her delusions, where her vanity as a woman had been so humiliated, she emerged entirely changed in character, full of contempt for her father, thirsting for vengeance against the husband who had deceived her, maddened by her lover who had deserted her, she read, with a clear vision, men and the world about her, and as the height of misfortune, entertained for herself an equal disdain.

But this early experience of life did not change the tranquil gravity of her face; no one could suspect the storm that had passed over her soul. She grew paler from day to day, and this pallor and melancholy grace added a new charm to her beauty instead of impairing it, and this was the only indication of the secret wound she had received.

With a stern will, which permitted no discussion or resistance, Madame d'Aubarede traced a circle around herself, on one side of which sighed her lover, on the other her husband. Inflexible and cold as a statue of Justice, she weighed their respective passions in her scales, and impartially threw both aside with a like contempt.

All that the revengeful instinct of an outraged woman could teach her sarcasm and humiliation was lavished on these two men, whose love, as may be supposed by any one who knows anything of human nature, increased with each new torture. But the rivals were not discouraged. Before this marble woman each of the men displayed various attractions. Her husband showered gifts upon her, her lover reminded her of the past. But six months rolled away, and lover and husband, with their patience and inventive genius exhausted, were driven to seek the consolation and advice of friends. Gaston sought aid from the Vicomte de Germigny, who willingly interested himself in the affairs of a woman, the romantic incidents of whose marriage had made her the fashion. Gaston therefore, one pleasant evening drove up to a fine house in La Rue d'Artois with as much rapidity as if the affairs of the nation were dependent upon his speed, and throwing his reins to a servant, jumped from the carriage.

"Is the vicomte in?" he asked.

Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he crossed the antechamber and entered a room as coquettishly furnished as the boudoir of a woman of the world, and found the proprietor of all this elegance extended on a sofa, in a tranquil sleep. Too much in earnest to respect the comfort of another, he seized Germigny's arm and shook him with an energy which would have aroused the Seven Sleepers.

"I have pocketed the ball," muttered the vicomte.

"The devil take your billiards!" said Villars. "After women there is nothing more odious. Wake up, Germigny; I need your advice. Before you stands a man at his wits end. I am furious—desperate. I am ready to sign a contract with Satan or Beelzebub."

"Go on," said Germigny, sitting up.

"I have just come from Neuilly," continued Gaston, "and going over the bridge, I swear that I was tempted to jump into the river. This woman will drive me mad. I daily commit all sorts of meannesses. I have knelt before her—I have actually wept—and her features have never betrayed the least emotion."

"Why is this?"

"Because I would not run away with her the day that the old rascal threw off the mask. Was I not right?"

"With woman it is almost always wrong to be right," answered Germigny with a smile.

Gaston stood irresolutely.

"Will you do me one service?" he said.

"Ten, if you will, my friend," returned the viscomte. "What is it?"

"You are a great diplomatist, and if any one can help me, it is you. You know, or I know, that my cousin has great respect for you, and is aware of your superiority. If you choose, you can attain over her the same ascendancy you exercise over all the women who know you."

"Do you really think so?" said Germigny, carelessly; "but how will that assist you?"

"Be my advocate with Athenais; and if you do not succeed I will blow out my brains."

The vicomte threw himself back on his cushions and shouted with laughter.

"What is there ridiculous in my words," said Gaston, angrily.

"Dear Villars, let me laugh. I have a piece of news for you."

"What?"

"Our dear De Prele," said the vicomte, with a touch of pathos, "leaves us to-night; he is carried off by an English widow of 40."

"Has she wealth?"

"My dear fellow, what a question! Englishmen are rich, but Englishwomen never. I know that you are in debt, for the war in which you have been engaged for the last six months must have been expensive. Your cousin or death! that is the cry."

"It is nothing to do with my debts," said Gaston, indignantly.

"I love her."

Germigny laughed ironically.

"Your request," said he, "is almost word for word the same as I heard yesterday from a person whose claims are certainly better than yours."

"Who do you mean?"

"Il s'agit," said Germigny, laughing.

"D'Aubarede!"

"Exactly! Yesterday, your respected cousin, who, launched into the Parisian world, desires my acquaintance, or, rather, my patronage as a fashionable man, came to me and told me his woes. The man is in despair."

"And you promised to plead his cause?"

"That I was moved by him and his representations I must avow, but after what you have said, I, of course, belong to you first, from friendship, and then from a certain *esprit de corps*. He is a husband, we are bachelors. My duty lies clear before me!"

"What did he say to you?"

"It was in confidence, and I assure you that I never was so much amused—but to-morrow I dine at Neuilly, you also are invited; we will go together. While you take care of Adonis, I will see if there is any way of repairing your follies, for follies you have unquestionably committed."

"What have I done?" said Gaston, amazed.

"You should have made love to Madame Cirney, but it is too late now for that stroke of policy."

Somewhat calmer, Gaston and his friend went to the *Café de Paris*, where they dined. The intimacy between these two young men was externally cordial and friendly, but in reality perfectly selfish, like all the friendships formed in club life. With the indiscretion common to young men whose bachelor lives have destroyed the intuitive reserve and delicacy of the character, Villars had chosen for a confidant his new friend and listened with avidity to all his advice.

The next day, Gaston drove the vicomte to Neuilly.

The melancholy grace of Athenais strangely interested Germigny and inspired him with a new interest in the part he had to play.

"If you wish me to plead your cause," he whispered to M. d'Aubarede, "carry off the cousin." Shortly after he leaned toward Villars.

"If," he said, "you intend me to carry out your wishes, you must disembarass me of Boissac, which was the *soubriquet* by which the two friends always spoke of the husband."

"Gaston, what do you say to a game of billiards?"

"I was about to suggest it," said the cousin—and the two artlessly left the drawing-room.

Germigny was one of those men, who, from his ease of manner, chivalric courtesy and subtle eloquence of language, awakens a sort of magnetic sympathy in the hearts of women, inspiring them with confidence too often undeserved, and who boldly usurps the right of

saying what he pleases and conquers often by the very impertinencies which would not be permitted from any other being.

With imperturbable coolness, he approached the window, which was open, where the lady was sitting in a pensive attitude, gazing out on the calm beauty of the summer night.

"Madame, I am empowered to act as an Ambassador to your Royal Highness."

Athenais smiled courteously and received his remark as a woman of the world accepts words which have no interest for her, and made no reply.

"You will listen to me and you will answer me," continued Germigny.

"M. d'Aubarede has done me the honor to elect me as an intercessor," said the vicomte, bowing with affected gravity, but with a half smile on his lips.

Athenais still remained silent, but her curiosity was awakened, and she listened.

"I have assumed," said the vicomte, "a very singular part, but do you not recognise something heroic in my unselfishness, in my imploring your kindness for another? How can I hope to be successful?"

"What has he promised you as a reward?"

"Alas! madame, your husband has nothing to give me, and I alone know what I am losing if I succeed. But I have promised," he continued, feigning to make a last effort, "and I must accomplish my mission. M. d'Aubarede has confided to me—"

"His hypocrisy?"

"All, madame, all; his despair, his regrets, his anxiety to be forgiven, his love for you and his desire to make you happy, if you will pardon the past. He wept in my arms. It was, Madame, I assure you, a most pathetic sight, this old man's tears, or rather the tears of this middle-aged man—"

The click of the billiard balls and the word "eleven," pronounced by the clear voice of M. d'Aubarede, interrupted the sentence; at this incident a mocking smile, simultaneously curving the lips of Athenais and the vicomte, revealed the aversion of the one for her husband and the treachery of the other to his client. But Athenais, whether from natural dignity or compassion, promptly repressed the smile, which rendered her the accomplice of her disloyal companion, and resuming her usual indifference, said with a polite bow,

"Your audience is finished. Be no one's ambassador henceforward. I am worn out with the falsehood and hypocrisy of those about me, and I can no longer be deceived; my eyes are opened."

"And do you suspect my sincerity when I speak to you of this poor old man? Excuse me, that epithet escaped me unawares. Fortunately he is not here. I assure you that he touched me. As he himself says, the heart has no age, and besides he is only 56. Picture to yourself this hopeless passion—is he not to be pitied? What can he do to please you?"

The words of the father of "Les Heracles" arose to the lips of Madame d'Aubarede, but women do not make use of that sublime sentence.

"Were you at the opera last night?" she said, in a frigid tone.

"Laisa is dead," thought Germigny. "May his ashes rest in peace! No, madame," he said aloud, "I was at La Théâtre Française, where they played 'L'Avare,' and *apropos* of 'L'Avare,' do you remember Maître Jacques?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I occupy a somewhat similar position, and if I have not a change of costume, I should have, for I must now appear in another character, and plead the cause of a second personage."

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame d'Aubarede, "if there is something sad in seeing an old man with a young heart, is there not something frightfully repulsive in meeting an old and withered heart in a young man?"

"But, madame," said Germigny, earnestly, "are you not to blame for that?"

"Explain yourself."

"Madame, Gaston before your marriage was young, ardent and disinterested, incapable of mercenary calculations. But of late his hopes have been crushed, his debts overwhelm him, and is not this the consequence of your marriage? Listen to me," he said, as she impatiently waved her hand, "you should hear me; my very disinterestedness should insure me an audience."

"I am listening," she said, contracting her black eyebrows.

"You have little idea of the sacrifice that I am now making in keeping my promise to my friend. Few men," he continued, "are superior enough to come out unscathed from Gaston's temptations. If Gaston is mercenary, many other men would have been more so. He is reckless in his expenses, as he has been in his love. I do not affirm that in marrying him you would have been happy, but still he loves you—loves you, it is true, with the love of a very young man. A man of 30 would have found in ambition an alleviation for his disappointed hopes, and would have carved a name for himself to go down to posterity, while adoring you in silent fidelity. Do not punish Gaston for faults which from his very nature were inevitable."

"Not another syllable!" she cried, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. "Every word you say is a new wound, a new insult!"

"This anger shows that there is still a little love left," said Germigny to himself; "I bet on the cousin! Yes, you are right. I will say no more," he continued, taking a seat at her side. His eyes as well as his voice, his attitude even, assumed suddenly an expression of respectful sympathy, and of lover-like devotion. "I will say no more, for language fails me. I have no longer the courage to talk of another to you! I will say no more, for in taking part with these two men who have so misunderstood you, and so unworthily deceived you, I also assume the character of a hypocrite. Their conduct has evinced the most heartless cruelty, the basest selfishness. The sadness engraved on your countenance is their work. It is they who have stripped life of its illusions for your eyes. It is they who have steeped your youth and beauty in the bitter chalice of betrayed confidence and affection. One bought you, the other sold you; and yet they declare that they love you. And to me of all men!" said Germigny, in a tone of tenderness and emotion.

Athenais had reached a point in her sufferings, when her soul shrank from the emptiness of her life; she saw in the man before her the person that the vicomte wished her to see. The man of intellect—the man whose nature was strong enough to be faithful; the man of talent who, born poor, would have been rich; who, rich, would have attained the highest social position. Without being incensed with him for his words, alike condemnatory to husband and lover, she raised her eyes to the vicomte, and pressing her hand on her heart, involuntarily uttered a long sigh.

"I have been cruelly deceived. Yes, my life has been thrown away," she said, sadly, leaning toward the window and gazing at the starry heavens, as if imploring happiness from there—happiness for which she no longer dared to hope.

"Thrown away!" said Germigny, taking her hand. "You are young, you are beautiful, and you are surrounded by three men ready to pour out their heart's blood at your feet."

Athenais was oppressed by the earnestness of this man's voice, by the steadiness of his gaze; she drew her hand away, and retreated from the window with one glance at her consoler, full of grace and sweetness. "Go," she said, "and join the other gentlemen."

"Who has won?" he asked, entering the billiard-room.

"We are even," said Gaston.

"Will you not join us?" inquired M. d'Aubarede.

"With pleasure," said Germigny, laughing, "and will carry off the honors!"

THE END.

SECESSION EPIGRAMS.—On Island No. 10, the "Southern Thermopylae," is a burial ground, in which a considerable number of rebel soldiers, dying of disease or killed in battle, are buried. Many of the graves have rude headboards, with names and dates, and a few have attempts at epitaphs. Some of these are subjoined:

No. 1—"Hear lies a stranger brave, who did while still the Southern Confederacy to save, peice to his Dust."

No. 2—"brave Southern friend from Island 10 you reached a Glorious end."

No. 3—"we place these flowers above the stranger's head In honor of the shiverius deed."

No. 4—"Sweet spirit rest in heaven Thet be no Yankis there."

SAID a teacher to a playful child, "What would you have been without your pious father and mother?"

The little rogue replied, "I suppose I should have been an orphan."

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THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—MOUNT JACKSON, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF GEN. FREMONT, ON HIS ADVANCE TO HARRISONBURG—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES. SEE PAGE 225.

VIEW OF HARRISONBURG, WESTERN VIRGINIA.

HARRISONBURG, which has now become so painfully famous for the recent deadly struggles in its vicinity, is a post village, and seat of justice in Rockingham county,

several common schools, several taverns, and is blest with one weekly newspaper. The town was laid out in 1780, and named after Thomas Harrison, who apportioned 50 acres of his land into streets and lots. It is handsomely built, and was progressing at the usual rate of Southern

One of the captured rebel Generals refuses to give his name. The *Providence Journal* says there is always hope of a man who has not lost his sense of shame.

The falsehoods of the rebel authorities are in many cases infernal machines planted to blow up their own friends.



THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—BURNING THE BRIDGE NEAR MOUNT JACKSON, BY ORDER OF THE REBEL GENERAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 225.

Shenandoah Valley, 122 miles from Richmond, and 144 from Washington. It is 24 miles N. N. E. of Staunton, and 40 miles N. N. W. of Charlottesville. It is charmingly situated, and contains, besides the ordinary county buildings, about 150 houses, a handsome market-house, two churches,

prosperity when the present rebellion has paralyzed its industry, and thrown it back for years. In the public square is a most valuable spring of water, which is much prized, and guarded by a neat enclosure. Its population is about 1,200.

A GOOD many of the rebel organs venture to intimate that Jeff. Davis had better devote himself more to fighting and less to fasting and prayer.

The rebellion will very soon go under, unless armies will fight, not only without money, but without food.



THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—VIEW OF HARRISONBURG, 6 MILES FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF CROSS KEYS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.